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THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE

ILIAD.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Night-adventure of Diomed and Ulyſſes.

UPON the refuſal of Achilles to return to the army, the diſtreſs of Agamemnon is deſcribed in the moſt lively manner. He takes no reſt that night, but paſſes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all poſſible methods for the public ſafety. Menelaus, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, and Diomed, are employed in raiſing the reſt of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to ſend ſcouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their poſture, and diſcover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprize, and makes choice of Ulyſſes for his companion. In their paſſage they ſurprize Dolon, whom Hector had ſent on a like deſign to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the ſituation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rheſus, and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They paſs on with ſucceſs; kill Rheſus, with ſeveral of his officers, and ſeize the famous horſes of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The ſame night continues; the ſcene lies in the two camps.

ALL night the chiefs before their veſſels lay,
And loſt in ſleep the labours of the day:

All

It is obſervable, ſays Euſtathius, that the poet very artfully repairs the loſs of the laſt day by this nocturnal ſtratagem; and it is

All but the king; with various thoughts oppreſt,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breaſt.
As when by light'nings Jove's ætherial pow'r
Foretels the rattling hail, or weighty ſhow'r,
Or ſends ſoft ſnows to whiten all the ſhore,
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;
By fits one flaſh ſucceeds as one expires,
And heav'n flames thick with momentary fires.
So burſting frequent from Atrides' breaſt,
Sighs following ſighs his inward fears confeſt.
Now o'er the fields, dejected, he ſurveys
From thouſand Trojan fires the mounting blaze;
Hears in the paſſing wind their muſic blow,
And marks diſtinct the voices of the foe.
Now looking backwards to the fleet and coaſt,
Anxious he ſorrows for th' endanger'd hoſt.
He rends his hairs, in ſacrifice to Jove,
And ſues to him that ever lives above:
Inly he groans; while glory and deſpair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.
A thouſand cares his lab'ring breaſt revolves,
To ſeek ſage Neſtor now the chief reſolves,

plain that ſuch a contrivance was neceſſary: the army was diſpirited, and Achilles inflexible: but by the ſucceſs of this adventure the ſcale is turned in favour of the Grecians.

Ver. 3. *All but the king*, etc.] Homer here with a very ſmall alteration repeats the verſes which begin the ſecond book: he introduces Agamemnon with the ſame pomp, as he did Jupiter; he aſcribes to the one the ſame watchfulneſs over men, as the other exerciſed over the Gods, and Jove and Agamemnon are the only perſons awake, while heaven and earth are aſleep. Euſtathius.

Ver. 8. *Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar.*] There is ſomething very noble and ſublime in this image; the *vaſt jaws of war* is an expreſſion that very poetically repreſents the voraciouſneſs of war, and gives us a lively idea of an inſatiate monſter. Euſtathius.

With

With him, in wholſome counſels, to debate
What yet remains to ſave th' afflicted ſtate.
He roſe, and firſt he caſt his mantle round,
Next on his feet the ſhining ſandals bound;
A lion's yellow ſpoils his back conceal'd;
His warlike hand a pointed jav'lin held.
Meanwhile his brother, preſt with equal woes,
Alike deny'd the gifts of ſoft repoſe,
Laments for Greece; that in his cauſe before
So much had ſuffer'd, and muſt ſuffer more.
A leopard's ſpotted hide his ſhoulders ſpread;
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
Thus (with a jav'ling in his hand) he went
To wake Atrides in the royal tent.
Already wak'd, Atrides he deſcry'd,
His armour buckling at his veſſel's ſide.
Joyful they met; the Spartan thus begun:
Why puts my brother his bright armour on!

Ver. 27. *He roſe, and firſt he caſt his mantle round.*] I fancy it will be entertaining to the reader, to obſerve how well the poet at all times ſuits his deſcriptions to the circumſtances of the perſons; we muſt remember, that this book continues the actions of one night; the whole army is now aſleep, and Homer takes this opportunity to give us a deſcription of ſeveral of his heroes ſuitable to their proper characters. Agamemnon, who is every where deſcribed as anxious for the good of his people, is kept awake by a fatherly care for their preſervation. Menelaus, for whoſe ſake the Greeks had ſuffered ſo greatly, ſhares all their misfortunes, and is reſtleſs while they are in danger. Neſtor, a provident, wiſe, old man, ſacrifices his reſt even in the extremity of age, to his love for his country. Ulyſſes, a perſon next to Neſtor in wiſdom, is ready at the firſt ſummons; he finds it hard, while the Greeks ſuffer, to compoſe himſelf to ſleep, but is eaſily awaked to march to their defence; but Diomed, who is every where deſcribed as a daring warrior, ſleeps unconcerned at the nearneſs of the enemy, but is not awaked without ſome violence: he is ſaid to be aſleep, but he ſleeps like a ſoldier in complete arms.

Sends he ſome ſpy, amidſt theſe ſilent hours,
To try yon camp, and watch the Trojan pow'rs?
But ſay, what hero ſhall ſuſtain that taſk?
Such bold exploits uncommon courage aſk,
Guideleſs, alone, thro' night's dark ſhade to go,
And 'midſt a hoſtile camp explore the foe?
To whom the king. In ſuch diſtreſs we ſtand,
No vulgar counſels our affairs demand;
Greece to preſerve, is now no eaſy part,
But aſks high wiſdom, deep deſign, and art.
For Jove averſe our humble pray'r denies,
And bows his head to Hector's ſacrifice.
What eye has witneſs'd, or what ear believ'd,
In one great day, by one great arm atchiev'd,
Such wond'rous deeds as Hector's hand has done,
And we beheld, the laſt revolving ſun?
What honours the belov'd of Jove adorn!
Sprung from no God, and of no Goddeſs born,
Yet ſuch his acts, as Greeks unborn ſhall tell,
And curſe the battle where their fathers fell.
Now ſpeed thy haſty courſe along the fleet,
There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete;
Ourſelf to hoary Neſtor will repair;
To keep the guards on duty, be his care;

Ver. 43. *Sends he ſome ſpy*, &c.] Menelaus in this place ſtarts a deſign, which is afterwards propoſed by Neſtor in council; the poet knew that the project would come with greater weight from the age of the one, than from the youth of the other; and that the valiant would be ready to execute a deſign, which ſo venerable a counſellor had formed. Euſtathius.

Ver. 57. *Such wond'rous deeds as Hector's hand*, etc.] We hear Agamemnon in this place launching into the praiſes of a gallant enemy; but if any one think that he raiſes the actions of Hector too high, and ſets him above Achilles himſelf, this objection will vaniſh, if he conſiders that he commends him as the braveſt of mere men, but ſtill he is not equal to Achilles, who was deſcended from a goddeſs.

(For

(For Neſtor's influence beſt that quarter guides,
Whoſe ſon with Merion, o'er the watch preſides.)
To whom the Spartan: Theſe thy orders borne,
Say ſhall I ſtay, or with diſpatch return?
There ſhalt thou ſtay, (the king of men reply'd)
Elſe may we miſs to meet, without a guide,
The paths ſo many, and the camp ſo wide.
Still, with your voice, the ſlothful ſoldiers raiſe,
Urge by their fathers fame, their future praiſe.
Forget we now our ſtate and lofty birth;
Not titles here, but works, muſt prove our worth.
To labour is the lot of man below:
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.
This ſaid, each parted to his ſev'ral cares;
The king to Neſtor's ſable ſhip repairs;
The ſage protector of the Greeks he found
Stretch'd in his bed, with all his arms around;
The various colour'd ſcarf, the ſhield he rears,
The ſhining helmet, and the pointed ſpears:
The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,
That, old in arms, diſdain'd the peace of age.
Then leaning on his hand his watchful head,
The hoary monarch rais'd his eyes, and ſaid.
What art thou, ſpeak, that on deſigns unknown,
While others ſleep, thus range the camp alone;
Seek'ſt thou ſome friend, or nightly centinel;
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpoſe tell.

O

Ver. 73. *The paths ſo many*, etc.] It is plain from this verſe, as well as from many others, that the art of fortification was in ſome degree of perfection in Homer's days: here are lines drawn, that traverſe the camp every way; the ſhips are drawn up in the manner of a rampart, and ſally-ports made at proper diſtances, that they might without difficulty either retire or iſſue out, as the occaſion ſhould require. Euſtathius.

Ver. 92. *Seek'ſt thou ſome friend, or nightly centinel?*] It has been thought that Neſtor aſks this queſtion upon the account of his

O ſon of Neleus, (thus the king rejoin'd)
Pride of the Grecks, and glory of thy kind!
Lo here the wretched Agamemnon ſtands,
Th' unhappy gen'ral of the Grecian bands;
Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,
And woes, that only with his life ſhall end!
Scarce can my knees theſe trembling limbs ſuſtain,
And ſcarce my heart ſupport its load of pain.
No taſte of ſleep theſe heavy eyes have known;
Confus'd, and ſad, I wander thus alone,
With fears diſtracted, with no fix'd deſign;
And all my people's miſeries are mine.
If ought of uſe thy waking thoughts ſuggeſt,
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy ſoul of reſt)
Impart thy counſel, and aſſiſt thy friend;
Now let us jointly to the trench deſcend,
At ev'ry gate the fainting guard excite,
Tir'd with the toils of day and watch of night:
Eſſe may the ſudden foe our works invade,
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy ſhade.
To him thus Neſtor. Truſt the pow'rs above,
Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by Jove:

ſon Thraſymedes, who commanded the guard that night. He ſeems to be under ſome apprehenſion leſt he ſhould have remitted the watch. And it may alſo be gathered from this paſſage, that in thoſe times the uſe of the watch-word was unknown; becauſe Neſtor is obliged to croud ſeveral queſtions together, before he can learn whether Agamemnon be a friend or an enemy.

Ver. 96. *Lo here the wretched Agamemnon ſtands.*] Euſtathius obſerves, that Agamemnon here paints his diſtreſs in a very pathetical manner; while the meaneſt ſoldier is at reſt, the general wanders about diſconſolate, and is ſuperior now in nothing ſo much as in ſorrow: but this ſorrow proceeds not from a baſe abject ſpirit, but from a generous diſpoſition; he is not anxious for the loſs of his own glory, but for the ſufferings of his people: it is a noble ſorrow, and ſprings from a commendable tenderneſs and humanity.

How

How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
And the wiſe counſels of th' eternal mind?
Audacious Hector, if the Gods ordain
That great Achilles riſe and rage again,
What toils attend thee, and what woes remain?
Lo faithful Neſtor thy command obeys;
The care is next our other chiefs to raiſe:
Ulyſſes, Diomed, we chiefly need;
Meges for ſtrength, Oïleus fam'd for ſpeed.
Some other be diſpatch'd of nimbler feet,
To thoſe tall ſhips, remoteſt of the fleet,
Where lie Great Ajax, and the King of Crete.
To rouſe the Spartan I myſelf decree;
Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
Yet muſt I tax his ſloth, that claims no ſhare
With his great brother in his martial care:
Him it behov'd to ev'ry chief to ſue,
Preventing ev'ry part perform'd by you;
For ſtrong neceſſity our toils demands,
Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.
To whom the king: With rev'rence we allow
Thy juſt rebukes, yet learn to ſpare them now.
My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind,
He ſeems remiſs, but bears a valiant mind;

Ver. 138. *My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind.*] Agamemnon is every where repreſented as the greateſt example of brotherly affection; and he at all times defends Menelaus, but never with more addreſs than now: Neſtor had accuſed Menelaus of ſloth; the king is his advocate, but pleads his excuſe only in part: he does not entirely acquit him, becauſe he would not contradict ſo wiſe a man as Neſtor; nor does he condemn him, becauſe his brother at this time was not guilty; but he very artfully turns the imputation of Neſtor to the praiſe of Menelaus; and affirms, that what might ſeem to be remiſſneſs in his character, was only a deference to his authority, and that his ſeeming inactivity was but an unwillingneſs to act without command. Euſtathius.

Thro'

Thro' too much def'rence to our sov'reign sway.
Content to follow when we lead the way.
But now, our ills industrious to prevent,
Long e'er the rest, he rose, and sought my tent.
The chiefs you nam'd, already, at his call,
Prepare to meet us near the navy-wall;
Assembling there, between the trench and gates,
Near the night-guards, our chosen council waits.
Then none (said Nestor) shall his rule withstand,
For great examples justify command.
With that the venerable warrior rose;
The shining greaves his manly legs inclose;
His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lin'd.
Then rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste
His steely lance, that lighten'd as he past.
The camp he travers'd thro' the sleeping croud,
Stopp'd at Ulysses' tent, and call'd aloud.
Ulysses, sudden as the voice was sent,
Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent:
What new distress, what sudden cause of fright,
Thus leads you wand'ring in the silent night?
O prudent chief! (the Pylian sage reply'd)
Wise as thou art, be now thy wisdom try'd:
Whatever means of safety can be sought,
Whatever counsels can inspire our thought,
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight;
All, all, depend on this important night!
He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield:
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd thro' the field.
Without his tent, bold Diomed they found,
All sheath'd in arms, his brave companions round:
Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his bossy shield.

A wood of ſpears ſtood by, that fixt upright,
Shot from their flaſhing points a quiv'ring light.
A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;
A ſplendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
Then, with his foot, old Neſtor gently ſhakes
The ſlumb'ring chief, and in theſe words awakes.
Riſe, ſon of Tydeus! to the brave and ſtrong
Reſt ſeems inglorious, and the night too long.
But ſleep'ſt thou now? when from yon hill the foe
Hangs o'er the fleet, and ſhades our walls below?
At this, ſoft ſlumber from his eye-lids fled;
The warrior ſaw the hoary chief, and ſaid,
Wond'rous old man! whoſe ſoul no reſpite knows,
Tho' years and honours bid thee ſeek repoſe.
Let younger Greeks our ſleeping warriors wake;
Ill fits thy age theſe toils to undertake.
My friend, (he anſwer'd) gen'rous is thy care,
Theſe toils, my ſubjects and my ſons might bear,
Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conſpire
To eaſe a ſov'reign, and relieve a ſire.

Ver. 174. *A wood of ſpears ſtood by*, etc.] The picture here given us of Diomed ſleeping in his arms, with his ſoldiers about him, and the ſpears ſticking upright in the earth, has a near reſemblance to that in the firſt book of Samuel, ch. 26. ver. 7. *Saul lay ſleeping within the trench, and his ſpear ſtuck in the ground at his bolſter; but Abner and the people lay round about him.*

Ver. 182. *From yon' hill the foe*, etc.] It is neceſſary, if we would form an exact idea of the battles of Homer, to carry in our minds the place where the action was fought. It will therefore be proper to inquire where that eminence ſtood, upon which the Trojans encamped this night. Euſtathius is inclinable to believe it was Callicolone, (the ſituation of which you will find in the map of Homer's battles) but it will appear from what Dolon ſays ver. 487. (of Hector's being encamped at the monument of Ilus) that this eminence muſt be the Tumulus on which that monument was ſituate, and ſo the old ſcholiaſt rightly explains it.

But

But now the laſt deſpair ſurrounds our hoſt;
No hour muſt paſs, no moment muſt be loſt;
Each ſingle Greek, in this concluſive ſtrife,
Stands on the ſharpeſt edge of death or life:
Yet if my years thy kind regard engage,
Employ thy youth as I employ my age;
Succeed to theſe my cares, and rouſe the reſt;
He ſerves me moſt, who ſerves his country beſt.
This ſaid, the hero o'er his ſhoulders flung
A lion's ſpoils, that to his ancles hung;
Then ſeiz'd his pond'rous lance, and ſtrode along.
Meges the bold, with Ajax fam'd for ſpeed,
The warrior rous'd, and to th' entrenchments led.
And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard,
A wakeful ſquadron, each in arms prepar'd:
Th' unweary'd watch their liſt'ning leaders keep,
And couching cloſe, repel invading ſleep.
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected from the prowling train;

Ver. 194. *But now the laſt deſpair ſurrounds our hoſt.*] The different behaviour of Neſtor upon the ſame occaſion, to different perſons, is worthy obſervation: Agamemnon was under a concern and dejection of ſpirit from the danger of his army; to raiſe his courage, Neſtor gives him hopes of ſucceſs, and repreſented the ſtate of affairs in the moſt favourable view. But he applies himſelf to Diomed, who is at all times enterprizing and incapable of deſpair, in a far different manner: he turns the darkeſt ſide to him, and gives the worſt proſpect of their condition.

Ver. 207. *And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard.*] It is uſual in poetry to paſs over little circumſtances, and carry on the greater. Menelaus in this book was ſent to call ſome of the leaders: the poet has too much judgment to dwell upon the trivial particulars of his performing this meſſage, but lets us know by the ſequel, that he had performed it.

Ver. 211. *So faithful dogs*, etc.] This ſimile is in all its parts juſt to the deſcription it is meant to illuſtrate. The dogs repreſent the watch, the flock the Greeks, the fold their camp, and the wild beaſt that invades them Hector. The place, poſture, and circumſtance, are painted with the utmoſt life and nature.

When

When the gaunt lioneſs, with hunger bold,
Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold:
Through breaking woods her ruſt'ling courſe they hear;
Loud, and more loud, the clamours ſtrike their ear
Of hounds and men; they ſtart, they gaze around,
Watch ev'ry ſide, and turn to ev'ry ſound.
Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of ſurpriſe,
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes;
Each ſtep of paſſing feet increaſed th' affright;
And hoſtile Troy was ever full in ſight.
Neſtor with joy the wakeful band ſurvey'd,
And thus accoſted thro' the gloomy ſhade.
'Tis well my ſons! your nightly cares employ,
Elſe muſt our hoſt become the ſcorn of Troy.
Watch thus, and Greece ſhall live—The hero ſaid;
Then o'er the trench, the following chieftains led.
His ſon, and godlike Merion march'd behind,
(For theſe the princes to their council join'd)
The trenches paſt, th' aſſembled kings around
In ſilent ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd.
A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
The ſpot where Hector ſtopp'd his rage before,
When night deſcending, from his vengeful hand,
Repriev'd the relicks of the Grecian band:
(The plain beſide with mangled corps was ſpread,
And all his progreſs mark'd by heaps of dead.)

Ver. 228. *Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.*] The reaſon why Neſtor did not open the council within the trenches, was with a deſign to encourage the guards, and thoſe whom he intended to ſend to enter the Trojan camp. It would have appeared unreaſonable to ſend others over the entrenchments upon a hazardous enterprize, and not to have dared himſelf to ſet a foot beyond them. This alſo could not fail of inflaming the courage of the Grecian ſpies, who would know themſelves not to be far from aſſiſtance, while ſo many of the princes were paſſed over the ditch as well as they. Euſtathius.

There ſat the mournful kings: when Neleus' ſon
The council op'ning, in theſe words begun.
Is there (ſaid he) a chief ſo greatly brave,
His life to hazard, and his country ſave?
Lives there a man, who ſingly dares to go
To yonder camp, or ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe?
Or favour'd by the night approach ſo near,
Their ſpeech, their counſels, and deſigns to hear?
If to beſiege our navies they prepare,
Or Troy once more muſt be the ſeat of war!
This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
And paſs unharm'd the dangers of the night;
What fame were his thro' all ſucceeding days,
While Phœbus ſhines, or men have tongues to praiſe?

Ver. 241. *Is there (ſaid he) a chief ſo greatly brave?*] Neſtor propoſes his deſign of ſending ſpies into the Trojan army with a great deal of addreſs: he begins with a general ſentence, and will not chuſe any one hero, for fear of diſguſting the reſt: had Neſtor named the perſon, he would have paid him a complement that was ſure to be attended with the hazard of his life; and that perſon might have believed that Neſtor expoſed him to a danger, which his honour would not let him decline; while the reſt might have reſented ſuch a partiality, which would have ſeemed to give the preference to another before them. It therefore was wiſdom in Neſtor to propoſe the deſign in general terms, whereby all the gallant men, that offered themſelves ſatisfied their honour, by being willing to ſhare the danger with Diomed; and it was no diſgrace to be left behind, after they had offered to hazard their lives for their country. Euſtathius.

Ver. 244. *Or ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe?*] It is worthy obſervation with how much caution Neſtor opens this deſign, and with how much courage Diomed accepts it. Neſtor forms it with coolneſs, but Diomed embraces it with warmth and reſolution. Neſtor only propoſes that ſome man would approach the enemy, and intercept ſome ſtraggling Trojan, but Diomed offers to penetrate the very camp. Neſtor was afraid leſt no one ſhould undertake it: Diomed overlooks the danger, and preſents himſelf, as willing to march againſt the whole army of Troy. Euſtathius.

What

What gifts his grateful country would beſtow?
What muſt not Greece to her deliv'rer owe?
A ſable ewe each leader ſhould provide,
With each a ſable lambkin by her ſide;
At ev'ry rite his ſhare ſhould be increas'd,
And his the foremoſt honours of the feaſt.
Fear held them mute: alone, untaught to fear,
Tydides ſpoke——The man you ſeek, is here.
Thro' yon black camps to bend my dang'rous way,
Some God within commands, and I obey.
But let ſome other choſen warrior join,
To raiſe my hopes, and ſecond my deſign.
By mutual confidence, and mutual aid,
Great deeds are done, and great diſcov'ries made;
The wiſe new prudence from the wiſe acquire,
And one brave hero fans another's fire.
Contending leaders at the word aroſe:
Each gen'rous breaſt with emulation glows:
So brave a taſk each Ajax ſtrove to ſhare,
Bold Merion ſtrove, and Neſtor's valiant heir;
The Spartan wiſh'd the ſecond place to gain,
And great Ulyſſes wiſh'd, nor wiſh'd in vain.
Then thus the king of men the conteſt ends:
Thou firſt of warriors, and thou beſt of friends,
Undaunted Diomed! what chief to join
In this great enterprize, is only thine.
Juſt be thy choice, without affection made,
To birth, or office, no reſpect be paid;
Let

Ver. 280. *To birth or office no reſpect be paid.*] Euſtathius remarks, that Agamemnon artfully ſteals away his brother from danger; the fondneſs he bears to him makes him think him unequal to ſo bold an enterprize, and prefers his ſafety to his glory. He farther adds, that the poet intended to condemn that faulty modeſty which makes one ſometimes prefer a nobleman before a perſon of real worth. To be greatly born is an happineſs, but no merit; where-

Let worth determine here. The monarch ſpake,
And inly trembled for his brother's ſake.
Then thus (the godlike Diomed rejoin'd)
My choice declares the impulſe of my mind.
How can I doubt, while great Ulyſſus ſtands
To lend his counſels, and aſſiſt our hands?
A chief, whoſe ſafety is Minerva's care;
So fam'd, ſo dreadful, in the works of war:
Bleſt in his conduct, I no aid require,
Wiſdom like his might paſs thro' flames of fire.
It fits thee not, before theſe chiefs of fame,
(Reply'd the ſage) to praiſe me, or to blame;
Praiſe from a friend, or cenſure from a foe,
Are loſt on hearers that our merits know.
But let us haſte—Night rolls the hours away,
The red'ning orient ſhews the coming day,

as perſonal virtues ſhew a man worthy of that greatneſs to which he is not born.

It appears from hence, how honourable it was of old to go upon theſe parties by night, or undertake thoſe offices which are now only the taſk of common ſoldiers. Gideon, in the book of Judges, (as Dacier obſerves) goes as a ſpy into the camp of Midian, though he was at that time general of the Iſraelites.

Ver. 289. *Bleſt in his conduct.*] There required ſome addreſs in Diomed to make his choice without offending the Grecian princes; each of them might think it an indignity to be refuſed ſuch a place of honour. Diomed therefore chuſes Ulyſſes, not becauſe he is braver than the reſt, but becauſe he is wiſer. This part of his character was allowed by all the leaders of the army; and none of them thought it a diſparagement to themſelves, as they were men of valour, to ſee the firſt place given to Ulyſſes in point of wiſdom.

Ver. 291. *It fits thee not to praiſe me or to blame.*] The modeſty of Ulyſſes in this paſſage is very remarkable; though undoubtedly he deſerved to be praiſed, yet he interrupts Diomed, rather than he would be a hearer of his own commendation. What Diomed ſpoke in praiſe of Ulyſſes, was uttered to juſtify his choice of him to the leaders of the army; otherwiſe the praiſe he had given him, would have been no better than flattery. Euſtathius.

The

The ſtars ſhine fainter on th' ætherial plains,
And of night's empire but a third remains.
Thus having ſpoke, with gen'rous ardour preſt,
In arms terrific their huge limbs they dreſt.
A two-edge'd faulchion Thraſymed the brave,
And ample bucler, to Tydides gave:
Then in the leathern helm he cas'd his head,
Short of its creſt, and with no plume o'erſpread:
(Such as by youths unus'd to arms, are worn;
No ſpoils enrich it, and no ſtuds adorn.)
Next him Ulyſſes took a ſhining ſword,
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows ſtor'd:
A well-prov'd caſque with leather braces bound
(Thy gift, Meriones) his temples crown'd;
Soft wool within; without, in order ſpread,
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' ſon,
Autolychus by fraudful rapine won,
And gave Amphidamas; from him the prize
Molus receiv'd, the pledge of ſocial ties;
The helmet next by Merion was poſſeſs'd,
And now Ulyſſes' thoughtful temples preſs'd.

Ver. 298. *But a third remains.*] One ought to take notice, with how much exactneſs Homer proportions his incidents to the time of action: theſe two books take up no more than the compaſs of one night; and his deſign could not have been executed in any other part of it. The poet had before told us, that all the plain was enlightened by the fires of Troy, and conſequently no ſpy could paſs over to their camp, until they were almoſt ſunk and extinguiſhed, which could not be until near the morning.

Ver. 303. *Then in a leathern helm.*] It may not be improper to obſerve, how conformably to the deſign the poet arms theſe two heroes: Ulyſſes has a bow and arrows, that he might be able to wound the enemy at a diſtance, and ſo to retard his flight until he could overtake him; and for fear of a diſcovery, Diomed is armed with an helmet of leather, that the glittering of it might not betray him. Euſtathius.

Thus ſheath'd in arms, the council they forſake,
And dark thro' paths oblique their progreſs take.
Juſt then, in ſign ſhe favour'd their intent,
A long-wing'd heron great Minerva ſent:
This, tho' ſurrounding ſhades obſcur'd their view,
By the ſhrill clang and whiſtling wings, they knew.
As from the right ſhe ſoar'd, Ulyſſes pray'd,
Hail'd the glad omen, and addreſs'd the maid.
O daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield!
O thou! for ever preſent in my way,
Who, all my motions, all my toils ſurvey!
Safe may we paſs beneath the gloomy ſhade,
Safe by thy ſuccour to our ſhips convey'd;
And let ſome deed this ſignal night adorn,
To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn.
Then godlike Diomed preferr'd his pray'r;
Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear.
Great queen of arms, whoſe favour Tydeus won,
As thou defend'ſt the ſire, defend the ſon.
When on Æſopus' banks the banded pow'rs
Of Greece he left, and ſought the Theban tow'rs,
Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful ſhow,
He went a legate, but return'd a foe:

Ver. 326. *Ulyſſes——Hail'd the glad omen.*] This paſſage ſufficiently juſtifies Diomed for his choice of Ulyſſes: Diomed, who was moſt renowned for valour, might have given a wrong interpretation to this omen, and ſo have been diſcouraged from proceeding in the attempt. For though it really ſignified, that as the bird was not ſeen, but only heard by the ſound of its wings, ſo they ſhould not be diſcovered by the Trojans, but perform actions which all Troy ſhould hear with ſorrow; yet on the other hand it might imply, that as they diſcovered the bird by the noiſe of its wings, ſo they ſhould be betrayed by the noiſe they ſhould make in the Trojan army. The reaſon why Pallas does not ſend the bird that is ſacred to herſelf, but the heron, is becauſe it is a bird of prey, and denoted that they ſhould ſpoil the Trojans. Euſtath.

Then

Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy ſhield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
So now be preſent, oh celeſtial maid!
So ſtill continue to the race thine aid!
A youthful ſteer ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
Untam'd, unconſcious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and with ſpreading horns,
Whoſe taper tops refulgent gold adorns.
The heroes pray'd, and Pallas from the ſkies,
Accords their vow, ſucceeds their enterprize.
Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
With deathful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Thro' the black horrors of th' enſanguin'd plain,
Thro' duſt, thro' blood, o'er arms, and hills of ſlain.
Nor leſs bold Hector, and the ſons of Troy.
On high deſigns the wakeful hours employ;
Th' aſſembled peers their lofty chief inclos'd;
Who thus the counſels of his beaſt propos'd.
What glorious man, for high attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture for a rich reward?
Of yónder fleet a bold diſcov'ry make,
What watch they keep, and what reſolves they take?
If now ſubdu'd they meditate their flight,
And ſpent with toil neglect the watch of night?
His be the chariot that ſhall pleaſe him moſt,
Of all the plunder of the vanquiſh'd hoſt;

Ver. 357. *Nor leſs bold Hector*, etc.] It is the remark of Euſtathius, that Homer ſends out the Trojan ſpy in this place in a very different manner from the Grecian ones before. Having been very particular in deſcribing the council of the Greeks, he avoids tiring the reader here with parallel circumſtances, and paſſes it in general terms. In the firſt, a wiſe old man propoſes the adventure with an air of deference; in the ſecond, a brave young man with an air of authority. The one promiſes a ſmall gift, but very honourable and certain; the other a great one, but uncertain and leſs honourable, becauſe it is given as a reward.

His

His the fair ſteeds that ſhall the reſt excel,
And his the glory to have ſerv'd ſo well.
A youth there was among the tribes of Troy
Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy.
(Five girls beſide the rev'rend herald told)
Rich was the ſon in braſs, and rich in gold;
Not bleſt by nature with the charms of face,
But ſwift of foot, and matchleſs in the race.
Hector! (he ſaid) my courage bids me meet
This high atchievement, and explore the fleet:
But firſt exalt thy ſceptre to the ſkies,
And ſwear to grant me the demanded prize;
Th' immortal courſers, and the glitt'ring car,
That bear Pelides thro' the ranks of war.
Encourage'd thus no idle ſcout I go,
Fulfil thy wiſh, their whole intention know,

Ver. 372. *Dolon his name.*] It is ſcarce to be conceived, with what conciſeneſs the poet has here given us the name, the fortunes, the pedigree, the office, the ſhape, the ſwiftneſs of Dolon. He ſeems to have been eminent for nothing ſo much as for his wealth, though undoubtedly he was by place one of the firſt rank in Troy: Hector ſummons him to this aſſembly amongſt the chiefs of Troy; nor was he unknown to the Greeks, for Diomed, immediately after he had ſeized him, calls him by his name.

Ver. 380. *Swear to grant me*, etc.] It is evident from this whole narration, that Dolon was a man of no worth or courage; his covetouſneſs ſeems to be the ſole motive of his undertaking this exploit: and whereas Diomed neither deſired any reward, nor, when promiſed, required any aſſurance of it; Dolon demands an oath, and will not truſt the promiſe of Hector; he every where diſcovers a baſe ſpirit, and by the ſequel it will appear, that this vain boaſter, inſtead of diſcovering the army of the enemy, becomes a traitor to his own. Euſtathius.

Ver. 381. *Th' immortal courſers, and the glitt'ring car.*] Hector, in the foregoing ſpeech, promiſes the beſt horſes in the Grecian army, as a reward to any one who would undertake what he propoſed. Dolon immediately demands thoſe of Achilles, and confines the general promiſe of Hector to the particular horſes of that brave hero.

Ev'n

Ev'n to the royal tent purſue my way.
And all their counſels, all their aims betray.
The chief then heav'd the golden ſceptre high,
Atteſting thus the monarch of the ſky.
Be witneſs thou! immortal Lord of all!
Whoſe thunder ſhakes the dark aerial hall:
By none but Dolon ſhall this prize be born,
And him alone th' immortal ſteeds adorn.
Thus Hector ſwore: The Gods were call'd in vain,
But the raſh youth prepares to ſcour the plain:
Acroſs his back the bended bow he flung,
A wolf's grey hide around his ſhoulders hung,
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed jav'lin ſhin'd.
Then (never to return) he ſought the ſhore,
And trod the path his feet muſt tread no more.
Scarce had he paſs'd the ſteeds and Trojan throng,
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along)
When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulyſſes mark'd, and thus to Diomed.
O friend! I hear ſome ſtep of hoſtile feet;
Moving this way, or haſt'ning to the fleet;
Some ſpy perhaps, to lurk beſide the main;
Or nightly pillager that ſtrips the ſlain.
Yet let him paſs, and win a little ſpace;
Then ruſh behind him, and prevent his pace.
But if too ſwift of foot he flies before,
Confine his courſe along the fleet and ſhore,
Betwixt the camp and him our ſpears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to Troy.
With that they ſtep'd aſide, and ſtoop'd their head,
(As Dolon paſs'd) behind a heap of dead:
Along the path the ſpy unwary flew;
Soft at juſt diſtance, both the chiefs purſue.
So diſtant they, and ſuch the ſpace between,
As when two teams of mules divide the green,

(To whom the hind like ſhares of land allows)
When now new furrows part th' approaching ploughs.
Now Dolon lift'ning heard them as they paſt;
Hector (he thought) had ſent, and check'd his haſte,
Till ſcarce at diſtance of a jav'lin's throw,
No voice ſucceeding, he perceiv'd the foe.
As when two ſkilful hounds the lev'ret wind,
Or chaſe thro' woods obſcure the trembling hind;
Now loſt, now ſeen, they interrupt his way,
And from the herd ſtill turn the flying prey:
So faſt, and with ſuch fears the Trojan flew;
So cloſe, ſo conſtant, the bold Greeks purſue.
Now almoſt on the fleet the daſtard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;
When brave Tydides ſtopp'd; a gen'rous thought
(Inſpir'd by Pallas) in his boſom wrought,
Leſt on the foe ſome forward Greek advance,
And ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance.
Then thus aloud: Whoe'er thou art, remain;
This jav'lin elſe ſhall fix thee to the plain.
He ſaid, and high in air the weapon caſt,
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his ſhoulder paſt;
Then fix'd in earth. Againſt the trembling wood
The wretch ſtood propp'd, and quiver'd as he ſtood:
A ſudden palſy ſeiz'd his turning head;
His looſe teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:
The panting warriors ſeize him as he ſtands,
And with unmanly tears his life demands.
O ſpare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
Large gifts of price my father ſhall beſtow:

Ver. 444. *Quiver'd as he ſtood*, etc.] The poet here gives us a very lively picture of a perſon in the utmoſt agonies of fear: Dolon's ſwiftneſs forſakes him, and he ſtands ſhackled by his cowardice. The very words expreſs the thing he deſcribes by the broken turn of the Greek verſes. And ſomething like it is aimed at in the Engliſh.

Vaſt

Vaſt heaps of braſs ſhall in your ſhips be told.
And ſteel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.
To whom Ulyſſes made this wiſe reply;
Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, ſay, when ſleep has clos'd the ſight,
To roam the ſilent fields in dead of night?
Cam'ſt thou the ſecrets of our camp to find,
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art ſome wretch by hopes of plunder led,
Thro' heaps of carnage, to deſpoil the dead?
Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look,
(Still, as he ſpoke, his limbs with horror ſhook)
Hither I came, by Hector's words deceiv'd;
Much did he promiſe, raſhly I believ'd:
No leſs a bribe than great Achilles' car,
And thoſe ſwift ſteeds that ſweep the ranks of war,
Urge'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
To learn what counſels, what reſolves you take:
If now ſubdu'd, you fix your hopes on flight,
And tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night?
Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize,
(Ulyſſes, with a ſcornful ſmile, replies)
Far other rulers thoſe proud ſteeds demand,
And ſcorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;
Ev'n great Achilles ſcarce their rage can tame,
Achilles ſprung from an immortal dame.

Ver. 454. *Be bold, nor fear to die.*] It is obſervable what caution the poet here uſes in reference to Dolon: Ulyſſes does not make him any promiſes of life, but only bids him very artfully not to think of dying: ſo that when Diomed kills him, he was not guilty of a breach of promiſe, and the ſpy was deceived rather by the art and ſubtlety of Ulyſſes, than by his falſhood.

Ver. 467. *Urge'd me, unwilling.*] It is obſervable, that the cowardice of Dolon here betrays him into a falſehood: though Euſtathius is of opinion, that the word in the original means no more than *contrary to my judgment.*

But

But say, be faithful, and the truth recite!
Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to-night?
Where stand his coursers? in what quarter sleep
Their other princes? tell what watch they keep?
Say, since this conquest, what their counsels are?
Or here to combat, from their city far,
Or back to Ilion's walls transfer the war?
Ulysses thus, and thus Eumedes' son:
What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue shall own.
Hector, the peers assembling in his tent,
A council holds at Ilus' monument:
No certain guards the nightly watch partake;
Where'er yon' fires ascend, the Trojans wake;
Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep;
Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces sleep,
Whose wives and infants, from the danger far,
Discharge their souls of half the fears of war.

Ver. 478. *Where lies encamp'd.*] The night was now very far advanced, the morning approached, and the two heroes had their whole design still to execute: Ulysses therefore complies with the necessity of the time, and makes his questions very short, though at the same time very full. In the like manner, when Ulysses comes to shew Diomed the chariot of Rhesus, he uses a sudden transition without the usual form of speaking.

Ver. 488. *No certain guards.*] Homer, to give an air of probability to this narration, lets us understand, that the Trojan camp might easily be entered without discovery, because there were no centinels to guard it. This might happen partly through the security, which their late success had thrown them into, and partly through the fatigues of the former day. Besides which, Homer gives us another very natural reason, the negligence of the auxiliar forces, who, being foreigners, had nothing to lose by the fall of Troy.

Ver. 489. *Where'er yon fires ascend.*] This is not to be understood of those fires, which Hector commanded to be kindled at the beginning of this night, but only of the household fires of the Trojans, distinct from the auxiliars.

Then

Then ſleep thoſe aids among the Trojan train,
(Inquir'd the chief) or ſcatter'd o'er the plain?
To whom the ſpy: Their powers they thus diſpoſe:
The Pæons, dreadful with their bended bows,
The Carians, Caucons, the Pelaſgian hoſt,
And Leleges encamp along the coaſt.
Not diſtant far, lie higher on the land,
The Lycian, Myſian, and Mœonian band,
And Phrygia's horſe, by Tymbras' ancient wall;
The Tracians utmoſt, and a-part from all.
Theſe Troy but lately to her ſuccour won,
Led on by Rheſus, great Eioneus' ſon:
I ſaw his courſers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-ſnow:
Rich ſilver plates his ſhining car infold;
His ſolid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;
No mortal ſhoulders ſuit the glorious load,
Celeſtial Panoply, to grace a God!
Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be born,
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
In cruel chains; 'till your return reveal
The truth or falſehood of the news I tell.
To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown:
Think not to live, tho' all the truth be ſhown:
Shall we diſmiſs thee, in ſome future ſtrife
To riſk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'ſt explore?
No — once a traitor, thou betray'ſt no more.
Sternly he ſpoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandiſhment to ſtroke his beard,
Like lightning ſwift the wrathful faulchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two;
One

Ver. 525. *Divides the neck.*] It may ſeem a piece of barbarity in Diomed to kill Dolon thus, in the very act of ſupplicating for mercy. Euſtathius anſwers, that it was very neceſſary that it ſhould

One inſtant ſnatch'd his trembling ſoul to hell,
The head, yet ſpeaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and ſpear;
Theſe great Ulyſſes liſting to the ſkies,
To fav'ring Pallas dedicates the prize.
Great queen of arms! receive this hoſtile ſpoil,
And let the Thracian ſteeds reward our toil:
Thee firſt of all the heav'nly hoſt we praiſe:
O ſpeed our labours, and direct our ways!
This ſaid, the ſpoils with dropping gore deface'd,
High on a ſpreading tamariſk he place'd;
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain,
To guide their footſteps to the place again.
Thro' the ſtill night they croſs the devious fields,
Slipp'ry with blood, o'er arms and heaps of ſhields,
Arriving where the Thracian ſquadrons lay,
And eas'd in ſleep the labours of the day,
Range'd in three lines they view the proſtrate band:
The horſes yok'd beſide each warrior ſtand;
Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
Thro' the brown ſhade the fulgid weapons ſhin'd;
Amidſt lay Rheſus, ſtretch'd in ſleep profound,
And the white ſteeds behind his chariot bound.
The welcome ſight Ulyſſes firſt deſcries,
And points to Diomed the tempting prize.
The man, the courſers, and the car behold!
Deſcrib'd by Dolon, with the arms of gold.
Now, brave Tydides! now thy courage try,
Approach the chariot, and the ſteeds untye;
Or if thy ſoul aſpire to fiercer deeds,
Urge thou the ſlaughter, while I ſeize the ſteeds.

be ſo, for fear, if he had deferred his death, he might have cried out to the Trojans, who, hearing his voice, would have been upon their guard.

Pallas

Pallas (this ſaid) her hero's boſom warms,
Breath'd in his heart, and ſtrung his nervous arms;
Where'er he paſs'd, a purple ſtream purſu'd;
His thirſty faulchion, fat with hoſtile blood,
Bath'd all his footſteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
And a low groan remurmur'd thro' the ſhore.
So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen;
On ſheep or goats, reſiſtleſs in his way,
He falls, and foaming rends the guardleſs prey.
Nor ſtopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
'Till twelve lay breathleſs of the Thracian band.
Ulyſſes following, as his partner ſlew,
Back by the foot each ſlaughter'd warrior drew;
The milk-white courſers ſtudious to convey
Safe to the ſhips, he wiſely clear'd the way;
Leſt the fierce ſteeds, not yet to battles bred,
Should ſtart, and tremble at the heaps of dead.
Now twelve diſpatch'd, the monarch laſt they found;
Tydides' faulchion fix'd him to the ground.
Juſt then a deathful dream Minerva ſent;
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
Whoſe viſionary ſteel his boſom tore:
So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.
Ulyſſes now the ſnowy ſteeds detains,
And leads them, faſten'd by the ſilver reins;
Theſe, with his bow unbent, he laſh'd along;
(The ſcourge forgot, on Rheſus' chariot hung.)
Then gave his friend the ſignal to retire;
But him, new dangers, new atchievements fire:

Ver. 578. *Juſt then a deathful dream Minerva ſent.*] All the circumſtances of this action, the night, Rheſus buried in a profound ſleep, and Diomed with the ſword in his hand hanging over the head of that prince, furniſhed Homer with the idea of his fiction, which repreſents Rheſus dying faſt aſleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a ſword into his boſom.

Doubtful he ſtood, or with his reeking blade
To ſend more heroes to th' infernal ſhade,
Drag off the car where Rheſus' armour lay,
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
While unreſolv'd the ſon of Tydeus ſtands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands.
Enough, my ſon, from farther ſlaughter ceaſe,
Regard thy ſafety, and depart in peace;
Haſte to the ſhips, the gotten ſpoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hoſtile Gods of Troy.
The voice divine confeſs'd the martial maid;
In haſte he mounted, and her word obey'd;
The courſers fly before Ulyſſes' bow,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-ſnow.
Not unobſerv'd they paſs'd: the God of light
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's flight.
Saw Tydeus' ſon with heav'nly ſuccour bleſt,
And vengeful anger fill'd his ſacred breaſt.
Swift to the Trojan camp deſcends the pow'r,
And wakes Hippocoon on the morning hour,
(On Rheſus' ſide accuſtom'd to attend,
A faithleſs kinſman, and inſtructive friend.)
He roſe, and ſaw the field deform'd with blood,
An empty ſpace where late the courſers ſtood,
The yet-warm Thracians panting on the coaſt;
For each he wept, but for his Rheſus moſt:
Now while on Rheſus' name he calls in vain,
The gath'ring tumult ſpreads o'er all the plain;
On heaps the Trojans ruſh, with wild affright,
And wond'ring view the ſlaughters of the night.
Meanwhile the chiefs, arriving at the ſhade
Where late the ſpoils of Hector's ſpy were laid;

Ver. 607. *And wakes Hippocoon.*] Apollo's waking the Trojans is only an allegory to imply, that the light of the morning awakened them.

Ulyſſes

Ulyſſes ſtopp'd; to him Tydides bore
The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore:
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
The courſers ply, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.
Old Neſtor firſt perceiv'd th' approaching ſound,
Beſpeaking thus the Grecian peers around.
Methinks the noiſe of trampling ſteeds I hear,
Thick'ning his way, and gath'ring on my ear;
Perhaps ſome horſes of the Trojan breed
(So may, ye Gods! my pious hopes ſucceed)
The great Tydides and Ulyſſes bear.
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain)
The chiefs outnumber'd by the Trojan train:
Perhaps, ev'n now purſu'd, they ſeek the ſhore;
Or oh! perhaps thoſe heroes are no more.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,
And ſpring to earth; the Greeks diſmiſs their fear:
With words of friendſhip and extended hands
They greet the kings; and Neſtor firſt demands:
Say thou, whoſe praiſes all our hoſt proclaim,
Thou living glory of the Grecian name!
Say, whence theſe courſers? by what chance beſtow'd,
The ſpoil of foes, or preſent of a God?
Not thoſe fair ſteeds ſo radiant and ſo gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day.

Ver. 624. *Old Neſtor firſt perceiv'd*, etc.] It may with an appearance of reaſon be aſked, whence it could be, that Neſtor, whoſe ſenſe of hearing might be ſuppoſed to be impaired by his great age, ſhould be the firſt perſon among ſo many youthful warriors, who hears the tread of the horſes feet at a diſtance? Euſtathius anſwers, that Neſtor had a particular concern for the ſafety of Diomed and Ulyſſes on this occaſion, as he was the perſon who, by propoſing the undertaking, had expoſed them to a very ſignal danger; and conſequently his extraordinary care for their preſervation, did more than ſupply the diſadvantage of his age.

Old as I am, to age I ſcorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field;
But ſure 'till now no courſers ſtruck my ſight.
Like theſe, conſpicuous thro' the ranks of fight.
Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
Bleſt as ye are, and fav'rites of the ſkies;
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And * her, whoſe fury bathes the world with gore.
Father! not ſo, (ſage Ithacus rejoin'd)
The gifts of heav'n are of a nobler kind.
Of Thracian lineage are the ſteeds ye view,
Whoſe hoſtile king the brave Tydides ſlew;
Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
And twelve beſide lay gaſping on the ground.
Theſe other ſpoils from conquer'd Dolon came,
A wretch, whoſe ſwiftneſs was his only fame,
By Hector ſent our forces to explore,
He now lies headleſs on the ſandy ſhore.
Then o'er the trench the bounding courſers flew;
The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim purſue.
Strait to Tydides' high pavilion born,
The matchleſs ſteeds his ample ſtall adorn:
The neighing courſers their new fellows greet,
And the full racks are heap'd with gen'rous wheat.
But Dolon's armour, to his ſhips convey'd,
High on the painted ſtern Ulyſſes laid,
A trophy deſtin'd to the blue ey'd maid.
Now from nocturnal ſweat, and ſanguine ſtain,
They cleanſe their bodies in the neighb'ring main;
Then

* Minerva.

Ver. 674. *They cleanſe their bodies in the main*, etc.] We have here a regimen very agreeable to the ſimplicity and auſterity of the old heroic times. Theſe warriors plunge into the ſea to waſh themſelves; for the ſalt water is not only more purifying than any other, but more corroborates the nerves. They afterwards enter into

Then in the poliſh'd bath, refreſh'd from toil, 675.
Their joints they ſupple with diſſolving oil,
In due repaſt indulge the genial hour,
And firſt to Pallas the libations pour:
They ſit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine. 680.

to a bath, and rub their bodies with oil, which, by ſoftening and moiſtening the fleſh, prevents too great a diſſipation, and reſtores the natural ſtrength. Euſtathius.

Ver. 677. *In due repaſt*, &c.] It appears from hence, with what preciſeneſs Homer diſtinguiſhes the time of theſe actions. It is evident from this paſſage, that immediately after their return, it was day-light; that being the time of taking ſuch a repaſt as is here deſcribed.

I cannot conclude the notes to this book without obſerving, that what ſeems the principal beauty of it, and what diſtinguiſhes it among all the others, is the livelineſs of its paintings: the reader ſees the moſt natural night-ſcene in the world; he is led ſtep by ſtep with the adventurers, and made the companion of all their expectations, and uncertainties. We ſee the very colour of the ſky, know the time to a minute, are impatient while the heroes are arming, our imagination ſteals out after them, becomes privy to all their doubts, and even to the ſecret wiſhes of their hearts ſent up to Minerva. We are alarmed at the approach of Dolon, hear his very footſteps, aſſiſt the two chiefs in purſuing him, and ſtop juſt with the ſpear that arreſts him. We are perfectly acquainted with the ſituation of all the forces, with the figure in which they lie, with the diſpoſition of Rheſus and the Thracians, with the poſture of his chariot and horſes. The marſhy ſpot of ground where Dolon is killed, the tamariſk, or aquatic plants upon which they hang his ſpoils, and the reeds that are heaped together to mark the place, are circumſtances the moſt pictureſque imaginable.

THE

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But ſure 'till now no courſers ſtruck my ſight
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THE

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The third battle, and the acts of Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON, having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle: Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, until the king shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, until Menelaus and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax, but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sent Patroclus to inquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least to permit him to do it, clad in Achilles's armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field near the monument of Ilus.

THE

THE ſaffron morn, with early bluſhes ſpread,
Now roſe refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladen mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with ſacred light.
When baleful Eris, ſent by Jove's command,
The torch of diſcord blazing in her hand,

Thro'

As Homer's invention is in nothing more wonderful, than in the great variety of characters with which his poems are diverſified, ſo his judgment appears in nothing more exact, than in that propriety with which each character is maintained. But this exactneſs muſt be collected by a diligent attention to his conduct through the whole: and when the particulars of each character are laid together, we ſhall find them all proceeding from the ſame temper and diſpoſition of the perſon. If this obſervation be neglected, the poet's conduct will loſe much of its true beauty and harmony.

I fancy it will not be unpleaſant to the reader, to conſider the picture of Agamemnon, drawn by ſo maſterly an hand as that of Homer, in its full length, after having ſeen him in ſeveral views and lights ſince the beginning of the poem.

He is a maſter of policy and ſtratagem, and maintains a good underſtanding with his council; which was but neceſſary, conſidering how many different, independent nations and intereſts he had to manage: he ſeems fully conſcious of his own ſuperior authority, and always knows the time when to exert it: he is perſonally very valiant, but not without ſome mixture of fierceneſs: highly reſentful of the injuries done his family, even more than Menelaus himſelf: warm both in his paſſions and affections, particularly in the love he bears his brother. In ſhort, he is (as Homer himſelf in another place deſcribes him) both a good king, and a great warrior.

Ver. 5. *When baleful Eris*, etc.] With what a wonderful ſublimity does the poet begin this book! he awakens the reader's curioſity, and ſounds an alarm to the approaching battle. With what magnificence does he uſher in the deeds of Agamemnon! He ſeems for a while to have loſt all view of the main battle, and lets the whole action of the poem ſtand ſtill, to attend the motions of this ſingle hero. Inſtead of a herald, he brings down a Goddeſs to inflame the army; inſtead of a trumpet, or ſuch warlike muſic, Ju-

no

Thro' the red ſkies her bloody ſign extends,
And wrapt in tempeſts, o'er the fleet deſcends.
High on Ulyſſes' bark, her horrid ſtand
She took, and thunder'd thro' the ſeas and land.
Ev'n Ajax and Achilles heard the ſound,
Whoſe ſhips, remote, the guarded navy bound.
Thence the black fury thro' the Grecian throng
With horror ſounds the loud Orthian ſong:
The navy ſhakes, and at the dire alarms
Each boſom boils, each warrior ſtarts to arms.
No more they ſigh, inglorious to return,
But breath revenge, and for the combat burn.
The king of men his hardy hoſt inſpires
With loud command, with great example fires;
Himſelf firſt roſe, himſelf before the reſt
His mighty limbs in radiant armour dreſt.
And firſt he cas'd his manly legs around
In ſhining greaves, with ſilver buckles bound:
The beaming cuiraſs next adorn'd his breaſt,
The fame which once king Cinyras poſſeſt:
(The fame of Greece and her aſſembled hoſt
Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coaſt;

no and Minerva thunder over the field of battle: Jove rains down drops of blood, and averts his eyes from ſuch a ſcene of horrors.

By the Goddeſs Eris is meant that ardour and impatience for the battle, which now inſpired the Grecian army: they who juſt before were almoſt in deſpair, now burn for the fight, and breathe nothing but war. Euſtathius.

Ver. 14. *Orthian ſong.*] This is a kind of an Odaic ſong, invented and ſung on purpoſe to fire the ſoul to noble deeds in war. Such was that of Timotheus before Alexander the Great, which had ſuch an influence upon him, that he leaped from his ſeat, and laid hold on his arms. Euſtath.

Ver. 26. *King Cinyras.*] It is probable this paſſage of Cinyras, king of Cyprus, alludes to a true hiſtory; and what makes it the more ſo, is, that this iſland was famous for its mines of ſeveral metals. Euſtath.

'Twas

'Twas then the friendſhip of the chief to gain,
This glorious gift he ſent, nor ſent in vain.)
Ten rows of azure ſteel the work infold,
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;
Three glitt'ring dragons to the gorget riſe,
Whoſe imitated ſcales againſt the ſkies
Reflected various light, and arching bow'd,
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a ſhow'ry cloud:
(Jove's wond'rous bow, of three celeſtial dies,
Place'd as a ſign to man amid the ſkies.)
A radiant baldric o'er his ſhoulder ty'd,
Suſtain'd the ſword that glitter'd at his ſide:
Gold was the hilt, a ſilver ſheath encas'd
The ſhining blade, and golden hangers grace'd.
His buckler's mighty orb was next diſplay'd,
That round the warrior caſt a dreadful ſhade;
Ten zones of braſs its ample brim ſurround,
And twice ten boſſes the bright convex crown'd:
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrors fill'd th' expreſſive ſhield:
Within its concave hung a ſilver thong,
On which a mimic ſerpent creeps along,
His azure length in eaſy waves extends,
'Till in three heads th' embroider'd monſter ends.
Laſt o'er his brows his fourfold helm he place'd,
With nodding horſe-hair formidably grace'd;
And in his hands two ſteely jav'lins wields.
That blaze to heav'n, and lighten all the fields.
That inſtant Juno, and the martial maid
In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid;
High o'er the chief they claſh'd their arms in air.
And leaning from the clouds, expect the war.
Cloſe to the limits of the trench and mound,
The fiery courſers to their chariots bound

The ſquires reſtrain'd: The foot, with thoſe who wield
The lighter arms, ruſh forward to the field.
To ſecond theſe, in cloſe array combin'd,
The ſquadrons ſpread their ſable wings behind.
Now ſhouts and tumults wake the tardy ſun,
As with the light the warriors toils begun.
Ev'n Jove, whoſe thunder ſpoke his wrath, diſtill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The woes of men unwilling to ſurvey,
And all the ſlaughters that muſt ſtain the day.
Near Ilus' tomb in order range'd around,
The Trojan lines poſſeſs'd the riſing ground,
There wiſe Polydamas and Hector ſtood;
Æneas, honour'd as a guardian God;
Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine;
The brother warriors of Antenor's line;
With youthful Acamas, whoſe beauteous face,
And fair proportion, match'd th' etherial race;

Ver. 63. *The foot, with thoſe who wield — The lighter arms, ruſh forward.*] Here we ſee the order of battle is inverted, and oppoſite to that which Neſtor propoſed in the fourth book: for it is the cavalry which is there ſuſtained by the infantry; here the infantry by the cavalry. But to deliver my opinion, I believe it was the nearneſs of the enemy that obliged Agamemnon to change the diſpoſition of the battle: he would break their battalions with his infantry, and compleat their defeat by his cavalry, which ſhould fall upon the flyers. Dacier.

Ver. 70. *Red drops of blood*, etc.] Theſe prodigies, with which Homer embelliſhes his poetry, are the ſame with thoſe which hiſtory relates not as ornaments, but as truths. Nothing is more common in hiſtory than ſhowers of blood, and philoſophy gives us the reaſon of them: the two battles which had been fought on the plains of Troy, had ſo drenched them with blood, that a great quantity of it might be exhaled in vapours, and carried into the air, and being there condenſed, fall down again in dews and drops of the ſame colour. Euſtathius.

Great

Great Hector, cover'd with his ſpacious ſhield,
Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
As the red ſtar now ſhows his ſanguine fires
Thro' the dark clouds, and now in night retires;
Thus thro' the ranks appear'd the godlike man,
Plunge'd in the rear, or blazing in the van;
While ſtreamy ſparkles, reſtleſs as he flies,
Flaſh from his arms as light'ning from the ſkies.
As ſweating reapers in ſome wealthy field,
Range'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,
Bear down the furrows, 'till their labours meet;
Thick fall the heapy harveſts at their feet.
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are ſtrow'd on ev'ry ſide.
None ſtoop'd a thought to baſe inglorious flight;
But horſe to horſe, and man to man they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce conteſt their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none reſign the day.
Diſcord with joy the ſcene of death deſcries,
And drinks large ſlaughter at her ſanguine eyes:
Diſcord alone, of all the immortal train,
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain:

Ver. 83. *As the red ſtar.*] We have juſt ſeen at full length the picture of the general of the Greeks: Here we ſee Hector beautifully drawn in miniature. This proceeded from the great judgment of the poet: it was neceſſary to ſpeak fully of Agamemnon, who was to be the chief hero of this battle, and briefly of Hector, who had been ſo often ſpoken of at large before. This is an inſtance that the poet well knew when to be conciſe, and when to be copious.

Ver. 89. *As ſweating reapers.*] It will be neceſſary for the underſtanding of this ſimilitude, to explain the method of mowing in Homer's days: they mowed in the ſame manner as they plowed, beginning at the extremes of the field, which was equally divided, and proceeded until they met in the middle of it. By this means they raiſed an emulation between both parties, which ſhould finiſh their ſhare firſt.

The Gods in peace their golden manſions fill,
Range'd in bright order on th' Olympian hill;
But gen'ral murmurs told their griefs above,
And each accus'd the partial will of Jove.
Meanwhile apart, ſuperior, and alone,
Th' eternal monarch, in his awful throne,
Wrapt in the blaze of boundleſs glory ſat;
And fix'd, fulfill'd the juſt decrees of fate.
On earth he turn'd his all-conſid'ring eyes,
And mark'd the ſpot where Ilion's tow'rs ariſe;
The ſea with ſhips, the fields with armies ſpread,
The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead.
Thus while the morning beams increaſing bright
O'er heav'n's pure azure ſpread the growing light,
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverſe battle goar'd with equal wounds.
But now (what time in ſome ſequeſter'd vale
The weary woodman ſpreads his ſparing meal,
When

Ver. 119. *What time in ſome ſequeſter'd vale—The weary woodman,* etc.] One may gather from hence, that in Homer's time they did not meaſure the day by hours, but by the progreſſion of the ſun; and diſtinguiſhed the parts of it by the moſt noted employments.

It may perhaps be entertaining to the reader to ſee a general account of the menſuration of time among the ancients, which I ſhall take from Spondanus. At the beginning of the world, it is certain there was no diſtinction of time but by the light and darkneſs, and the whole day was included in the general terms of the evening and the morning. Munſter makes a pretty obſervation upon this cuſtom: our long-lived forefathers (ſays he) had not ſo much occaſion to be exact obſervers how the day paſſed, as their fraiter ſons, whoſe ſhortneſs of life makes it neceſſary to diſtinguiſh every part of time, and ſuffer none of it to ſlip away without their obſervation.

It is not improbable but that the Chaldeans, many ages after the flood, were the firſt who divided the day into hours; they being the firſt who applied themſelves with any ſucceſs to aſtrology. *The moſt ancient ſun-dial* we read of, is that of Achaz, mentioned

When his tir'd arms refuſe the ax to rear,
And claim a reſpite from the ſilvan war;
But not 'till half the proſtrate foreſts lay
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day)
Then, nor 'till then, the Greeks impulſive might
Pierce'd the black phalanx, and let in the light,

ed in the ſecond book of Kings, chap. xx. about the time of the building of Rome.

It is certain the uſe of dials was earlier among the Greeks than the Romans; it was above three hundred years after the building of Rome, before they knew any thing of them: but yet they had divided the day and night into twenty-four hours, as appears from Varro and Macrobius, though they did not count the hours as we do, numerically, but from midnight to midnight, and diſtinguiſhed them by particular names, as by the cock-crowing, the dawn, the mid day, etc. The firſt ſun-dial we read of among the Romans, which divided the day into hours, is mentioned by Pliny, lib. i. cap. 20. fixed upon the temple of Quirinus by L. Papyrius the cenſor, about the twelfth year of the wars with Pyrrhus. But the firſt that was of any uſe to the public, was ſet up near the roſtra in the forum by Valerius Meſſala the conſul, after the taking of Catana in Sicily; from whence it was brought, thirty years after the firſt had been ſet up by Papyrius: but this was ſtill an imperfect one, the lines of it not exactly correſponding with the ſeveral hours. Yet they made uſe of it many years, until Q. Marcius Philippus placed another by it, greatly improved: but theſe had ſtill one common defect of being uſeleſs in the night, and when the ſkies were overcaſt. All theſe inventions being thus ineffectual, Scipio Naſica ſome years after meaſured the day and night into hours, from the dropping of water and ſand glaſſes.

Ver. 125. *The Greeks impulſive might.*] We had juſt before ſeen, that all the Gods were withdrawn from the battle; that Jupiter was reſolved, even againſt the inclinations of them all, to honour the Trojans. Yet we here ſee the Greeks breaking through them; the love the poet bears to his countrymen, makes him aggrandize their valour, and over-rule even the decrees of fate. To vary his battles, he ſuppoſes the Gods to be abſent this day; and they are no ſooner gone, but the courage of the Greeks prevails, even againſt the determination of Jupiter. Euſtathius.

Great Agamemnon then the ſlaughter led,
And ſlew Bienor at his people's head:
Whoſe ſquire Oileus, with a ſudden ſpring,
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king:
But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
Which pierce'd his brain, and ſtretch'd him on the ground.
Atrides ſpoil'd, and left them on the plain:
Vain was their youth, their glitt'ring armour vain:
Now ſoil'd with duſt, and naked to the ſky,
Their ſnowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.
Two ſons of Priam next to battle move,
The product one of marriage, one of love;
In the ſame car the brother-warriors ride,
This took the charge to combat, that to guide;
Far other taſk! than when they wont to keep,
On Ida's tops, their father's fleecy ſheep.
Theſe on the mountains once Achilles found,
And captive led, with pliant oſiers bound;
Then to their ſire for ample ſums reſtor'd;
But now to periſh by Atrides' ſword:
Pierce'd in the breaſt the baſe-born Iſus bleeds:
Cleſt thro' the head, his brother's fate ſucceeds.
Swift to the ſpoil the haſty victor falls,
And ſtript, their features to his mind recals.
The Trojans ſee the youths untimely die,
But helpleſs tremble for themſelves, and fly.

Ver. 143. *Theſe on the mountains once Achilles found.*] Homer, ſays Eustathius, never lets any opportunity paſs of mentioning the hero of his poem, Achilles: he gives here an inſtance of his former reſentment, and at once varies his own poetry, and exalts his hero's character. Nor does he mention him curſorily; he ſeems unwilling to leave him; and when he purſues the thread of the ſtory in a few lines, takes occaſion to ſpeak again of him. This is a very artful conduct; by mentioning him ſo frequently, he takes care, that the reader ſhould not forget him, and ſhews the importance of that hero, *whoſe anger is the ſubject of his poem.*

So

So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,
Finds on ſome graſſy lare the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,
And grinds the quiv'ring fleſh with bloody jaws;
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not ſtay,
But ſwift thro' ruſtling thickets burſts her way;
All drown'd in ſweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.
Amidſt the tumult of the routed train,
The ſons of falſe Antimachus were ſlain;
He, who for bribes his faithleſs counſels ſold,
And voted Helen's ſtay for Paris' gold.
Atrides mark'd as theſe their ſafety ſought,
And ſlew the children for the father's fault;
Their headſtrong horſe unable to reſtrain,
They ſhook with fear, and dropp'd the ſilken rein;
Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call.
Oh ſpare our youth, and for the life we owe
Antimachus ſhall copious gifts beſtow;
Soon as he hears, that not in battle ſlain,
The Grecian ſhips his captive ſons detain,
Large heaps of braſs in ranſom ſhall be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd, and perſuaſive gold.
Theſe words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths addreſs'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this ſtern reply;
If from Antimachus ye ſpring, ye die!
The daring wretch who once in council ſtood
To ſhed Ulyſſes' and my brother's blood,

For

Ver. 181. *Antimachus, who once,* etc.] It is obſervable, that Homer, with a great deal of art, interweaves the true hiſtory of the Trojan war in his poem; he here gives a circumſtance that carries us back from the tenth year of the war to the very beginning of it. So that although the action of the poem takes up but a ſmall

For proffer'd peace! and ſues his ſeed for grace:
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.
This ſaid, Piſander from the car he caſt,
And pierce'd his breaſt: ſupine he breath'd his laſt.
His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,
The trenchant faulchion lopp'd his hands away;
His ſever'd head was toſs'd among the throng,
And rolling, drew a bloody trial along.
Then, where the thickeſt fought, the victor flew;
The king's example all his Greeks purſue.
Now by the foot the flying foot were ſlain,
Horſe trod by horſe, lay foaming on the plain.
From the dry fields thick clouds of duſt ariſe,
Shade the black hoſt, and intercept the ſkies.
The braſs-hoof'd ſteeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
And the thick thunder beats the lab'ring ground.
Still ſlaught'ring on, the king of men proceeds;
The diſtance'd army wonders at his deeds.
As when the winds with raging flames conſpire,
And o'er the foreſts roll the flood of fire,

part of the laſt year of the war, yet by ſuch incidents as theſe we are taught a great many particulars, that happened through the whole ſeries of it. Euſtathius

Ver. 188. *Lopp'd his hands away*] I think one cannot but compaſſionate the fate of theſe brothers, who ſuffer for the ſins of their father, notwithſtanding the juſtice which the commentators find in this action of Agamemnon. And I can much leſs imagine that his cutting off their hands was meant for an expreſs example againſt bribery, in revenge for the gold which Antimachus had received from Paris.

Ver. 193. *Now by the feet the flying feet*, etc.] After Homer with a poetical juſtice, has puniſhed the ſons of Antimachus for the crimes of the father; he carries on the narration, and preſents all the terrors of the battle to our view: we ſee in the lively deſcription the men and chariots overthrown, and hear the trampling of the horſes feet. Thus the poet very artfully, by ſuch ſudden alarms, awakens the attention of the reader, that is apt to be tired, and grow remiſs, by a plain and more cool narration.

In

In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all.
Before Atrides' rage ſo ſinks the foe,
Whole ſquadrons vaniſh. and proud heads lie low.
The ſteeds fly trembling from his waving ſword;
And many a car, now lighted of its lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideleſs fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and cruſhing out their ſouls;
While his keen faulchion drinks the warriors lives;
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!
Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate,
But Jove and deſtiny prolong'd his date,
Safe from the darts, the care of heav'n he ſtood,
Amidſt alarms, and death, and duſt, and blood.
Now paſt the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,
Thro' the mid field the routed urge their way.
Where the wild figs th' adjoining ſummit crown,
That path they take, and ſpeed to reach the town.
As ſwift Atrides with loud ſhouts purſu'd,
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hoſtile blood.
Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan gate,
The hero halts, and his aſſociates wait.
Meanwhile on ev'ry ſide, around the plain,
Diſpers'd, diſorder'd, fly the Trojan Train.
So flies a herd of beeves, that hear diſmay'd
The lion's roaring thro' the midnight ſhade;
On heaps they tumble with ſucceſsleſs haſte;
The ſavage ſeizes, draws, and rends the laſt:
Not with leſs fury ſtern Atrides flew,
Still preſs'd the rout, and ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew;
Hurl'd from their cars the braveſt chiefs are kill'd,
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.
Now ſtorms the victor at the Trojan wall;
Surveys the tow'rs, and meditates their fall.
But Jove deſcending ſhook th' Idæan hills,
And down their ſummits pour'd a hundred rills:

Th' un-

Th' unkindled lightning in his hand he took,
And thus the many-colour'd maid beſpoke.
Iris, with haſte thy golden wings diſplay,
To godlike Hector this our word convey.
While Agamemnon waſtes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground;
Bid him give way; but iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands:
But when, or wounded by the ſpear, or dart,
That chief ſhall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove ſhall ſtring his arm, and fire his breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying Greece be preſs'd,
'Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred night her awful ſhade extend.
He ſpoke, and Iris at his word obey'd;
On wings of winds deſcends the various maid.
The chief ſhe found amidſt the ranks of war,
Cloſe to the bulwarks, on his glitt'ring car.
The goddeſs then: O ſon of Priam, hear!
From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear.
While Agamemnon waſtes the ranks around,
Fights on the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Abſtain from fight; yet iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands.
But when, or wounded by the ſpear, or dart,
The chief ſhall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove ſhall ſtring thy arm, and fire thy breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying Greece be preſs'd,
'Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred night her awful ſhade extend.
She ſaid, and vaniſh'd: Hector, with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,
In clanging arms: he graſps in either hand
A pointed lance, and ſpeeds from band to band;
Revives their ardour, turns their ſteps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.

The

They ſtand to arms: the Greeks their onſet dare,
Condenſe their pow'rs, and wait the coming war.
New force, new ſpirit to each breaſt returns:
The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns:
The king leads on; all fix on him their eye.
And learn from him, to conquer, or to die.

Ye ſacred nine, celeſtial muſes! tell,
Who face'd him firſt, and by his proweſs fell?
The great Iphidamas, the bold and young:
From ſage Antenor and Theano ſprung;
Whom from his youth his grandſire Ciſſeus bred,
And nurs'd in Thrace where ſnowy flocks are fed.
Scarce did the down his roſy cheeks inveſt,
And early honour warm his gen'rous breaſt,
When the kind ſire conſign'd his daughter's charms,
(Theano's ſiſter) to his youthful arms,
But call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,
He leaves untaſted the firſt fruits of joy;

Ver. 281. *Ye ſacred nine.*] The poet, to win the attention of the reader, and ſeeming himſelf to be ſtruck with the exploits of Agamemnon while he recites them (who when the battle was rekindled, ruſhes out to engage his enemies)-invokes not one muſe, as he did in the beginning of the poem, but as if he intended to warn us, that he was about to relate ſomething ſurprizing, he invokes the whole nine; and then, as if he had received their inſpiration, goes on to deliver what they ſuggeſted to him.

Ver. 283. *Iphidamas, the bold and young.*] Homer here gives us the hiſtory of this Iphidamas, his parentage, the place of his birth, and many circumſtances of his private life. This he does to diverſify his poetry, and to ſoften with ſome amiable embelliſhments, the continual horrors that muſt of neceſſity ſtrike the imagination, in an uninterrupted narration of blood and ſlaughter.

Ver. 290. *Theano's ſiſter.*] That the reader may not be ſhocked at the marriage of Iphidamas with his mother's ſiſter, it may not be amiſs to obſerve from Euſtathius, that conſanguinity was no impediment in Greece in the days of Homer: nor is Iphidamas ſingular in this kind of marriage, for Diomed was married to his own aunt as well as he.

From

From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
And ſwift to aid his dearer country flies.
With twelve black ſhips he reach'd Percope's ſtrand,
Thence took the long, laborious march by land.
Now fierce for fame, before the ranks he ſprings,
Tow'ring in arms, and braves the king of kings.
Atrides firſt diſcharge'd the miſſive ſpear;
The Trojan ſtoop'd, the jav'lin paſs'd in air.
Then near the corſlet, at the monarch's heart,
With all his ſtrength the youth directs his dart:
But the broad belt, with plates of ſilver bound,
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
Incumber'd with the dart, Atrides ſtands,
'Till graſp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands.
At once his weighty ſword diſcharge'd a wound
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
Stretch'd in the duſt th' unhappy warrior lies,
And ſleep eternal ſeals his ſwimming eyes.
Oh worthy better fate! oh early ſlain!
Thy country's friend; and virtuous, tho' in vain!
No more the youth ſhall join his conſort's ſide,
At once a virgin, and at once a bride!
No more with preſents her embraces meet,
Or lay the ſpoils of conqueſt at her feet,
On whom his paſſion, laviſh of his ſtore,
Beſtow'd ſo much, and vainly promis'd more!
Unwept, uncover'd on the plain he lay,
While the proud victor bore his arms away.
Coön, Antenor's eldeſt hope, was nigh;
Tears, at the ſight, came ſtarting from his eye,
While pierce'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he view'd,
And the pale features now deform'd with blood.
Then with his ſpear, unſeen, his time he took,
Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow ſtrook.

The

The thrilling ſteel tranſpierc'd the brawny part,
And thro' his arm ſtood forth the barbed dart.
Surpriz'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear
On Coön ruſhes with his lifted ſpear:
His brother's corps the pious Trojan draws,
And calls his country to aſſert his cauſe,
Defends him breathleſs on the ſanguine field,
And o'er the body ſpreads his ample ſhield.
Atrides, marking an unguarded part,
Trausfix'd the warrior with his brazen dart;
Prone on his brother's bleeding breaſt he lay,
The monarch's faulchion lopp'd his head away:
The ſocial ſhades the ſame dark journey go,
And join each other in the realms below.

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With ev'ry weapon, art or fury yields:
By the long lance, the ſword, or pond'rous ſtone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.
This, while yet warm, diſtill'd the purple flood;
But when the wound grew ſtiff with clotted blood,
Then grinding tortures his ſtrong boſom rend,
Leſs keen thoſe darts the fierce Ilythiæ ſend,
(The pow'rs that cauſe the teeming matron's throes,
Sad mothers of unutterable woes!
Stung with the ſmart, all panting with the pain,
He mounts the car, and gives his ſquire the rein:
Then with a voice which fury made more ſtrong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng.

O friends! O Greeks! aſſert your honours won;
Proceed, and finiſh what this arm begun:
Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to ſtay,
And envies half the glories of the day.

Ver. 357. *Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to ſtay.*] Euſtathius remarks upon the behaviour of Agamemnon in his preſent diſtreſs: Homer deſcribes him as racked with almoſt intolerable pains, yet he does not complain of the anguiſh he ſuffers, but that he is obliged to *retire from the fight*,

He

He ſaid; the driver whirls this lengthful thong;
The horſes fly! the chariot ſmokes along.
Clouds from their noſtrils the fierce courſers blow,
And from their ſides the foam deſcends in ſnow;
Shot thro' the battle in a moment's ſpace,
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.
No ſooner Hector ſaw the king retir'd,
But thus his Trojans and his aids he fir'd:
Hear all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race!
Fam'd in cloſe fight, and dreadful face to face.
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers virtues, and your own,
Behold, the gen'ral flies! deſerts his pow'rs!
Lo Jove himſelf declares the conqueſt ours!
Now on yon' ranks impel your foaming ſteeds;
And, ſure of glory, dare immortal deeds.
With words like theſe the fiery chief alarms
His fainting hoſt, and ev'ry boſom warms.
As the bold hunter chears his hounds to tear
The brindled lion, or the tuſky bear,
With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,
And ſprings the foremoſt with his lifted dart:
So godlike Hector prompts his troops to dare;
Nor prompts alone, but leads himſelf the war.
On the black body of the foes he pours,
As from the cloud's deep boſom, ſwell'd with ſhow'rs,
A ſudden ſtorm the purple ocean ſweeps,
Drives the wild waves, and toſſes all the deeps.
Say, muſe! when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd,
Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?
Aſſæus, Dolops, and Autonous dy'd,
Opites next was added to their ſide,
Then brave Hipponous fam'd in many a fight,
Opheltius, Orus, ſunk to endleſs night,

Æſymnus,

Æſymnus, Agelaus; all chiefs of name;
The reſt were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.
As when a weſtern whirlwind, charge'd with ſtorms,
Diſpels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms;
The guſt continu'd, violent, and ſtrong,
Rolls ſable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
Now to the ſkies the foaming billows rears,
Now breaks the ſurge, and wide the bottom bares.
Thus raging Hector, with reſiſtleſs hands,
O'erturns, confounds, and ſcatters all their bands.
Now the laſt ruin the whole hoſt appalls;
Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls;
But wiſe Ulyſſes call'd Tydides forth,
His ſoul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.
And ſtand we deedleſs, O eternal ſhame!
'Till Hector's arm involve the ſhips in flame?
Haſte, let us join, and combat ſide by ſide.
The warrior thus, and thus the friend reply'd.
No martial toil I ſhun, no danger fear;
Let Hector come; I wait his fury here.
But Jove with conqueſt crowns the Trojan train;
And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain.
He ſigh'd; but ſighing, rais'd his vengeful ſteel,
And from his car the proud Thymbræus fell:
Molion, the charioteer, purſu'd his lord,
His death ennobled by Ulyſſes' ſword.
There ſlain, they left them in eternal night;
Then plunge'd amidſt the thickeſt ranks of fight.
So two wild boars outſtrip the following hounds,
Then ſwift revert, and wounds return for wounds.

Ver. 405. *But wiſe Ulyſſes call'd Tydides forth.*] There is ſomething inſtructive in thoſe which ſeem the moſt common paſſages of Homer, who, by making the wiſe Ulyſſes direct the brave Diomed in all the enterprizes of the laſt book, and by maintaining the ſame conduct in this, intended to ſhew this moral, that valour ſhould always be under the guidance of wiſdom.

Stern Hector's conquests in the middle plain.
Stood check'd a while, and Greece respir'd again.
The sons of Merops shone amidst the war;
Tow'ring they rode in one refulgent car!
In deep prophetic arts their father skill'd,
Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field;
Fate urge'd them on; the father warn'd in vain,
They rush'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain!
Their breasts no more the vital spirit warms;
The stern Tydides strips their shining arms.
Hypirochus by great Ulysses dies,
And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize.
Great Jove from Ide with slaughter fills his sight,
And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight.
By Tydeus' lance Agastrophus was slain,
The far-fam'd hero of Pæonian strain;
Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly,
His steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh;
Thro' broken orders, swifter than the wind,
He fled, but flying left his life behind.
This Hector sees, as his experience'd eyes
Traverse the files, and to the rescue flies;
Shouts, as he past, the chrystal regions rend,
And moving armies on his march attend.
Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war.
Mark how this way yon' bending squadrons yield!
The storm rolls on, and Hector rules the field:
Here stands his utmost force---The warrior said;
Swift at the word his pond'rous jav'lin fled;
Nor miss'd its aim, but where the plumage dance'd,
Raz'd the smooth cone, and thence obliquely glance'd.
Safe in his helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands)
Without a wound the Trojan hero stands;
But yet so stunn'd, that stagg'ring on the plain,
His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain;

O'er

O'er his dim ſight the miſty vapours riſe,
And a ſhort darkneſs ſhades his ſwimming eyes.
Tydides follow'd to regain his lance;
While Hector roſe, recover'd from the trance,
Remounts his car, and herds amidſt the croud;
The Greek purſues him, and exults aloud.
Once more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit breath,
Or thank that ſwiftneſs which outſtrips the death.
Well by Apollo are thy pray'rs repaid,
And oft that partial pow'r has lent his aid.
Thou ſhalt not long the death deferr'd withſtand,
If any God aſſiſt Tydides' hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,
Whole Hecatombs of Trojan ghoſts ſhall pay.
Him, while he triumph'd, Paris ey'd from far,
(The ſpouſe of Helen, the fair cauſe of war)
Around the fields his feather'd ſhafts he ſent,
From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument;
Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwarry foe;
Juſt as he ſtoop'd, Agaſtrophus's creſt
To ſeize, and drew the corſelet from his breaſt.

Ver. 476, *Ilus' monument.*] I thought it neceſſary juſt to put the reader in mind, that the battle ſtill continues near the tomb of Ilus: by a juſt obſervation of that, we may with pleaſure ſee the various turns of the fight, and how every ſtep of ground is won or loſt, as the armies are repulſed or victorious.

Ver. 479. *Juſt as he ſtoop'd, Agaſtrophus's creſt*
To ſeize, and drew the corſelet from his breaſt.]
One would think that the poet at all times endeavoured to condemn the practice of ſtripping the dead, during the heat of action; he frequently deſcribes the victor wounded, while he is ſo employed about the bodies of the ſlain; thus in the preſent book we ſee Agamemnon, Diomed, Ulyſſes, Elphenor, and Eurypylus, all ſuffer as they ſtrip the men they ſlew; and in the ſixth book he brings in the wife Neſtor directly forbidding it. Euſtathius.

The bow-ſtring twang'd; nor flew the ſhaft in vain,
But pierce'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing Trojan, with a joyful ſpring
Leaps from his ambuſh and inſults the king.
He bleeds! (he cries) ſome God has ſped my dart;
Would the ſame God had fixt it in his heart!
So Troy reliev'd from that wide-waſting hand,
Should breathe from ſlaughter and in combat ſtand,
Whoſe ſons now tremble at his darted ſpear,
As ſcatter'd lambs the ruſhing lion fear.
He dauntleſs thus: thou conqu'ror of the fair,
Thou woman-warrior with the curling hair;
Vain archer: truſting to the diſtant dart,
Unſkill'd in arms to act a manly part!
Thou haſt but done what boys or women can;
Such hands may wound, but not incenſe a man.
Nor boaſt the ſcratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Not ſo this dart, which thou may'ſt one day feel:
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the ſteel,
Where this but lights, ſome noble life expires,
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of ſires.

Ver. 482. *But pierce'd his foot.*] It cannot but be a ſatisfaction to the reader to ſee the poet ſmitten with the love of his country, and at all times conſulting its glory; this day was to be glorious to Troy, but Homer takes care to remove with honour moſt of the braveſt Greeks from the field of battle, before the Trojans can conquer. Thus Agamemnon, Diomed, and Ulyſſes, muſt bleed, before the poet can allow his countrymen to retreat. Euſtathius.

Ver. 483. *The laughing Trojan.*] Euſtathius is of opinion, that Homer intended to ſatirize in this place the unwarlike behaviour of Paris: ſuch an effeminate laugh and geſture is unbecoming a brave warrior, but agrees very well in the character of Paris: nor do I remember that in the whole Iliad, any one perſon is deſcribed in ſuch an indecent tranſport, though upon a much more glorious or ſucceſsful action.

Steeps

Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
And leaves such objects, as distract the fair.
Ulysses hastens with a trembling heart,
Before him steps, and bending draws the dart:
Forth flows the blood; an eager pang succeeds;
Tydides mounts, and to the navy speeds.
Now on the field Ulysses stands alone,
The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on:
But stands collected in himself and whole,
And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul
What farther subterfuge! what hopes remain?
What shame, inglorious if I quit the plain?
What danger, singly if I stand the ground,
My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around?
Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth suffice;
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
And knowing this, I know a soldier's part.
Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast,
Near, and more near, the shady cohorts prest;
These, in the warrior, their own fate inclose:
And round him deep the steely circle grows.
So fares a boar whom all the troop surrounds
Of shouting huntsmen, and of clam'rous hounds;
He grinds his iv'ry tusks; he foams with ire;
His sanguine eye-balls glare with living fire;
By these, by those, on ev'ry part is ply'd;
And the red slaughter spreads on ev'ry side.

Ver. 532. *And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul.*] This is a passage which very much strikes me: we have a brave hero making a noble soliloquy, or rather calling a council within himself, when he was singly to encounter an army: it is impossible for the reader not to be in pain for so gallant a man in such an imminent danger; he must be impatient for the event, and his whole curiosity must be awakened, until he knows the fate of Ulysses, who scorned to fly, though encompassed by an army.

Pierce'd thro' the ſhoulder, firſt Deiopis fell;
Next Ennomus and Thcön ſunk to hell;
Cherſidamas, beneath the navel thruſt,
Falls prone to earth, and graſps the bloody duſt.
Charops, the ſon of Hippaſus, was near;
Ulyſſes reach'd him with the fatal ſpear;
But to his aid his brother Socus flies,
Socus the brave, the gen'rous, and the wiſe:
Near as he drew, the warrior thus began.
O great Ulyſſes, much enduring man!
Nor deeper ſkill'd in ev'ry martial ſlight,
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!
This day two brothers ſhall thy conqueſt grace,
And end at once the great Hippaſian race,
Or thou beneath this lance muſt preſs the field—
He ſaid, and forceful pierce'd his ſpacious ſhield:
Thro' the ſtrong braſs the ringing jav'lin thrown.
Plow'd half his ſide, and bar'd it to the bone.
By Pallas' care, the ſpear, tho' deep infix'd,
Stopp'd ſhort of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.
The wound not mortal wiſe Ulyſſes knew,
Then furious thus, (but firſt ſome ſteps withdrew.)
Unhappy man! whoſe death our hands ſhall grace;
Fate calls thee hence, and finiſh'd is thy race!
No longer check my conqueſts on the foe;
But pierce'd by this, to endleſs darkneſs go,
And add one ſpectre to the realms below!
He ſpoke, while Socus ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight,
Between his ſhoulders pierce'd the following dart,
And held its paſſage thro' the panting heart.
Wide in his breaſt appear'd the grizly wound;
He falls, his armour rings againſt the ground.
Then thus Ulyſſes gazing on the ſlain:
Fam'd ſon of Hippaſus! there preſs the plain;

There

There ends thy narrow ſpan aſſign'd by fate,
Heav'n owes Ulyſſes yet a longer date.
Ah wretch! no father ſhall thy corps compoſe,
Thy dying eyes no tender mother cloſe,
But hungry birds ſhall tear thoſe balls away,
And hov'ring vultures ſcream around their prey.
Me Greece ſhall honour, when I meet my doom,
With ſolemn fun'rals and a laſting tomb.
Then raging with intolerable ſmart,
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.
The dart a tide of ſpouting gore purſu'd,
And gladden'd Troy with ſight of hoſtile blood.
Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
Force'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears;
The well-known voice thrice Menelaus hears:
Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cry'd,
Who ſhares his labours, and defends his ſide.
O friend! Ulyſſes' ſhouts invade my ear;
Diſtreſs'd he ſeems, and no aſſiſtance near:
Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,
Oppreſs'd by multitudes, the beſt may fall.

Ver. 571. *And hov'ring vultures ſcream around their prey.*] This is not literally tranſlated; what the poet ſays gives us the moſt lively picture imaginable of the vultures, in the act of tearing their prey with their bills: they beat the body with their wings as they rend it, which is a very natural circumſtance, but ſcarce poſſible to be copied by a tranſlator without loſing the beauty of it.

Ver. 572. *Me Greece ſhall honour, when I meet my doom,—With ſolemn fun'rals*——] We may ſee from ſuch paſſages as theſe, that honours paid to the aſhes of the dead have been greatly valued in all ages: this poſthumous honour was paid as a public acknowledgment, that the perſon deceaſed had deſerved well of his country, and conſequently was an incitement to the living to imitate his actions: in this view, there is no man but would be ambitious of them, not as they are teſtimonies of titles or riches, but of diſtinguiſhed *merit*.

Greece,

Greece, robb'd of him, muſt bid her hoſt deſpair,
And feel a loſs, not ages can repair.
Then, where the cry directs, his courſe he bends;
Great Ajax, like the God of war, attends.
The prudent chief in ſore diſtreſs they found,
With bands of furious Trojans compaſs'd round.
As when ſome huntſman, with a flying ſpear,
From the blind thicket wounds a ſtately deer;
Down his cleft ſide while freſh the blood diſtills,
He bounds aloft, and ſcuds from hills to hills:
'Till life's warm vapour iſſuing thro' the wound,
Wild mountain wolves the fainting beaſt ſurround;
Juſt as their jaws his proſtrate limbs invade,
The lion ruſhes thro' the woodland ſhade,
The wolves, tho' hungry, ſcour diſpers'd away;
The lordly ſavage vindicates his prey.
Ulyſſes thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
A ſingle warrior, half an hoſt ſuſtains:
But ſoon as Ajax heaves his tower like ſhield,
The ſcatter'd crouds fly frighted o'er the field;
Atrides' arm the ſinking hero ſtays,
And ſav'd from numbers, to his ear conveys.
Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew;
And firſt Doryclus, Priam's ſon, he ſlew,
On ſtrong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,
And lays Lyſander bleeding on the ground.
As when a torrent, ſwell'd with wintry rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the deluge'd plains,

Ver. 591. *Great Ajax, like the God of war, attends.*] The ſilence of other heroes on many occaſions is very beautiful in Homer, but particularly ſo in Ajax, who is a gallant rough ſoldier, and readier to act than to ſpeak: the preſent neceſſity of Ulyſſes required ſuch a behaviour, for the leaſt delay might have been fatal to him: Ajax therefore, complying both with his own inclinations, and the urgent condition of Ulyſſes, makes no reply to Menelaus, but *immediately* haſtens to his relief.

And

And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
A country's ruins! to the ſeas are borne:
Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng,
Men, ſteeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.
But Hector, from this ſcene of ſlaughter far,
Rage'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:
Loud groans proclaim his progreſs thro' the plain,
And deep Scamander ſwells with heaps of ſlain.
There Neſtor and Idomeneus oppoſe
The warrior's fury, there the battle glows;
There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
His ſword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight,
The ſpouſe of Helen dealing darts around,
Had pierce'd Machaon with a diſtant wound:
In his right ſhoulder the broad ſhaft appear'd,
And trembling Greece for her phyſician fear'd.
To Neſtor then Idomeneus begun;
Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant ſon!
Aſcend thy chariot, haſte with ſpeed away,
And great Machaon to the ſhips convey.
A wiſe phyſician, ſkill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.
Old Neſtor mounts the ſeat: beſide him rode

Ver. 636. *A wiſe Phyſician.*] The poet paſſes a very ſignal commendation upon phyſicians: the army had ſeen ſeveral of their braveſt heroes wounded, yet were not ſo much deſpirited for them all, as they were at the ſingle danger of Machaon: but the perſon whom he calls a phyſician ſeems rather to be a ſurgeon; the cutting out of arrows, and the applying of anodynes being the province of the latter: however (as Euſtathius ſays) we muſt conclude, that Machaon was both a phyſician and ſurgeon, and that thoſe two profeſſions were practiſed by one perſon.

Homer, I believe, knew all that was known in his time of the practice of theſe arts. His methods of extracting of arrows, ſtanching of blood by the bitter root, fomenting of wounds with warm water, applying proper bandages and remedies, are all according to the true precepts of art.

The

The wounded offspring of the healing God
He lends the lash; the steeds with sounding feet
Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.
But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
While here (he cry'd) the flying Greeks are slain;
Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain.
Before great Ajax see the mingled throng
Of men and chariots driv'n in heaps along!
I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the field
By the broad glitt'ring of the sev'n-fold shield.
Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy steeds;
There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds,
There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite,
And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight.
Thus having spoke, the driver's lash resounds;
Swift thro' the ranks the rapid chariot bounds;
Stung by the stroke, the coursers scour the fields,
O'er heaps of carcases, and hills of shields.
The horses hoofs are bath'd in heroes gore,
And dashing, purple all the car before;
The groaning axle sable drops distills,
And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
Here Hector plunging thro' the thickest fight,
Broke the dark Phalanx, and let in the light:
(By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,
The ranks lie scatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown)
Ajax he shuns, thro' all the dire debate,
And fears that arm, whose force he felt so late.
But partial Jove, espousing Hector's part,
Shot heav'n-bred horror thro' the Grecian's heart;
Confus'd,

Ver. 668. *But partial Jove*, etc.] The address of Homer in bringing off Ajax with decency, is admirable: he makes Hector afraid to approach him: he brings down Jupiter himself to terrify him: so that he retreats not from a mortal, but from a God.

This

Confus'd, unnerv'd in Hector's preſence grown,
Amaz'd he ſtood, with terrors not his own.
O'er his broad back his moony ſhield he threw,
And glaring round, by tardy ſteps withdrew.
Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beſet with watchful dogs, and ſhouting ſwains,
Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly ſtalls,
Tho' rage impels him, and tho' hunger calls,
Long ſtands the ſhow'ring darts, and miſſile fires;
Then ſow'rly ſlow th' indignant beaſt retires.
So turn'd ſtern Ajax, by whole hoſts repell'd,
While his ſwoln heart at every ſtep rebell'd.

As the ſlow beaſt with heavy ſtrength indu'd,
In ſome wide field by troops of boys purſu'd,
Tho' round his ſides a wooden tempeſt rain,
Crops the tall harveſt, and lays waſte the plain;
Thick on his hide the hollow blows reſound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
And ſtirs but ſlowly when he ſtirs at laſt.
On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung,
The ſtrokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky ſtrength he ſtands,
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands;
Now ſtiff recedes, yet hardly ſeems to fly,
And threats his followers with retorted eye.
Fix'd as the bar between two warring pow'rs,
While hiſſing darts deſcend in iron ſhow'rs:

This whole paſſage is inimitably juſt and beautiful: we ſee Ajax drawn in the moſt bold and ſtrong colours, and in a manner alive in the deſcription. We ſee him ſlowly and ſullenly retreat between two armies, and even with a look repulſe the one, and protect the other: there is not one line but what reſembles Ajax; the character of a ſtubborn but undaunted warrior is perfectly maintained, and muſt ſtrike the reader at the firſt view.

In his broad buckler many a weapon ſtood,
Its ſurface briſtled with a quiv'ring wood;
And many a jav'lin, guiltleſs on the plain,
Marks the dry duſt, and thirſts for blood in vain.
But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,
And dauntleſs ſprings beneath a cloud of darts;
Whoſe eager jav'lin launch'd againſt the foe,
Great Apiſaon felt the fatal blow;
From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
And his ſlack knees deſert their dying load.
The victor ruſhing to deſpoil the dead,
From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled.
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon ſtood,
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd,
Yet thus, retreating, his aſſociates fir'd.
What God, O Grecians! has your hearts diſmay'd?
Oh, turn to arms; 'tis Ajax claims your aid.
This hour he ſtands the mark of hoſtile rage,
And this the laſt brave battle he ſhall wage;
Haſte, join your forces; from the gloomy grave
The warrior reſcue, and your country ſave.

Ver. 712. *Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd.*] We ſee here almoſt all the chiefs of the Grecian army withdrawn: Neſtor and Ulyſſes, the two great counſellors; Agamemnon, Diomed, and Eurypylus, the braveſt warriors; all retreated: ſo that now in this neceſſity of the Greeks, there was occaſion for the poet to open a new ſcene of action, or elſe the Trojans had been victorious, and the Grecians driven from the ſhores of Troy. To ſhew the diſtreſs of the Greeks at this period, from which the poem takes a new turn, it will be convenient to caſt a view on the poſture of their affairs: all human aid is cut off by the wounds of their heroes, and all aſſiſtance from the Gods forbid by Jupiter: whereas the Trojans ſee their general at their head, and Jupiter himſelf fights on their ſide. Upon this hinge turns the whole poem; the diſtreſs of the Greeks occaſions firſt the aſſiſtance of Patroclus, and then the death of that hero draws on the return of Achilles.

Thus

Thus urge'd the chief; a gen'rous troop appears,
Who ſpread their bucklers, and advance their ſpears,
To guard their wounded friend: while thus they ſtand
With pious care, great Ajax joins the band:
Each takes new courage at the hero's fight;
The hero rallies and renews the fight.
Thus rage'd both armies like conflicting fires,
While Neſtor's chariot far from fight retires:
His courſers ſteep'd in ſweat, and ſtain'd with gore,
The Greeks preſerver, great Machaon bore.
That hour, Achilles, from the topmoſt height
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;
His feaſted eyes beheld around the plain
The Grecian rout, the ſlaying, and the ſlain.
His friend Machaon ſingled from the reſt,
A tranſient pity touch'd his vengeful breaſt.
Strait to Menœtius' much-lov'd ſon he ſent;
Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent,

Ver. 730. *That hour, Achilles*, etc.] Though the reſentment of Achilles would not permit him to be an actor in the battle, yet his love of war inclines him to be a ſpectator: and as the poet did not intend to draw the character of a perfect man in Achilles, he makes him delighted with the deſtruction of the Greeks, becauſe it conſpired with his revenge: that reſentment, which is the ſubject of the poem, ſtill prevails over all his other paſſions, even the love of his country; for though he begins now to pity his countrymen, yet his anger ſtifles thoſe tender emotions, and he ſeems pleaſed with their diſtreſs, becauſe he judges it will contribute to his glory. Euſtathius.

Ver 754. *His friend Machaon*, etc.] It may be aſked why Machaon is the only perſon whom Achilles pities? Euſtathius anſwers, that it was either becauſe he was his countryman, a Theſſalian; or becauſe Æſculapius, the father of Machaon, preſided over phyſic, the profeſſion of his preceptor Chiron. But perhaps it may be a better reaſon to ſay, that a phyſician is a public good, and was valued by the whole army; and it is not improbable but he might have cured Achilles of a wound during the courſe of the Trojan wars.

(In evil hour! then fate decreed his doom;
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come!)
Why calls my friend? thy lov'd injunctions lay,
Whate'er thy will Patroclus shall obey.
O first of friends! (Pelides thus reply'd)
Still at my heart, and ever at my side!
The time is come, when yon despairing host
Shall learn the value of the man they lost:
Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan,
And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.
Go now to Nestor, and from him be taught
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought?
For seen at distance, and but seen behind,
His form recall'd Machaon to my mind;
Nor could I, thro' yon cloud, discern his face,
The courſers past me with so swift a pace.
The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste,
Thro' intermingled ships and tents he past;
The chiefs descending from their car he found;
The panting steeds Eurymedon unbound.
The warriors standing on the breezy shore,
To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,
Here paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale
Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale;
Then to consult on farther methods went,
And took their seats beneath the shady tent.

Ver. 746. *Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan.*] The poet, by putting these words into the mouth of Achilles, leaves room for a second embassy, and (since Achilles himself mentions it) one may think it would not have been unsuccessful: but the poet, by a more happy management, makes his friend Patroclus the advocate of the Greeks, and by that means his return becomes his own choice.

Ver. 763. *And took their seats beneath the shady tent.*] The poet here steals away the reader from the battle, and relieves him by the description of Nestor's entertainment.

The

The draught preſcrib'd, fair Hecamede prepares,
Arſinous' daughter, grace'd with golden hairs:
(Whom to his aged arms, a royal ſlave,
Greece, as the prize of Neſtor's wiſdom, gave)
A table firſt with azure feet ſhe place'd;
Whoſe ample orb a brazen charger grace'd:
Honey new preſs'd, the ſacred flour of wheat,
And wholſome garlic crown'd the ſav'ry treat.
Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,
A goblet ſacred to the Pylian kings,
From eldeſt times: emboſs'd with ſtuds of gold,
Two feet ſupport it, and four handles hold;
On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,
In ſculptur'd gold, two turtles ſeem to drink:
A maſſy weight, yet heav'd with eaſe by him,
When the briſk nectar overlook'd the brim.
Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine
Pours a large potion of the Pramnian wine;

Ver. 778. *Yet heav'd with eaſe by him.*] There has ever been a great diſpute about this paſſage; nor is it apparent for what reaſon the poet ſhould tell us that Neſtor, even in his old age, could more eaſily lift this bowl than any other man. This has drawn a great deal of raillery upon the old man, as if he had learned to lift it by frequent uſe; an inſinuation that Neſtor was no enemy to wine.

Ver. 781. *Pours a large potion.*] The potion which Hecamede here prepares for Machaon, has been thought a very extraordinary one in the caſe of a wounded perſon, and by ſome critics held in the ſame degree of repute with the balſam of Fierabras in Don Quixote. But it is rightly obſerved by the commentators, that Machaon was not ſo dangerouſly hurt, as to be obliged to a different regimen from what he might uſe at another time. Homer had juſt told us, that he ſtayed on the ſea-ſide to refreſh himſelf, and he now enters into a long converſation with Neſtor; neither of which would have been done by a man in any great pain or danger: his loſs of blood and ſpirits might make him not ſo much in fear of a fever, as in want of a cordial; and accordingly this potion is rather alimentary than medicinal.

With goat's-milk cheese a flav'rous taste bestows,
And last with flour the smiling surface strows.
This for the wounded prince the dame prepares;
The cordial bev'rage rev'rend Nestor shares:
Salubrious draughts the warriors thirst allay,
And pleasing conference beguiles the day.
Mean time Patroclus, by Achilles sent,
Unheard approach'd, and stood before the tent.
Old Nestor rising then, the hero led
To his high seat: the chief refus'd, and said,
'Tis now no season for these kind delays;
The great Achilles with impatience stays.
To great Achilles this respect I owe;
Who asks what hero, wounded by the foe,
Was born from combat by thy foaming steeds?
With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds.
This to report, my hasty course I bend;
Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend.
Can then the sons of Greece (the sage rejoin'd)
Excite compassion in Achilles' mind?
Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know?
This is not half the story of our woe.
Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,
Our bravest heroes in the navy groan,
Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed,
And stern Eurypylus, already bleed.
But ah! what flatt'ring hopes I entertain!
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:
Ev'n till the flames consume our fleet he stays,
And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.
Chief after chief the raging foe destroys;
Calm he looks on, and ev'ry death enjoys.
Now the slow course of all-impairing time
Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;
Oh! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,
When this bold arm th' Epeian pow'rs oppress'd,

The

The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,
And ſtreteh'd the great Itymonæus dead!
Then, from my fury fled the trembling ſwains,
And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of ſwine,
As many goats, as many lowing kine:
And thrice the number of unrival'd ſteeds,
All teeming females, and of gen'rous breeds.
Theſe, as my firſt eſſay of arms, I won;
Old Neleus glory'd in his conqu'ring ſon.
Thus Elis force'd, her long arrears reſtor'd,
And ſhares were parted to each Pylian lord.
The ſtate of Pyle was ſunk to laſt deſpair,
When the proud Elians firſt commence'd the war.
For Neleus' ſons Alcides' rage had ſlain;
Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!
Oppreſs'd, we arm'd; and now this conqueſt gain'd,
My ſire three hundred choſen ſheep obtain'd.
(That large repriſal he might juſtly claim,
For prize defrauded, and inſulted fame,
When Elis' monarch at the public courſe
Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horſe.)
The reſt the people ſhar'd; myſelf ſurvey'd
The juſt partition, and due victims pay'd.
Three days were paſt, when Elis roſe to war,
With many a courſer, and with many a car;

Ver. 838. *At the public courſe—Detain'd his chariot.*] It is ſaid, that theſe were particular games, which Augias had eſtabliſhed in his own ſtate, and that the Olympic games cannot be here underſtood, becauſe Hercules did not inſtitute them until he had killed this king, and delivered his kingdom to Phyleus, whom his father Augias had baniſhed. The prizes of theſe games of Augias were prizes of wealth, as golden tripods, etc. whereas the prizes of the Olympic games were only plain chaplets of leaves or branches.

The ſons of Actor, at their army's head,
(Young as they were,) the vengeful ſquadrons led.
High on a rock fair Thryoeſſa ſtands,
Our outmoſt frontier on the Pylian lands;
Not far the ſtreams of fam'd Alphæus flow;
The ſtream they paſs'd, and pitch'd their tents below.
Pallas, deſcending in the ſhades of night,
Alarms the Pylians, and commands the fight.
Each burns for fame, and ſwells with martial pride;
Myſelf the foremoſt; but my ſire deny'd;
Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to ſtern alarms;
And ſtopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.
My ſire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled
Amidſt our chariots: for the Goddeſs led.
Along fair Arene's delightful plain,
Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.
There, horſe and foot, the Pylian troops unite,
And, ſheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.
Thence, ere the ſun advance'd his noon-day flame,
To great Alpheus' ſacred ſource we came.
There firſt to Jove our ſolemn rites were paid;
An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd maid,
A bull Alphæus; and a bull was ſlain
the blue monarch of the wat'ry main.
In arms we ſlept, beſide the winding flood,
While round the town the fierce Epeians ſtood.
Soon as the ſun, with all revealing ray,
Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and gave the day;

Ver. 844. *The ſons of Actor.*] Theſe are the ſame whom Homer calls the two Molions, namely, Eurytus and Creatus. Thryoeſſa, in the lines following, is the ſame town which he calls Thryon in the catalogue.

The river Minyas is the ſame with Anygrus, about half way between Pylos and Thryoeſſa, called *Minyas*, from the Minyans who lived on the banks of it. It appears from what the poet ſays of the time of their march, that it is half a day's march between Pylos and Thryoeſſa. Euſtathius. Strabo, lib. viii.

Bright

Bright ſcenes of arms, and works of war appear;
The nations meet; there Pylos, Elis here;
The firſt who fell, beneath my jav'lin bled;
King Augias' ſon, and ſpouſe of Agamede:
(She that all ſimples healing virtues knew,
And every herb that drinks the morning dew.)
I ſeized his car, the van of battle led;
Th' Epeians ſaw, they trembled, and they fled.
The foe diſpers'd, their braveſt warrior kill'd,
Fierce as a whirlwind now I ſwept the field:
Full fifty captive chariots grace'd my train;
Two chiefs from each, fell breathleſs to the plain.
Then Actor's ſons had dy'd, but Neptune ſhrouds
The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.
O'er heapy ſhields, and o'er the proſtrate throng,
Collecting ſpoils, and ſlaught'ring all along,
Thro' wide Buprafian fields we force'd the foes,
Where o'er the vales th' Olenian rocks aroſe;
Till Pallas ſtopp'd us where Aliſium flows.
Ev'n there, the hindmoſt of their rear I ſlay,
And the ſame arm that led, concludes the day;
Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.
There to high Jove were public thanks aſſign'd,
As firſt of Gods, to Neſtor, of mankind.
Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;
So prov'd my valour for my country's good.
Achilles, with unactive fury glows,
And gives to paſſion what to Greece he owes.
How ſhall he grieve, when to th' eternal ſhade
Her hoſts ſhall ſink, nor his the pow'r to aid!

Ver. 894. *There to high Jove were public thanks aſſign'd,*
As firſt of Gods, to Neſtor, of mankind.]
There is a reſemblance between this paſſage and one in the Sacred Scripture, where all the congregation *bleſſed the Lord God of their fathers, and bowed down their heads, and worſhipped the Lord, and the king.* 2 Chron. xxix. 20.

O friend! my memory recalls the day,
When gath'ring aids along the Grecian sea,
I, and Ulysses, touch'd at Pthia's port,
And enter'd Peleus' hospitable court.
A bull to Jove he slew in sacrifice,
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
Thyself Achilles, and thy rev'rend sire
Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
Achilles sees us, to the feast invites:
Social we sit, and share the genial rites.
We then explain'd the cause on which we came,
Urge'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
Your ancient fathers gen'rous precepts gave;
Peleus said only this——"My son, be brave.
Menœtius thus: "Tho' great Achilles shine
"In strength superior, and of race divine,
"Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
"Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend."
Thus spoke your father at Thessalia's court;
Words now forgot, tho' now of vast import.
Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say,
Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey;

Some

Ver. 915. *Peleus said only this——"My son, be brave.*] The conciseness of this advice is very beautiful; Achilles being hasty, active, and young, might not have burdened his memory with a long discourse, therefore Peleus comprehends all his instructions in one sentence. But Menœtius speaks more largely to Patroclus, he being more advanced in years, and mature in judgment; and we see by the manner of the expression, that he was sent with Achilles, not only as a companion, but as a monitor, of which Nestor puts him in mind, to shew that it is rather his duty to give good advice to Achilles, than to follow his caprice, and espouse his resentment. Eustathius.

Ver. 922. *Ah! try the utmost*, etc.] It may not be ungrateful to the reader, to see at once the aim and design of Nestor's speech. By putting Patroclus in mind of his father's injunctions, he pro-

vokes

Some fav'ring God Achilles' heart may move;
Tho' deaf to glory, he may yield to love.
If ſome dire oracle his breaſt alarm,
If ought from heav'n with-hold his ſaving arm;
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may ſhine,
If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line;
Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear,
Proud Troy may tremble, and deſiſt from war;
Preſs'd by freſh forces her o'er-labour'd train
Shall ſeek their walls, and Greece reſpire again.
This touch'd his gen'rous heart, and from the tent
Along the ſhore with haſty ſtrides he went;
Soon as he came, where on the crouded ſtrand,
The public mart and courts of juſtice ſtand,
Where the tall fleet of great Ulyſſes lies,
And altars to the guardian Gods ariſe;
There ſad he met the brave Evæmon's ſon,
Large painful drops from all his members run,
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
The ſable blood in circles mark'd the ground,
As faintly reeling he confeſs'd the ſmart;
Weak was his pace, but dauntleſs was his heart.
Divine compaſſion touch Patroclus' breaſt,
Who ſighing, thus his bleeding friend addreſt.

vokes him to obey him by a like zeal for his country: by the mention of the ſacrifice, he reprimands him for a breach of thoſe engagements to which the Gods were witneſſes: by ſaying that the very arms of Achilles would reſtore the fortunes of Greece, he makes a high compliment to that hero, and offers a powerful inſinuation to Patroclus at the ſame time, by giving him to underſtand, that he may perſonate Achilles. Euſtathius.

Ver. 927. *If ought from heav'n with-hold his ſaving arm.*] Neſtor ſays this upon account of what Achilles himſelf ſpoke in the ninth book: and it is very much to the purpoſe; for nothing could ſooner move Achilles, than to make him think it was the general report in the army, that he ſhut himſelf up in the tent, for no other reaſon but to eſcape death, with which his mother had threatened him in diſcovering to him the decrees of the deſtinies. Dacier.

Ah helpleſs leaders of the Grecian hoſt!
Thus muſt ye periſh on a barb'rous coaſt?
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,
Far from your friends, and from your native ſhore?
Say, great Eurypylus! ſhall Greece yet ſtand?
Reſiſts ſhe yet the raging Hector's hand?
Or are her heroes doom'd to die with ſhame,
And this the period of our wars and fame?

Eurypylus replies: No more (my friend)
Greece is no more! this day her glories end.
Ev'n to the ſhips victorious Troy purſues,
Her force increaſing as her toil renews.
Thoſe chiefs, that us'd her utmoſt rage to meet,
Lies pierce'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.
But thou, Patroclus! act a friendly part,
Lead to my ſhips, and draw this deadly dart;
With lukewarm water waſh the gore away,
With healing balms the raging ſmart allay,
Such as ſage Chiron, ſire of pharmacy,
Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.
Of two fam'd ſurgeons, Podalirius ſtands
This hour ſurrounded by the Trojan bands;
And great Machaon, wounded in his tent,
Now wants that ſuccour which ſo oft he lent.

To him the chief. What then remains to do?
Th' event of things the Gods alone can view,
Charge'd by Achilles' great command I fly,

Ver. 968. *Of two fam'd ſurgeons.*] Though Podalirius is mentioned firſt for the ſake of the verſe, both here and in the catalogue, Machaon ſeems to be the perſon of the greateſt character upon many accounts; beſides, it is to him that Homer attributes the cure of Philoctetes, who was lame by having let an arrow, dipt in the gall of the Hydra of Lerna, fall upon his foot; a plain mark, that Machaon was an abler phyſician than Chiron the centaur, who could not cure himſelf of ſuch a wound. Podalirius had a ſon named Hypolochus, from whom the famous Hippocrates was deſcended.

And

And bear with haſte the Pylian king's reply :
But thy diſtreſs this inſtant claims relief.
He ſaid, and in his arms upheld the chief.
The ſlaves their maſter's ſlow approach ſurvey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor diſplay'd :
There ſtretch'd at length the wounded hero lay,
Patroclus cut the forky ſteel away.
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruis'd ;
The wound he waſh'd, the ſtyptic juice infus'd.
The cloſing fleſh that inſtant ceas'd to glow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

Ver. 976. *But thy diſtreſs this inſtant claims relief.*] Euſtathius remarks, that Homer draws a great advantage for the conduct of his poem, from this incident of the ſtay of Patroclus ; for while he is employed in the friendly taſk of taking care of Eurypylus, he becomes an eye-witneſs of the attack upon the entrenchments, and finds the neceſſity of uſing his utmoſt efforts to move Achilles.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle at the Grecian wall.

THE Greeks being retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impoſſible to paſs the ditch, Polydamas adviſes to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counſel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the aſſault. But upon the ſignal of an eagle with a ſerpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector oppoſes and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the firſt breach in the wall: Hector alſo caſting a ſtone of a vaſt ſize, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriouſly purſue the Grecians even to their ſhips.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend
The care and ſafety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with claſhing ſhields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.

Nor

IT may be proper here to take a general view of the conduct of the Iliad: the whole deſign turns upon the wrath of Achilles: that wrath is not to be appeaſed but by the calamities of the Greeks, who

Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppoſe;
With Gods averſe th' ill fated works aroſe;
Their pow'rs neglected, and no victim ſlain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches ſunk in vain.
Without the Gods, how ſhort a period ſtands
The proudeſt monument of mortal hands!
This ſtood, while Hector and Achilles rage'd,
While ſacred Troy the warring hoſts engage'd;
But when her ſons were ſlain, her city burn'd,
And what ſurviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd;
Then Neptune and Apollo ſhook the ſhore,
Then Ida's ſummits pour'd their wat'ry ſtore;
Rheſus

who are taught by their frequent defeats the importance of this hero: for in epic, as in tragic poetry, there ought to be ſome evident and neceſſary incident at the winding up of the cataſtrophe, and that ſhould be founded upon ſome viſible diſtreſs. This conduct has an admirable effect, not only as it gives an air of probability to the relation, by allowing leiſure to the wrath of Achilles to cool away by degrees, (who is every where deſcribed as a perſon of a ſtubborn reſentment, and conſequently ought not to be eaſily reconciled) but alſo as it highly contributes to the honour of Achilles, which was to be fully ſatisfied before he could relent.

Ver. 9. *Without the Gods how ſhort a period*, etc.] Homer here teaches a truth conformable to Sacred Scripture, and almoſt in the very words of the Pſalmiſt; *Unleſs the Lord build the houſe, they labour in vain that build it.*

Ver. 15. *Then Neptune and Apollo*, etc.] This whole epiſode of the deſtruction of the wall is ſpoken as a kind of prophecy, where Homer, in a poetical enthuſiaſm, relates what was to happen in future ages. It has been conjectured from hence, that our author flouriſhed not long after the Trojan war; for had he lived at a greater diſtance, there had been no occaſion to have recourſe to ſuch extraordinary means to deſtroy a wall, which would have been loſt and worn away by time alone. Homer (ſays Ariſtotle) foreſaw the queſtion might be aſked, how it came to paſs, that no ruins remained of ſo great a work? and therefore contrived to give his fiction the neareſt reſemblance to truth. Inundations and earthquakes are ſufficient to *abolish* the ſtrongeſt works of man, ſo as not to

Rheſus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
Careſus roaring down the ſtony hills,
Æſepus, Granicus, with mingled force,
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful ſource :
And gulphy Simois, rolling to the main
Helmets, and ſhields, and godlike heroes ſlain :
Theſe turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,
Deluge'd the rampire nine continual days ;
The weight of waters ſaps the yielding wall,
And to the ſea the floating bulwarks fall.
Inceſſant cataracts the thund'rer pours,
And half the ſkies deſcend in fluicy ſhow'rs,
The God of ocean, marching ſtern before,
With his huge trident wounds the trembling ſhore,
Vaſt ſtones and piles from their foundation heaves,
And whelms the ſmoky ruin in the waves.
Now ſmooth'd with ſand, and levell'd by the flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder ſtood ;
In their old bounds the rivers roll again,
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.
But this the Gods in later times perform ;
As yet the bulwark ſtood, and brav'd the ſtorm ;
The ſtrokes yet echo'd of contending pow'rs ;
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood diſtain'd the tow'rs ;
Smote by the arm of Jove, and dire diſmay,
Cloſe by their hollow ſhips the Grecians lay :

leave the leaſt remains where they ſtood. But we are told this in a manner wonderfully noble and poetical : we ſee Apollo turning the courſe of the rivers againſt the wall, Jupiter opening the cataracts of heaven, and Neptune rending the foundations with his trident : that is, the ſun exhales the vapours, which deſcend in rain from the air or æther ; this rain cauſes an inundation, and that inundation overturns the wall. Thus the poetry of Homer, like magic, firſt raiſes a ſtupendous object, and then immediately cauſes it to vaniſh.

Hector's

Hector's approach in ev'ry wind they hear,
And Hector's fury ev'ry moment fear,
He like a whirlwind, toss'd the scatt'ring throng,
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
So 'midst the dogs and hunter's daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands:
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hissing jav'lins rain an iron storm:
His pow'rs untam'd their bold assault defy,
And where he turns, the rout disperse, or die:
He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows;
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.
The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,
But snort and tremble at the gulph beneath;
Just on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,
And the turf trembles, and the skies resound.
Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,
Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep;
The bottom bare, (a formidable show!)
And bristled thick with sharpen'd stakes below.
The foot alone this strong defence could force,
And try the pass impervious to the horse.
This saw Polydamas; who, wisely brave,
Restrain'd great Hector, and this counsel gave.
O thou! bold leader of the Trojan bands,
And you, confed'rate chiefs from foreign lands!
What entrance here can cumb'rous chariots find,
The stakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
No pass thro' those, without a thousand wounds,
No space for combat in yon narrow bounds.
Proud of the favours mighty Jove has shown,
On certain dangers we too rashly run!
If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
Oh may this instant end the Grecian name!

Here, far from Argos, let her heroes fall,
And one great day deſtroy, and bury all!
But ſhould they turn, and here oppreſs our train,
What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
In one promiſcuous carnage cruſh'd and bruis'd,
All Troy muſt periſh, if their arms prevail,
Nor ſhall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
Hear then ye warriors! and obey with ſpeed;
Back from the trenches let your ſteeds be led;
Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
Proceed on foot and Hector lead the way.
So Greece ſhall ſtoop before our conq'ring pow'r,
And this (if Jove conſent) her fatal hour.
This counſel pleas'd: the godlike Hector ſprung
Swift from his ſeat; his clanging armour rung.
The chief's example follow'd by his train,
Each quits his car, and iſſues on the plain.
By orders ſtrict the charioteers enjoin'd,
Compel the courſers to their ranks behind.
The forces part in five diſtinguiſh'd bands,
And all obey their ſev'ral chief's commands.
The beſt and braveſt in the firſt conſpire,
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
Great Hector glorious in the van of theſe,
Polydamas, and brave Cebriones.

Ver. 99. *The forces part in five diſtinguiſh'd bands.*] The Trojan army is divided into five parts, perhaps becauſe there were five gates in the wall, ſo that an attack might be made upon every gate at the ſame inſtant: by this means the Greeks would be obliged to diſunite, and form themſelves into as many bodies, to guard five places at the ſame time.

The poet here breaks the thread of his narration, and ſtops to give us the names of the leaders of every battalion: by this conduct he prepares us for an action entirely new, and different from any other in the poem. Euſtathius.

Before

Before the next the graceful Paris ſhines,
And bold Alcathous, and Agenor joins.
The ſons of Priam with the third appear,
Deiphobus, and Helenus the ſeer;
In arms with theſe the mighty Aſius ſtood,
Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood,
And whom Ariſba's yellow courſers bore,
The courſers fed on Selle's winding ſhore.
Antenor's ſons the fourth battalion guide,
And great Æneas, born on fount-full Ide.
Divine Sarpedon the laſt band obey'd.
Whom Glaucus and Aſteropæus aid,
Next him, the braveſt at their army's head,
But he more brave than all the hoſts he led.
Now with compacted ſhields in cloſe aray,
The moving legions ſpeed their headlong way!
Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And ſee the Grecians gaſping at their feet.
While ev'ry Trojan thus, and ev'ry aid,
Th' advice of wiſe Polydamas obey'd;
Aſius alone, confiding in his car,
His vaunted courſers urge'd to meet the war.
Unhappy hero! and adviſ'd in vain!
Thoſe wheels returning ne'er ſhall mark the plain;

No

Ver. 125. *Aſius alone confiding in his car.*] It appears from hence, that the three captains, who commanded each battalion, were not ſubordinate one to the other, but commanded ſeparately, each being empowered to order his own troop as he thought fit: for otherwiſe Aſius had not been permitted to keep his chariot, when the reſt were on foot. One may obſerve from hence, that Homer does not attribute the ſame regular diſcipline in war to the barbarous nations, which he had given to his Grecians; and he makes ſome uſe too of this defect, to caſt the more variety over this part of the deſcription. Dacier.

Ver. 127. *Unhappy hero!* etc.] Homer obſerves a poetical juſtice in relation to Aſius; he puniſhes his folly and impiety with

No more thoſe courſers with triumphant joy
Reſtore their maſter to the gates of Troy!
Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
And great Idomeneus ſhall boaſt thy fall!
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain,
The flying Grecians ſtrove their ſhips to gain;
Swift thro' the wall their horſe and chariots paſt,
The gates half open'd to receive the laſt.
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies;
His following hoſt with clamours rend the ſkies;
To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain!
To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
Who from the Lapiths warlike race deſcend;
This Polypœtes, great Perithous' heir,
And that Leonteus, like the God of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they riſe;
Their roots in earth, their heads amidſt the ſkies:
Whoſe ſpreading arms with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempeſt, and protect the ground;
High on the hills appears their ſtately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the ſtorm.
So graceful theſe, and ſo the ſhock they ſtand
Of raging Aſius, and his furious band.
Oreſtes, Acamas, in front appear,
And Oenomaus and Thoön cloſe the rear;

death, and ſhews the danger of deſpiſing wiſe counſel, and blaſpheming the Gods. In purſuance of this prophecy, Aſius is killed in the thirteenth book by Idomeneus.

Ver. 143. *This Polypœtes—And that Leonteus*, etc.] Theſe heroes are the originals of Pandarus and Bitias in Virgil. We ſee two gallant officers exhorting their ſoldiers to act bravely; but being deſerted by them, they execute their own commands, and maintain the paſs againſt the united force of the battalions of Aſius. Nor does the poet tranſgreſs the bounds of probability in the ſtory: the Greeks from above beat off ſome of the Trojans with ſtones, and the gate-way being narrow, it was eaſy to be defended. Euſtathius.

In vain their clamours ſhake the ambient fields,
In vain around them beat their hollow ſhields;
The fearleſs brothers on the Grecians call,
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
Ev'n when they ſaw Troy's ſable troops impend,
And Greece tumultuous from her tow'rs deſcend,
Forth from the portals ruſh'd th' intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breaſts, and ſtood themſelves the war.
So two wild boars ſpring furious from their den,
Rouz'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;
On ev'ry ſide the crackling trees they tear,
And root the ſhrubs, and lay the foreſt bare;
They gnaſh their tuſks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
Till ſome wide wound lets out their mighty ſoul.
Around their heads the whiſtling jav'lings ſung,
With ſounding ſtrokes their brazen targets rung;
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian pow'rs
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty tow'rs:
To ſave their fleet, the laſt efforts they try,
And ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſts fly.

As when ſharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
Beneath the low-hung clouds the ſheets of ſnow
Deſcend, and whiten all the fields below.
So faſt the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires rolls the rocky ſhow'r;
Heavy, and thick, reſound the batter'd ſhields,
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.

With ſhame repuls'd, with grief and fury driv'n,
The frantic Aſius thus accuſes Heav'n:
In pow'rs immortal who ſhall now believe?
Can thoſe too flatter, and can Jove deceive?

What

Ver. 185. *The ſpeech of Aſius.*] This ſpeech of Aſius is very extravagant: he exclaims againſt Jupiter for a breach of promiſe, not becauſe he had broken his word, but becauſe he had not fulfilled his

own

What man could doubt but Troy's victorious pow'r
Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?
But like when wasps from hollow crannies drive,
To guard the entrance of their common hive,
Dark'ning the rock, while with unweary'd wings
They strike th' assailants, and infix their sting;
A race determin'd, that to death contend:
So fierce these Greeks their last retreats defend.
Gods! shall two warriors only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the fates?
  These empty accents, mingled with the wind,
Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind;
To Godlike Hector and his matchless might
Was ow'd the glory of the destin'd fight.
Like deeds of arms thro' all the forts were try'd,
And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide;
Thro' the long walls the stony show'rs were heard,
The blaze of flames, the flash of arms appear'd.
The spirit of a God my breast inspire,
To raise each act to life, and sing with fire!
While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
And all her guardian Gods in deep dismay,
With unassisting arms deplor'd the day.
  Ev'n yet the dauntless Lapithæ maintain
The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.
First Damasus, by Polypœtes' steel,
Pierce'd thro' his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore;
The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more!
Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath:
Nor less Leonteus strows the field with death;

own vain imaginations. This conduct, though very blameable in Asius, is very natural to persons under a disappointment, who are ever ready to blame heaven, and turn their misfortunes into a crime. Eustathius.

First

Firſt thro' the belt Hippomachus he goar'd,
Then ſudden wav'd his unreſiſted ſword;
Antiphates, as thro' the ranks he broke,
The faulchion ſtruck, and fate purſu'd the ſtroke;
Iamenus, Oreſtes, Menon, bled;
And round him roſe a monument of dead.
Mean time the braveſt of the Trojan crew
Bold Hector and Polydamas purſue;
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
Theſe on the farther bank now ſtood and gaz'd,
By heav'n alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd;
A ſignal omen ſtopp'd the paſſing hoſt,
Their martial fury in their wonder loſt.
Jove's bird on ſounding pinions beat the ſkies;
A bleeding ſerpent of enormous ſize,
His talons truſs'd; alive, and curling round,
He ſtung the bird, whoſe throat receiv'd the wound:
Mad with the ſmart, he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circles wings his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the heav'ns with cries:
Amidſt the hoſt the fallen ſerpent lies.
They, pale with terror, mark its ſpires unroll'd,
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.
Then firſt Polydamas the ſilence broke,
Long weigh'd the ſignal, and to Hector ſpoke.
How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear;
For words well-meant, and ſentiments ſincere?
True

Ver. 245. *The ſpeech of Polydamas.*] The addreſs of Polydamas to Hector in this ſpeech is admirable: he knew, that the daring ſpirit of that hero would not ſuffer him to liſten to any mention of a retreat: he had already ſtormed the walls in imagination, and conſequently the advice of Polydamas was ſure to meet with a bad reception. He therefore ſoftens every expreſſion, and endeavours to flatter *Hector into* an aſſent; and though he is aſſured he gives a true

True to thoſe counſels which I judge the beſt,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breaſt.
To ſpeak his thought is ev'ry freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight;
And all I move, deferring to thy ſway,
But tends to raiſe that pow'r which I obey.
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;
Seek not, this day, the Grecian ſhips to gain;
For ſure to warn us Jove his omen ſent,
And thus my mind explains its clear event.
The victor eagle, whoſe ſiniſter flight
Retards our hoſt, and fills our hearts with fright,
Diſmiſs'd his conqueſt in the middle ſkies,
Allow'd to ſeize, but not poſſeſs the prize:
Thus tho' we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,
Tho' theſe proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
Toils unforeſeen, and fiercer, are decreed;
More woes ſhall follow, and more heroes bleed.
So bodes my ſoul, and bids me thus adviſe:
For thus a ſkilful ſeer would read the ſkies.
To him then Hector with diſdain return'd;
(Fierce as he ſpoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)

a true interpretation of the prodigy, he ſeems to be diffident: but that his perſonated diſtruſt may not prejudice the interpretation, he concludes with a plain declaration of his opinion, and tells him, that what he delivers is not conjecture, but ſcience, and appeals for the truth of it to the augurs of the army. Euſtathius.

Ver. 267. *The ſpeech of Hector.*] This ſpeech of Hector's is full of ſpirit: his valour is greater than the ſkill of Polydamas, and he is not to be argued into a retreat. There is ſomething very heroic in that line,

——His ſword the brave man draws,
And aſks no omen but his country's cauſe.

And if any thing can add to the beauty of it, it is in being ſo well adapted to the character of him who ſpeaks it, who is every where deſcribed as a great lover of his country.

Are

Are theſe the faithful counſels of thy tongue?
Thy will is partial, not thy reaſon wrong:
Or if the purpoſe of thy heart thou vent,
Sure heav'n reſumes the little ſenſe it lent.
What coward counſels would thy madneſs move,
Againſt the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?
The leading ſign, th' irrevokable nod,
And happy thunders of the fav'ring God,
Theſe ſhall I ſlight? and guide my wav'ring mind
By wand'ring birds, that flit with ev'ry wind?
Ye vagrants of the ſky! your wings extend,
Or where the ſuns ariſe, or where deſcend:
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
While I the dictates of high heav'n obey.
Without a ſign his ſword the brave man draws,
And aſks no omen but his country's cauſe.
But why ſhouldſt thou ſuſpect the war's ſucceſs?
None fears it more, as none promotes it leſs:
Tho' all our chiefs amid yon ſhips expire,
Truſt thy own cowardice t' eſcape their fire.
Troy and her ſons may find a gen'ral grave,
But thou can'ſt live, for thou can'ſt be a ſlave.
Yet ſhould the fears that wary mind ſuggeſts
Spread their cold poiſon thro' our ſoldiers breaſts,
My jav'lin can revenge ſo baſe a part,
And free the ſoul that quivers in the heart.
Furious he ſpoke, and ruſhing to the wall,
Calls on his hoſt; his hoſt obey the call;
With ardour follow where their leader flies:
Redoubling clamours thunder in the ſkies.
Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
And drifts of duſt the clouded navy hide:
He fills the Greeks with terror and diſmay,
And gives great Hector the predeſtin'd day.
Strong in themſelves, but ſtronger in their aid,
Cloſe to the works their rigid ſiege they laid.

In

In vain the mounds and maſſy beams defend,
While theſe they undermine, and thoſe they rend;
Upheave the piles that prop the ſolid wall;
And heaps on heaps the ſmoky ruins fall.
Greece on her rampart ſtands the fierce alarms;
The crouded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,
Shield touching ſhield, a long refulgent row;
Whence hiſſing darts, inceſſant, rain below.
The bold Ajaces fly from tow'r to tow'r,
And rouze, with flame divine, the Grecian pow'r.
The gen'rous impulſe ev'ry Greek obeys;
Threats urge the fearful, and the valiant, praiſe.
Fellows in arms! whoſe deeds are known to fame,
And you whoſe ardour hopes an equal name!
Since not alike endu'd with force or art,
Behold a day when each may act his part!
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.
Urge thoſe who ſtand, and thoſe who faint excite;
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhorts of fight;
Conqueſt, not ſafety, fill the thoughts of all;
Seek not your fleet, but ſally from your wall;
So Jove once more may drive their routed train,
And Troy lie trembling in her walls again.
Their ardour kindles all the Grecian pow'rs;
And now the ſtones deſcend in heavier ſhow'rs.
As when high Jove his ſharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of ſtorms;
In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
A ſnowy inundation hides the plain;
He ſtills the winds, and bids the ſkies to ſleep;
Then pours the ſilent tempeſt, thick and deep;
And firſt the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the ſandy ſhore;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are ſeen,
And one bright waſte hides all the works of men:

The

The circling ſeas alone abſorbing all,
Drink the diſſolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each ſide increas'd the ſtony rain,
And the white ruin riſes o'er the plain.
Thus godlike Hector and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,
'Till great Sarpedon tow'r'd amid the field;
For mighty Jove inſpir'd with martial flame
His matchleſs ſon, and urge'd him on to fame.
In arms he ſhines, conſpicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample ſhield in air;
Within whoſe orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
Pond'rous with braſs, and bound with ductile gold:
And when two pointed jav'lins arm his hands,
Majeſtic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.
So preſs'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow
Deſcends a lion on the flocks below;
So ſtalks the lordly ſavage o'er the plain,
In ſullen majeſty, and ſtern diſdain:
In vain loud maſtives bay him from afar,
And ſhepherds gaul him with an iron war;
Regardleſs, furious, he purſues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.

Ver. 348. *Till great Sarpedon*, etc.] The poet here uſhers in Sarpedon with abundance of pomp: he forces him upon the obſervation of the reader, by the greatneſs of the deſcription, and raiſes our expectations of him, intending to make him perform many remarkable actions in the ſequel of the poem, and become worthy to fall by the hand of Patroclus. Euſtathius.

Ver. 357. *So preſs'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow,—Deſcends a lion.*] This compariſon very much reſembles that of the prophet Iſaiah, chap. xxxi. ver. 4. where God himſelf is compared to a lion: *Like as the lion, and the young lion roaring on his prey, when a multitude of ſhepherds is called forth againſt him, he will not be afraid of their voice, nor abaſe himſelf for the noiſe of them: ſo ſhall the Lord of hoſts come down, that he may fight upon mount Sion.* Dacier.

Reſolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows
With gen'rous rage that drives him on the foes.
He views the tow'rs, and meditates their fall,
To ſure deſtruction dooms th' aſpiring wall;
Then caſting on his friend an ardent look,
Fir'd with the thirſt of glory, thus he ſpoke.
Why boaſt we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus's ſtreams enrich the Lycian plain,
Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harveſt yield,
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feaſts enhance'd with muſic's ſprightly ſound?
Why on thoſe ſhores are we with joy ſurvey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd?
Unleſs great acts ſuperior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above.
'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
The firſt in valour, as the firſt in place.
That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds tranſcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deſerve the ſov'reign ſtate,
Whom thoſe that envy, dare not imitate;
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no leſs the fearful than the brave,
For

Ver. 371. *The ſpeech of Sarpedon to Glaucus.*] In former times kings were looked upon as the generals of armies, who, to return the honours that were done them, were obliged to expoſe themſelves firſt in the battle, and be an example to their ſoldiers. Upon this Sarpedon grounds his diſcourſe, which is full of generoſity and nobleneſs. We are, ſays he, honoured like Gods; and what can be more unjuſt, than not to behave ourſelves like men? He ought to be ſuperior in virtue, who is ſuperior in dignity.

Ver. 387. *Could all our care*, etc.] There is not a more forcible argument than this, to make men contemn dangers, and ſeek glory by brave actions. Immortality, with eternal youth, is certainly *preferable to glory* purchaſed with the loſs of life; but glory is certainly

For luſt of fame I ſhould not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy ſoul to war.
But ſince, alas! ignoble age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us beſtow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!
He ſaid: his words the liſt'ning chief inſpire
With equal warmth, and rouze the warrior's fire;
The troops purſue their leaders with delight,
Ruſh to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
Meneſtheus from on high the ſtorm beheld,
Threat'ning the fort, and black'ning in the field:
Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,
And ſaw where Teucer with th' Ajaces ſtood,
Of fight inſatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls; the din of helms and ſhields
Rings to the ſkies, and echoes thro' the fields,
The brazen hinges fly, the walls reſound,
Heav'n trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the ground.
Then thus to Thoös;—Hence with ſpeeed, (he ſaid)
And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid;
Their ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the Lycian princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon, at leaſt, our tow'rs defend,

tainly better than an ignominious life; which at laſt, though perhaps late, muſt end. It is ordained that all men ſhall die, nor can our eſcaping danger ſecure us immortality; it can only give us a longer continuance in diſgrace, and even that continuance will be but ſhort, though the infamy everlaſting.

And Teucer haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.
Swift at the word, the herald ſpeeds along
The lofty rampart, thro' the martial throng;
And finds the heroes bath'd in ſweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the duſty ſhore.
Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!
Your aid (ſaid Thoös) Peteus' ſon demands,
Your ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Thither the Lycian princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But if too fiercely here, the foes contend,
At leaſt, let Telamon thoſe tow'rs defend,
And Teucer haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.
Strait to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,
And thus beſpoke his brothers of the war;
Now valiant Lycomede! exert your might,
And brave Oileus, prove your force in fight:
To you I truſt the fortune of the field,
'Till by this arm the foe ſhall be repell'd;
That done, expect me to complete the day——
Then, with his ſev'nfold ſhield, he ſtrode away.
With equal ſteps bold Teucer preſs'd the ſhore,
Whoſe fatal bow the ſtrong Pandion bore.
High on the walls appear'd the Lycian pow'rs,
Like ſome black tempeſt gath'ring round the tow'rs;

Ver. 444. *Whoſe fatal bow the ſtrong Pandion bore.*] It is remarkable, that Teucer, who is excellent for his ſkill in archery, does not carry his own bow, but has it borne after him by Pandion: I thought it not improper to take notice of this, by reaſon of its unuſualneſs. It may be ſuppoſed, that Teucer had changed his arms in this fight, and complied with the exigence of the battle, which was about the wall; he might judge, that ſome other weapon might be more neceſſary upon this occaſion, and therefore committed *his bow to the* care of Pandion. Euſtathius.

The

The Greeks, oppreſs'd, their utmoſt force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
The war renews, mix'd ſhouts and groans ariſe;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the ſkies,
Fierce Ajax firſt th' advancing hoſt invades,
And ſends the brave Epicles to the ſhades,
Sarpedon's friend; acroſs the warrior's way,
Rent from the walls a rocky fragment lay;
In modern ages not the ſtrongeſt ſwain
Could heave th' unwieldy burden from the plain.
He pois'd, and ſwung it round; then toſs'd on high,
It flew with force, and labour'd up the ſky:
Full on the Lycian's helmet thund'ring down,
The pond'rous ruin cruſh'd his batter'd crown.
As ſkilful divers from ſome airy ſteep,
Headlong deſcend, and ſhoot into the deep,
So fall Epicles; then in groans expires,
And murm'ring to the ſhades the ſoul retires.
While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded ſhaft the deſtin'd paſſage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd ſome foe's inſulting boaſt
Might ſtop the progreſs of the warlike hoſt,
Conceal'd the wound, and leaping from his height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfiniſh'd fight.
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Diſabled Glaucus ſlowly quit the field;

Ver. 454. *A rocky fragment*, etc.] In this book, both Ajax and Hector are deſcribed throwing ſtones of a prodigious ſize. But the poet, who loves to give the preference to his countrymen, relates the action much to the advantage of Ajax: Ajax, by his natural ſtrength, performs what Hector could not do without the aſſiſtance of Jupiter. Euſtathius.

His beating breaſt with gen'rous ardour glows,
He ſprings to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmaon firſt was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breaſt he plunge'd the pointed ſteel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
The ſpear, purſu'd by guſhing ſtreams of gore;
Down ſinks the warrior with a thund'ring ſound,
His brazen armour rings againſt the ground.
Swift to the battlement the victor flies.
Tugs with full force, and ev'ry nerve applies;
It ſhakes; the pond'rous ſtones disjointed yield;
The rowling ruins ſmoak along the field.
A mighty breach appears; the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, ruſhes in the war.
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax ſends his jav'lin at the foe:
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon ſtood,
And thro' his buckler drove the trembling wood;
But Jove was preſent in the dire debate,
To ſhield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance, and ſeverer fight;
Then rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,
His fainting ſquadrons to new fury warms.
O where, ye Lycians! is the ſtrength you boaſt?
Your former fame, and ancient virtue loſt!
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded paſs to gain:

Ver. 483. *Swift to the battlement the victor flies.*] From what Sarpedon here performs, we may gather, that this wall of the Greeks was not higher than a tall man; from the great depth and breadth of it, as it is deſcribed juſt before, one might have concluded that it had been much higher: but it appears to be otherwiſe from this paſſage; and conſequently the thickneſs of the wall was anſwerable to the wideneſs of the ditch. Euſtathius.

Unite,

Unite, and ſoon that hoſtile fleet ſhall fall;
The force of pow'rful union conquers all.
This juſt rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew,
They join, they thicken, and th' aſſault renew;
Unmov'd th' embody'd Greeks their fury dare,
And fix'd ſupport the weight of all the war;
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian pow'rs,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian tow'rs.
As on the confines of adjoining grounds,
Two ſtubborn ſwains with blows diſpute their bounds;
They tug, they ſweat; but neither gain, nor yield,
One foot, one inch, of the contended field:
Thus obſtinate to death, they fight, they fall;
Nor theſe can keep, nor thoſe can win the wall.
Their manly breaſts are pierce'd with many a wound,
Loud ſtrokes are heard, and ratling arms reſound,
The copious ſlaughter covers all the ſhore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore.
As when two ſcales are charge'd with doubtful loads,
From ſide to ſide the trembling balance nods,
(While ſome laborious matron, juſt and poor,
With nice exactneſs weighs her woolly ſtore)
'Till pois'd aloft, the reſting beam ſuſpends
Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, deſcends.
So ſtood the war, 'till Hector's matchleſs might,
With fates prevailing, turn'd the ſcale of fight.

Ver. 521. *As when two ſcales*, etc.] This compariſon is excellent on account of its juſtneſs; for there is nothing better repreſents an exact equality than a balance: but Homer was particularly exact, in having neither deſcribed a woman of wealth and condition, for ſuch a one is never very exact, not valuing a ſmall inequality; nor a ſlave, for ſuch a one is ever regardleſs of her maſter's intereſt; but he ſpeaks of a poor woman that gains her livelihood by her labour, who is at the ſame time juſt and honeſt; for ſhe will neither defraud others, nor be defrauded herſelf. She therefore takes care, that the ſcales be exactly of the ſame weight.

Fierce

Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his hoſt with loud repeated cries.
Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,
Haſte to the fleet, and toſs the blazing brands!
They hear, they run; and gath'ring at his call,
Raiſe ſcaling engines, and aſcend the wall:
Around the works a wood of glitt'ring ſpears
Shoots up, and all the riſing hoſt appears.
A pond'rous ſtone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:
Not two ſtrong men th' enormous weight could raiſe,
Such men as live in theſe degen'rate days.
Yet this, as eaſy as a ſwain could bear
The ſnowy fleece, he toſs'd, and ſhook in air:
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a God.
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,
Of maſſy ſubſtance, and ſtupendous frame;
With Iron bars and brazen hinges ſtrong,
On lofty beams of ſolid timber hung.
Then thund'ring thro' the planks with forceful ſway,
Drives the ſharp rock; the ſolid beams give way,
The folds are ſhatter'd; from the crackling door
Leap the reſounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now ruſhing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night! and ſhakes two ſhining ſpears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flaſh'd the living flame.
He moves a God, reſiſtleſs in his courſe,
And ſeems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, thro' the gaping ſpace,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place;
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly;
The ſhore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the ſky.

THE

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fourth battle continued, in which Neptune assists the Greeks: The acts of Idomeneus,

NEPTUNE, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector, who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes, assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him: then, in the form of the generals, encourages the other Greeks, who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones, losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus: this occasions a conversation between these two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcathous: Deiphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing; Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

WHEN

WHEN now the thund'rer on the ſea-beat coaſt
Had fix'd great Hector and his conq'ring hoſt;
He left them to the fates, in bloody fray
To toil and ſtruggle through the well fought day.
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight
Thoſe eyes, that ſhed inſufferable light,
To where the Myſians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the ſavage horſe;
And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian ſtrays,
Renown'd for juſtice, and for length of days,
Thrice happy race! that innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, ſeek their ſimple food:
Jove ſees delighted: and avoids the ſcene:
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
No aid he deems to either hoſt is giv'n,
While his high law ſuſpends the pow'rs of heav'n.

Ver. 5. *Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight.*] One might fancy, at the firſt reading of this paſſage, that Homer here turned aſide from the main view of his poem, in a vain oſtentation of learning, to amuſe himſelf with a foreign and unneceſſary deſcription of the manners and cuſtoms of theſe nations. But we ſhall find, upon better conſideration, that Jupiter's turning aſide his eyes was neceſſary to the conduct of the work, as it gives opportunity to Neptune to aſſiſt the Greeks, and thereby cauſes all the adventures of this book.

Ver. 9. *And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian ſtrays.*] There is much diſpute among the critics, which are the proper names, and which the epithets in theſe verſes. In the diverſity of opinions, I have choſen that which I thought would make the beſt figure in poetry. It is a beautiful and moral imagination, to ſuppoſe, that the long life of the Hippemolgians was an effect of their ſimple diet, and a reward of their juſtice: and that the Supreme Being, diſpleaſed at the continued ſcenes of human violence and diſſenſion, as it were recreated his eyes in contemplating the ſimplicity of theſe people.

It is obſervable, that the ſame cuſtom of living on milk is preſerved to this day by the Tartars, who inhabit the ſame country.

Mean

Mean time the * monarch of the wat'ry main
Obſerv'd the thund'rer, nor obſerv'd in vain.
In Samothrącia, on a mountain's brow,
Whoſe waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He ſat; and round him caſt his azure eyes,
Where Ida's miſty tops confus'dly riſe;
Below, fair Ilion's glitt'ring ſpires were ſeen;
The crouded ſhips, and ſable ſeas between.
There, from the chryſtal chambers of the main,
Emerge'd, he ſat, and mourn'd the Argives ſlain.
At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury ſtung,
Prone down the rocky ſteep he ruſh'd along;
Fierce as he paſt, the lofty mountains nod,
The foreſts ſhake! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footſteps of th' immortal God.

* Neptune.

[Ver. 29. ——— *The lofty mountains nod,*
The foreſts ſhake! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footſteps of th' immortal God.]

Longinus confeſſes himſelf wonderfully ſtruck with the ſublimity of this paſſage. That critic, after having blamed the defects with which Homer draws the manners of his Gods, adds, that he has much better ſucceeded in deſcribing their figure and perſons. He owns, that he often paints a God ſuch as he is, in all his majeſty and grandeur, and without any mixture of mean and terreſtrial images; of which he produces this paſſage as a remarkable inſtance, and one that had challenged the admiration of all antiquity.

The book of Pſalms affords us a deſcription of the like ſublime manner of imagery, which is parallel to this. *O God, when thou wenteſt forth before thy people, when thou didſt march through the wilderneſs, the earth ſhook, the heavens dropped at the preſence of God, even Sinai itſelf was moved at the preſence of God, the God of Iſrael.* Pſalm lxviii.

From

From realm to realm three ample ſtrides he took,
And, at the fourth, the diſtant Ægæ ſhook.
Far in the bay his ſhining palace ſtands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands:
This having reach'd, his braſs-hoof'd ſteeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms, of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden ſcourge applies,
He ſits ſuperior, and the chariot flies:
His whirling wheels the glaſſy ſurface ſweep;
Th' enormous monſters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the wat'ry way;
And heavy whales in aukward meaſures play:
The ſea ſubſiding ſpreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his courſers fly:
The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry.

Ver. 32. ——*Three ample ſtrides he took.*] This is a very grand imagination, and equals, if not tranſcends, what he has feigned before of the paſſage of this God. We are told, that at four ſteps he reached Ægæ, which ſuppoſing it meant of the town of that name in Euboea, which lay the higheſt to Thrace, is hardly leſs than a degree at each ſtep. One may, from a view of the map, imagine him ſtriding from promontory to promontory, his firſt ſtep on mount Athos, his ſecond on Pallene, his third upon Pelion, and his fourth in Eubœa.

Ver. 33. ——*The diſtant Ægæ ſhook.*] There were three places of this name, which were all ſacred to Neptune; an iſland in the Ægean ſea, mentioned by Nicoſtratus; a town in Peloponneſus; and another in Eubœa.

Ver. 43. *Th' enormous monſters rolling o'er the deep.*] This deſcription of Neptune riſes upon us; his paſſage by water is yet more pompous than that by land. The God driving through the ſeas, the whales acknowledging him, and the waves rejoicing and making way for their monarch, are full of that marvellous, ſo natural to the imagination of our author.

Deep

Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave;
Between where Tenedos the ſurges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:
There the great ruler of the azure round
Stopt his ſwift chariot, and his ſteeds unbound,
Fed with ambroſial herbage from his hand,
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
Infrangible, immortal: there they ſtay.
The father of the floods purſues his way;
Where, like a tempeſt dark'ning heav'n around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattel'd roll'd, as Hector ruſh'd along.
To the loud tumult and the barb'rous cry,
The heav'ns re-echo, and the ſhores reply;
They vow deſtruction to the Grecian name,
And in their hopes, the fleets already flame.
But Neptune, riſing from the ſeas profound,
The god whoſe earthquakes rock the ſolid ground,
Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas ſeen,
Such his loud voice, and ſuch his manly mein;
His ſhouts inceſſant ev'ry Greek inſpire,
But moſt th' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.
'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raiſe;
Oh recollect your ancient worth and praiſe!
'Tis your's to ſave us, if you ceaſe to fear;
Flight, more than ſhameful, is deſtructive here.
On other works tho' Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
There, Greece has ſtrength: but this, this part o'erthrown,
Her ſtrength were vain; I dread for you alone.

Here

Ver. 79. ——— *This part o'erthrown,*
Her ſtrength were vain, I dread for you alone.]

What addreſs, and, at the ſame time, what ſtrength is there in

 theſe

Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his gods, and calls high Jove his sire.
If yet some heav'nly pow'r your breast excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight,
Greece yet may live, her threat'ned fleet maintain,
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain.
Then with his sceptre that the deep controuls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls:
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring hearts.
Then as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight
Forth springing instant, darts herself from high,
Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky:
Such, and so swift, the pow'r of ocean flew;
The wide horizon shut him from their view.
Th' inspiring god, Oileus' active son
Perceiv'd the first, and thus to Telamon.
Some god, my friend, some god in human form,
Fav'ring descends, and wills to stand the storm.

these words! Neptune tells the two Ajaces, that he is only afraid for their post, and that the Greeks will perish by that gate, since it is Hector who assaults it: at every other quarter, the Trojans will be repulsed. It may therefore be properly said, that the Ajaces only are vanquished, and that their defeat draws destruction upon all the Greeks. I do not think, that any thing better could be invented to animate courageous men, and make them attempt even impossibilities. Dacier.

Ver. 97. *Th' inspiring God, Oileus' active son*
Perceiv'd the first———]

The reason has been asked, why the lesser Ajax is the first to perceive the assistance of the God? And the ancient solution of this question was very ingenious: they said, that the greater Ajax, being slow of apprehension, and naturally valiant, could not be sensible so soon of this accession of strength as the other, who immediately perceived it, as not owing so much to his natural courage.

Not Calchas this, the venerable ſeer;
Short as he turn'd, I ſaw the power appear:
I mark'd his parting, and the ſteps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a god.
Ev'n now ſome energy divine I ſhare,
And ſeem to walk on wings, and tread in air!
With equal ardour, Telamon returns,
My ſoul is kindled, and my boſom burns;
New riſing ſpirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, ſhakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;
Singly, methinks, yon' tow'ring chief I meet,
And ſtretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.
Full of the god that urge'd their burning breaſt,
The heroes thus their mutual warmth expreſs'd.
Neptune meanwhile the rouſed Greeks inſpir'd;
Who breathleſs, pale, with length of labours tir'd,
Pant in the ſhips: while Troy to conqueſt calls,
And ſwarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before th' impending ſtorm they lie,
While tears of rage ſtand burning in their eye.
Greece ſunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
But breathe new courage as they feel the pow'r.
Teucer and Leitus firſt his words excite;
Then ſtern Peneleus riſes to the fight;
Thoas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, th' impulſive fury found;
Laſt Neſtor's ſon the ſame bold ardour takes,
While thus the god the martial fire awakes.

Ver. 102. *Short as he turn'd, I ſaw the pow'r.*] This opinion, that the majeſty of the gods was ſuch, that they could not be ſeen face to face by men, ſeems to have been generally received in moſt nations.

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Oh laſting infamy! oh dire diſgrace
To chiefs of vig'rous youth, and manly race!
I truſted in the gods, and you, to ſee
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free;
Ah no——the glorious combat you diſclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.
Heav'ns! what a prodigy theſe eyes ſurvey,
Unſeen, unthought, till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by ſuch inglorious hands?
A rout undiſciplin'd, a ſtraggling train,
Not born to glories of the duſty plain;
Like frighted fawns from hill to hill purſu'd,
A prey to every ſavage of the wood:
Shall theſe, ſo late who trembled at your name,
Invade your camps, involve your ſhips in flame?
A change ſo ſhameful, ſay, what cauſe has wrought?
The ſoldiers baſeneſs, or the gen'ral's fault?
Fools! will you periſh for your leader's vice?
The purchaſe infamy. and life the price!
'Tis not your cauſe, Achilles' injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but your's the ſhame.
Grant that our chief offend thro' rage or luſt,
Muſt you be cowards, if your king's unjuſt?
Prevent this evil, and your country ſave:
Small thought retrieves the ſpirits of the brave.

Ver. 131. *The ſpeech of Neptune to the Greeks.*] After Neptune, in his former diſcourſe to the Ajaces, who yet maintained a retreating fight, had encouraged them to withſtand the attack of the Trojans; he now addreſſes himſelf to thoſe, who, having fled out of the battle, and retired to the ſhips, had given up all for loſt. Theſe he endeavours to bring again to the engagement, by one of the moſt noble and ſpirited ſpeeches of the whole Iliad. He repreſents, that their preſent miſerable condition was not to be imputed to their want of power, but to their want of reſolution to withſtand the enemy, whom by experience they had often found unable to reſiſt them.

Think,

Think, and ſubdue! on daſtards dead to fame
I waſte no anger, for they feel no ſhame:
But you, the pride, the flow'r of all our hoſt,
My heart weeps blood to ſee your glory loſt!
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you loſe;
A day more black, a fate more vile, enſues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endleſs infamy, on inſtant death.
For lo! the fated time, th' appointed ſhore;
Hark! the gates burſt, the brazen barriers roar!
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
The hour, the ſpot, to conquer, or to fall.
  Theſe words the Grecians fainting hearts inſpire,
And liſt'ning armies catch the godlike fire.
Fix'd at his poſt was each bold Ajax found,
With well-range'd ſquadrons ſtrongly circled round:
So cloſe their order, ſo diſpos'd their fight,
As Pallas' ſelf might view with fixt delight;
Or had the god of war inclin'd his eyes.
The god of war had own'd a juſt ſurprize.
A choſen phalanx, firm, reſolv'd as fate,
Deſcending Hector and his battle wait.

An-

Ver. 173. *So cloſe their order*, etc.] When Homer retouches the ſame ſubject, he has always the art to riſe in his ideas above what he ſaid before. We ſhall find an inſtance of it in this place; if we compare this manner of commending the exact diſcipline of an army, with what he had made uſe of on the ſame occaſion at the end of the fourth Iliad. There it is ſaid, that the moſt experienced warrior could not have reprehended any thing, had he been led by Pallas through the battle; but here he carries it farther, in affirming, that Pallas and the God of war themſelves muſt have admired this diſpoſition of the Greçian forces. Euſtathius.

Ver. 177. *A choſen phalanx, firm*, etc.] Homer, in theſe lines, has given us a deſcription of the ancient phalanx, which conſiſted of ſeveral ranks of men cloſely ranged in this order. The firſt line ſtood with their ſpears levelled directly forward; the ſecond rank

An iron ſcene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and ſhields in ſhields,
Spears lean on ſpears, on targets targets throng,
Helms ſtuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake ſtirs the nodding grove;
And levell'd at the ſkies with pointing rays,
Their brandiſh'd lances at each motion blaze.
Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The cloſe-compacted legions urge their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to deſtroy;
Troy charge'd the firſt, and Hector firſt of Troy.
As from ſome mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,
(Which

being armed with ſpears two cubits longer, levelled them likewiſe forward through the interſtices of the firſt; and the third in the ſame manner held forth their ſpears yet longer, through the two former ranks; ſo that the points of the ſpears of three ranks terminated in one line. All the other ranks ſtood with their ſpears erected, in readineſs to advance, and fill the vacant places of ſuch as fell. This is the account Euſtathius gives of the phalanx, which he obſerves was only fit for a body of men acting on the defenſive, but improper for the attack: and accordingly Homer here only deſcribes the Greeks ordering their battle in this manner, when they had no other view but to ſtand their ground againſt the furious aſſault of the Trojans. The ſame commentator obſerves from Hermolytus, an ancient writer of Tactics, that this manner of ordering the phalanx was afterwards introduced among the Spartans by Lycurgus, among the Argives by Lyſander, among the Thebans by Epaminondas, and among the Macedonians by Charidemus.

Ver. 191. *As from ſome craggy mountain's forehead torn*, etc.] This is one of the nobleſt ſimilies in all Homer, and the moſt juſtly correſponding in its circumſtances to the thing deſcribed. The furious deſcent of Hector from the wall repreſented by a ſtone that flies from the top of a rock, the hero puſhed on by the ſuperior force of Jupiter, as the ſtone driven by a torrent; the ruins of the wall falling after him, all things yielding before him, the clamour and tu-

mult

(Which from the ſtubborn ſtone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the pond'rous maſs deſcends:
From ſteep to ſteep the rolling ruin bounds;
At ev'ry ſhock the crackling wood reſounds;
Still gath'ring force, it ſmokes; and urge'd amain.
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:
There ſtops—So Hector. Their whole force he prov'd,
Reſiſtleſs when he rage'd, and when he ſtopt, unmov'd.
On him the war is bent, the darts are ſhed,
And all their faulchions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he ſtands, nor from his ſtand retires;
But with repeated ſhouts his army fires.
Trojans! be firm; this arm ſhall make your way
Through yon ſquare body, and that black array:
Stand, and my ſpear ſhall rout their ſcatt'ring pow'r,
Strong as they ſeem, embattel'd like a tow'r.
For he that Juno's heav'nly boſom warms,
The firſt of gods, this day inſpires our arms.
He ſaid, and rouz'd the ſoul in ev'ry breaſt;
Urge'd with deſire of fame, beyond the reſt,
Forth march'd Deiphobus; but marching, held
Before his wary ſteps, his ample ſhield.

mult around him, all imaged in the violent bounding and leaping of the ſtone, the crackling of the woods, the ſhock, the noiſe, the rapidity, the irreſiſtibility, and the augmentation of force in its progreſs: all theſe points of likeneſs make but the firſt part of this admirable ſimile. Then the ſudden ſtop of the ſtone when it comes to the plain, as of Hector at the phalanx of the Ajaces (alluding alſo to the natural ſituation of the ground, Hector ruſhing down the declivity of the ſhore, and being ſtopped on the level of the ſea:) and laſtly, the immobility of both when ſtopped, the enemy being as unable to move him back, as he to get forward: this laſt branch of the compariſon is the happieſt in the world, and though not hitherto obſerved, is what methinks makes the principal beauty and force of it.

Bold Merion aim'd a ſtroke, nor aim'd it wide,
The glitt'ring jav'lin pierce'd the tough bull hide;
But pierce'd not through; unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke ſhort, and ſparkled in the ſand.
The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to diſtance bore the ſpear:
The Greek retreating mourn'd his fruſtrate blow,
And curs'd the treach'rous lance that ſpar'd a foe;
Then to the ſhips with furly ſpeed he went,
To ſeek a ſurer jav'lin in his tent.

Meanwhile with riſing rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The ſon of Mentor rich in gen'rous ſteeds.
Ere yet to Troy the ſons of Greece were led,
In fair Pedæus' verdant paſtures bred,
The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
And bleſs'd in bright Medeſicaſte's arms:
(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's raviſh'd joy,
Ally'd the warrior to the houſe of Troy.)
To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came,
And match'd the braveſt of her chiefs in fame:
With Priam's ſons, a guardian of the throne,
He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
Him Teucer pierce'd between the throat and ear:
He groans beneath the Telamonian ſpear.
As from the far ſeen mountain's airy crown,
Subdu'd by ſteel, a tall aſh tumbles down,
And ſoils its verdant treſſes on the ground:
So falls the youth; his arms the fall reſound.
Then Teucer ruſhing to deſpoil the dead,
From Hector's hand a ſhining jav'lin fled:
He ſaw, and ſhun'd the death; the forceful dart
Sung on, and pierce'd Amphimacus his heart,
Cteatus' ſon, of Neptune's boaſted line;
Vain was his courage, and his race divine!

Proſtrate

Proſtrate he falls; his clanging arms reſound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
To ſeize his beamy helm the victor flies,
And juſt had faſten'd on the dazling prize,
When Ajax' manly arm a jav'lin flung;
Full on the ſhield's round boſs the weapon rung;
He felt the ſhock, no more was doom'd to feel,
Secure in mail, and ſheath'd in ſhining ſteel.
Repuls'd he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
The ſpoils conteſted, and bear off the ſlain.
Between the leaders of th' Athenian line,
(Stichius the brave, Meneſtheus the divine,)
Deplor'd Amphimachus, ſad object! lies;
Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
As two grim lions bear acroſs the lawn,
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a ſlaughter'd fawn,
In their fell jaws high lifting through the wood;
And ſprinkling all the ſhrubs with drops of blood;
So theſe the chief: great Ajax from the dead
Strips his bright arms, Oileus lops his head:
Toſs'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
At Hector's feet the goary viſage lay.

The god of ocean fir'd with ſtern diſdain,
And pierce'd with ſorrow for his * grandſon ſlain,
Inſpires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
And breathes deſtruction on the Trojan bands.
Swift as whirlwind ruſhing to the fleet,
He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete;

His

* Amphimachus.

Ver. 278. *Idomen of Crete.*] Idomeneus appears at large in this book, whoſe character, if I take it right, is ſuch as we ſee pretty often in common life: a perſon of the firſt rank, ſufficient enough of his high birth, growing into years, conſcious of his decline of ſtrength and active qualities; and therefore endeavouring to make it

His penſive brow the gen'rous care expreſt
With which a wounded ſoldier touch'd his breaſt,
Whom in the chance of war a jav'lin tore,
And his ſad comerades from the battle bore;
Him to the ſurgeons of the camp he ſent;
That office paid, he iſſu'd from his tent,
Fierce for the fight: to him the god begun,
In Thoas' voice, Andræmon's valiant ſon,
Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks ariſe;
And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the ſkies.
Where's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring boaſt
Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion's loſt?
To whom the king. On Greece no blame be thrown,
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
Nor fear with-holds, nor ſhameful ſloth detains.
'Tis heav'n, alas! and Jove's all-pow'rful doom,
That far, far diſtant from our native home
Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
Once foremoſt in the fight, ſtill prone to lend
Or arms, or counſels; now perform thy beſt,
And what thou can'ſt not ſingly, urge the reſt.
Thus he; and thus the god, whoſe force can make
The ſolid globe's eternal baſis ſhake.

it up to himſelf in dignity, and to preſerve the veneration of others. The true picture of a ſtiff old ſoldier, not willing to loſe any of the reputation he has acquired; yet not inconſiderate in danger; but, by the ſenſe of his age, and by his experience in battle, become too cautious to engage with any great odds againſt him: very careful and tender of his ſoldiers, whom he had commanded ſo long, that they were become old acquaintance.

Ver. 283. *The ſurgeons of the camp.*] Podalirius and Machaon were not the only phyſicians in the army; it appears from ſome paſſages in this poem, that each body of troops had one peculiar to themſelves. It may not be improper to advertiſe, that the ancient phyſicians were all ſurgeons. Euſtathius.

Ah!

Ah! never may he ſee his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful ſtrand,
Who ſeeks ignobly in his ſhips to ſtay,
Nor dares to combat on this ſignal day!
For this, behold! in horrid arms I ſhine,
And urge thy ſoul to rival acts with mine;
Together let us battle on the plain;
Two, not the worſt; nor ev'n this ſuccour vain:
Not vain the weakeſt, if their force unite;
But ours, the braveſt have confeſs'd in fight.
This ſaid, he ruſhes where the combat burns:
Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns.
From thence two jav'lins glitt'ring in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the ſtrand,
Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
Like lightning burſting from the arm of Jove,
Which to pale man the wrath of heav'n declares,
Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;
In ſtreamy ſparkles, kindling all the ſkies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazled throng
Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flaſh'd along.
Him, near his tent, Meriones attends;
Whom thus he queſtions: Ever beſt of friends!
O ſay, in ev'ry art of battle ſkill'd,
What holds thy courage from ſo brave a field?
On ſome important meſſage art thou bound,
Or bleeds my friend by ſome unhappy wound?
Inglorious here, my ſoul abhors to ſtay,
And glows with proſpects of th' approaching day.
O prince! Meriones replies, whoſe care
Leads forth th' embattl'd ſons of Crete to war;
This ſpeaks my grief; this headleſs lance I wield,
The reſt lies rooted in a Trojan ſhield.

To

Ver. 335. *This headleſs lance*, etc.] We have often ſeen ſeveral

To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive
The wanted weapons; thoſe my tent can give;
Spears I have ſtore, (and Trojan lances all,)
That ſhed a luſtre round th' illumin'd wall.
Though I, diſdainful of the diſtant war,
Nor truſt the dart, nor aim th' uncertain ſpear,
Yet hand to hand I fight, and ſpoil the ſlain;
And thence theſe trophies, and theſe arms I gain.
Enter, and ſee on heaps the helmets roll'd,
And high-hung ſpears, and ſhield that flame with gold.
Nor vain, ſaid Merion, are our martial toils;
We too can boaſt of no ignoble ſpoils.
But thoſe my ſhip contains, whence diſtant far,
I fight conſpicuous in the van of war.
What need I more? If any Greek there be
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.
To this, Idomeneus. The fields of fight
Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;
And

of Homer's combatants loſe and break their ſpears, yet they do not therefore retire from the battle to ſeek other weapons; why therefore does Homer here ſend Meriones on this errand? It may be ſaid, that in the kind of fight, which the Greeks now maintained drawn up into the phalanx, Meriones was uſeleſs without this weapon.

Ver. 339. *Spears I have ſtore*, etc.] Idomeneus deſcribes his tent as a magazine, ſtored with variety of arms won from the enemy, which were not only laid up as uſeleſs trophies of his victories, but kept there in order to ſupply his own, and his friends occaſions. And this conſideration ſhews us one reaſon why theſe warriors contended ſo eagerly to carry off the arms of a vanquiſhed enemy.

Ver. 353. *To this, Idomeneus.*] There is a great deal more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil. The Roman poet's are generally ſet ſpeeches, thoſe of the Greek more in converſation. What Virgil does by two words of a narration, Homer brings about by a ſpeech; he hardly raiſes one of his heroes out of bed without ſome talk concerning it. There are not only replies, but rejoinders in

Homer,

And were ſome ambuſh for the foes deſign'd,
Ev'n there thy courage would not lag behind.
In that ſharp ſervice, ſingled from the reſt,
The fear of each, or valour, ſtands confeſt.
No force, nor firmneſs, the pale coward ſhews;
He ſhifts his place; his colour comes and goes
A dropping ſweat creeps cold on ev'ry part;
Againſt his boſom beats his quiv'ring heart;
Terror and death in his wild eye-balls ſtare;
With chatt'ring teeth he ſtands, and ſtiff'ning hair,
And looks a bloodleſs image of deſpair!
Not ſo the brave——ſtill dauntleſs, ſtill the ſame,
Unchange'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his ſoul, to conquer or to die:
If ought diſturb the tenor of his breaſt,
'Tis but the wiſh to ſtrike before the reſt.
In ſuch eſſays thy blameleſs worth is known,
And ev'ry art of dang'rous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Thoſe wounds were glorious all, and all before;
Such as may teach, 'twas ſtill thy brave delight
T' oppoſe thy boſom where the foremoſt fight.

Homer, a thing ſcarce ever to be found in Virgil; the conſequence whereof is, that there muſt be in the Iliad many continued converſations, ſuch as this of our two heroes, a little reſembling common chit-chat. This renders the poem more natural and animated, but leſs grave and majeſtic.

Ver. 357. *In that ſharp ſervice,* etc.] In a general battle, cowardice may be the more eaſily concealed, by reaſon of the number of the combatants; but in an ambuſcade, where the ſoldiers are few, each muſt be diſcovered to be what he is; this is the reaſon why the ancients entertained ſo great an idea of this ſort of war; the braveſt men were always choſen to ſerve upon ſuch occaſions. Euſtathius.

But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
Go---from my conquer'd ſpears, the choiceſt take,
And to their owners ſend them nobly back.
Swift as the wind bold Merion ſnatch'd a ſpear,
And breathing ſlaughter follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain,
(The wide deſtroyer of the race of man)
Terror, his beſt lov'd ſon, attends his courſe,
Arm'd with ſtern boldneſs, and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
And lay the ſtrength of tyrants on the ground:
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring Phlegyans, and Ephyrian arms;
Invok'd by both, relentleſs they diſpoſe
To theſe glad conqueſt, murd'rous rout to thoſe.
So march the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms ſhot horror o'er the plain.
Then firſt ſpake Merion: Shall we join the right,
Or combat in the centre of the fight?
Or to the left our wanted ſuccour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.
Not in the centre, Idomen reply'd,
Our ableſt chieftains the main battle guide;

Each

Ver. 384. *So Mars armipotent,* etc.] Homer varies his ſimilitudes with all imaginable art, ſometimes deriving them from the properties of animals, ſometimes from natural paſſions, ſometimes from the occurrences of life, and ſometimes, as in the ſimile before us, from hiſtory. The invention of Mars's paſſage from Thrace, (which was feigned to be the country of that God) to the Phlegyans and Ephyrians, is a very beautiful and poetical manner of celebrating the martial genius of that people, who lived in perpetual wars.

Ver. 400. *Not in the centre,* etc.] There is in this anſwer of Idomeneus a ſmall circumſtance, which is overlooked by the commentators, but in which the whole ſpirit and reaſon of what is *ſaid by him conſiſts.* He ſays he is in no fear for the centre, ſince

Each godlike Ajax makes that poſt his care,
And gallant Teucer deals deſtruction there:
Skill'd, or with ſhafts to gall the diſtant field,
Or bear cloſe battle on the founding ſhield.
Theſe can the rage of haughty Hector tame:
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no blame;
Till Jove himſelf deſcends, his bolts to ſhed,
And hurl the brazen ruin at our head.
Great muſt he be, of more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can cruſh, nor ſteel can wound,
Whom Ajax fells not on th' enſanguin'd ground.
In ſtanding fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in ſwiftneſs in the courſe.
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.
He ſaid; and Merion to th' appointed place,
Fierce as the god of battles, urge'd his pace.
Soon as the foe the ſhining chiefs beheld
Ruſh like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embody'd in a tide they pour;
The riſing combat ſounds along the ſhore.
As warring winds, in Sirius' ſultry reign,
From diff'rent quarters ſweep the ſandy plain;
On ev'ry ſide the duſty whirlwinds riſe,
And the dry fields are lifted to the ſkies:

it is defended by Teucer and Ajax; Teucer being not only moſt famous for the uſe of the bow, but likewiſe excellent ἐν στάδίῃ νομῇ, in a *cloſe ſtanding fight*: and as for Ajax, though not ſo ſwift of foot as Achilles, yet he was equal to him ἐν αὐτοσταδίῃ, in the ſame *ſtedfaſt* manner of fighting; hereby intimating, that he was ſecure for the centre, becauſe that poſt was defended by two perſons both accompliſhed in that part of war, which was moſt neceſſary for the ſervice they were engaged in; the two expreſſions before mentioned peculiarly ſignifying a firm and ſteady way of fighting, *moſt uſeful in* maintaining a poſt.

Thus by deſpair, hope, rage, together driv'n,
Met the black hoſts, and meeting, darken'd heav'n.
All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
Briſtled with upright ſpears, that flaſh'd afar;
Dire was the gleam, of breaſt-plates, helms and ſhields,
And poliſh'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields:
Tremendous ſcene! that gen'ral horror gave,
But touch'd with joy the boſoms of the brave.

Saturn's great ſons in fierce contention vy'd,
And crowds of heroes in their anger dy'd.
The fire of earth and heav'n, by Thetis won
To crown with glory Peleus' Godlike ſon,
Will'd not deſtruction to the Grecian pow'rs,
But ſpar'd a while the deſtin'd Trojan tow'rs:
While Neptune riſing from his azure main,
Warr'd on the King of heav'n with ſtern diſdain,
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train.
Gods of one ſource, of one etherial race,
Alike divine, and heav'n their native place;
But Jove the greater; firſt-born of the ſkies,
And more than men, or Gods, ſupremely wiſe.
For this, of Jove's ſuperior might afraid,
Neptune, in human form, conceal'd his aid.

Ver. 451.] It will be neceſſary, for the better underſtanding the conduct of Homer in every battle he deſcribes, to reflect on the particular kind of fight, and the circumſtances that diſtinguiſh each. In this view therefore, we ought to remember, through this whole book, that the battle, deſcribed in it, is a fixed cloſe fight, wherein the armies engage in a groſs compact body, without any ſkirmiſhes, or feats of activity, ſo often mentioned in the foregoing engagements. We ſee at the beginning of it the Grecians form a phalanx, ver. 177. which continues unbroken at the very end, ver. 1006. The chief weapon made uſe of is a ſpear, being moſt proper for this manner of combat; nor do we ſee any other uſe of a chariot, but to carry off the dead or wounded, as in the inſtance of Harpalion and Deiphobus.

These pow'rs infold the Greek and Trojan train
In war and discord's adamantine chain;
Indissolubly strong, the fatal tye
Is stretch'd on both, and close-compell'd they die.
Dreadful in arms, and grown in combat grey,
The bold Idomeneus controuls the day.
First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabesus' distant walls he came;
Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of pow'r,
And promis'd conquest was the profer'd dow'r.
The king consented, by his vaunts abus'd;
The king consented, but the fates refus'd.
Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride,
The field he measur'd with a larger stride.
Him, as he stalk'd, the Cretan jav'lin found;
Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound:
His dream of glory lost, he plunge'd to hell:
His arms resounded as the boaster fell.
The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead:
And thus, he cries, Behold thy promise sped!

Ver. 452. *In war and discord's adamantine chain.*] This short but comprehensive allegory, is very proper to give us an idea of the present condition of the two contending armies, who being both powerfully sustained by the assistance of superior deities, join and mix together in a close and bloody engagement, without any remarkable advantage on either side. To image to us this state of things, the poet represents Jupiter and Neptune holding the two armies close bound by a mighty chain, which he calls the knot of contention and war, and of which the two Gods draw the extremities, whereby the inclosed armies are compelled together, without any possibility on either side to separate or conquer. There is not perhaps in Homer any image at once so exact and so bold.

Ver. 471. *The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead;*
And thus, he cries, ———]

It seems, says Eustathius on this place, that the Iliad being an heroic *poem, is of too* serious a nature to admit of raillery; yet Ho-

Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
And ſuch the contract of the Phrygian king!
Our offers now, illuſtrious prince! receive;
For ſuch an aid what will not Argos give?

mer has found the ſecret of joining two things that are in a manner incompatible. For this piece of raillery is ſo far from raiſing laughter, that it becomes a hero, and is capable to inflame the courage of all who hear it. It alſo elevates the character of Idomeneus, who, notwithſtanding he is in the midſt of imminent dangers, preſerves his uſual gaiety of temper, which is the greateſt evidence of an uncommon courage.

I confeſs I am of an opinion very different from this of Euſtathius, which is alſo adopted by M. Dacier. So ſevere and bloody an Irony to a dying perſon is a fault in morals, if not in poetry itſelf. It ſhould not have place at all, or if it ſhould, is ill placed here. Idomeneus is repreſented a brave man, nay, a man of a compaſſionate nature, in the circumſtance he was introduced in, of aſſiſting a wounded ſoldier. What provocation could ſuch an one have, to inſult ſo barbarouſly an unfortunate prince, being neither his rival nor particular enemy. True courage is inſeparable from humanity, and all generous warriors regret the very victories they gain, when they reflect what a price of blood they coſt. I know it may be anſwered, that theſe were not the manners of Homer's time, a ſpirit of violence and devaſtation then reigned, even among the choſen people of God, as may be ſeen from the actions of Joſhua, etc. However, if one would forgive the cruelty, one cannot forgive the gaiety on ſuch an occaſion. Theſe inhuman jeſts the poet was ſo far from being obliged to make, that he was on the contrary forced to break through the general ſerious air of his poem to introduce them. Would it not raiſe a ſuſpicion, that (whatever we ſee of his ſuperior genius in other reſpects) his own views of morality were not elevated above the barbarity of his age? I think, indeed, the thing by far the moſt ſhocking in this author, is that ſpirit of cruelty, which appears too manifeſtly in the Iliad.

Ver. 474. *And ſuch the contract of the Phrygian king*, etc.] It was but natural to raiſe a queſtion, on occaſion of theſe and other paſſages in Homer, how it comes to paſs, that the heroes of different nations are ſo well acquainted with the ſtories and circumſtances of each other? Euſtathius's ſolution is no ill one, that the warriors on both ſides might learn the ſtory of their enemies from the captives they took, during the courſe of ſo long a war.

To

To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atrides' faireſt daughter thine.
Mean time, on farther methods to adviſe,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what Greece has on her part to ſay.
He ſpoke, and dragg'd the goary corſe away.
This Aſius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;
(His crouded courſers, to his ſquire conſign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind)
To vengeance riſing with a ſudden ſpring,
He hop'd the conqueſt of the Cretan king.
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat diſcharge'd the forceful ſpear:
Beneath the chin the point was ſeen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the farther ſide.
As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit maſt for ſome great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,
Then ſpreads a length of ruin o'er the ground:
So ſunk proud Aſius in that dreadful day,
And ſtretch'd before his much-lov'd courſers lay.
He grinds the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the ſhore.
Depriv'd of motion, ſtiff with ſtupid fear,
Stands all aghaſt his trembling charioteer,
Nor ſhuns the foe, nor turns the ſteeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unreſiſting prey:
Pierce'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath
The ſtately car, and labours out his breath.
Thus Aſius' ſteeds (their mighty maſter gone)
Remain the prize of Neſtor's youthful ſon.
Stabb'd at the ſight, Deiphobus drew nigh,
And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.

The Cretan ſaw; and, ſtooping, caus'd to glance
From his ſlope ſhield, the diſappointed lance.
Beneath the ſpacious targe, (a blazing round,
Thick with bull-hides, and brazen orbits bound,
On his rais'd arm by two ſtrong braces ſtay'd
He lay collected in defenſive ſhade.
O'er his ſafe head the jav'lin idly ſung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
E'en then, the ſpear the vig'rous arm confeſt,
And pierce'd, obliquely, king Hypſenor's breaſt:
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, his people's guardian, now no more!
Not unattended, the proud Trojan cries,
Nor unrevenge'd, lamented Aſius lies:
For thee, though hell's black portals ſtand diſplay'd,
This mate ſhall joy thy melancholy ſhade.
Heart-piercing anguiſh, at the haughty boaſt,
Touch'd ev'ry Greek, but Neſtor's ſon the moſt.
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler ſhields his ſlaughter'd friend;
Till ſad Meciſtheus and Alaſtor bore
His honour'd body to the tented ſhore.
Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
Reſolv'd to periſh in his country's cauſe,

Ver. 511. *The Cretan ſaw, and ſtooping*, etc.] Nothing could paint in a more lively manner, this whole action, and every circumſtance of it, than the following lines. There is the poſture of Idomeneus upon ſeeing the lance flying toward him; the lifting the ſhield obliquely to turn it aſide; the arm diſcovered in that poſition; the form, compoſition, materials, and ornaments of the ſhield diſtinctly ſpecified; the flight of the dart over it; the ſound of it firſt as it flew, then as it fell; and the decay of that ſound on the edge of the buckler, which, being thinner than the other parts, rather tinkled than rung, eſpecially when the firſt force of the ſtroke was ſpent on the orb of it. All this in the compaſs of ſo few lines, in which every word is an image, is ſomething more beautifully par*ticular, than I remember* to have met with in any poet.

Or find ſome foe, whom heav'n and he ſhall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.
He ſees Alcathous in the front aſpire:
Great Æſyetes was the hero's ſire;
His ſpouſe Hippodame, divinely fair,
Anchiſes' eldeſt hope, and darling care;
Who charm'd her parent's and her huſband's heart,
With beauty, ſenſe, and every work of art:
He once, of Ilion's youth, the lovelieſt boy,
The faireſt ſhe, of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapleſs hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud thoſe beauteous eyes,
And fetters ev'ry limb; yet bent to meet
His fate he ſtands; nor ſhuns the lance of Crete,
Fixt as ſome column, or deep-rooted oak,
(While the winds ſleep) his breaſt receiv'd the ſtroke.
Before the pond'rous ſtroke his corſelet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour ſends a jarring ſound:
His lab'ring heart heaves with ſo ſtrong a bound,
The long lance ſhakes, and vibrates in the wound:
Faſt-flowing from its ſource, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous guſh'd away.
Then Idomen, inſulting o'er the ſlain:
Behold, Deiphobus! nor vaunt in vain:

Ver. 554. *His lab'ring heart heaves with ſo ſtrong a bound,*
The long lance ſhakes, and vibrates in the wound.]

We cannot read Homer without obſerving a wonderful variety in the wounds and manner of dying. Some of theſe wounds are painted with very ſingular circumſtances, and thoſe of uncommon art and beauty. This paſſage is a maſter-piece in that way: Alcathous is pierced into the heart, which throbs with ſo ſtrong a pulſe, that the motion is communicated even to the diſtant end of the ſpear, which is vibrated thereby. This circumſtance might appear too bold, and the effect beyond nature, were we not informed by the moſt ſkilful anatomiſts of the wonderful force of this muſcle, which ſome of them have computed to be equal to the weight of ſeveral thouſand pounds. *Lower de corde,* Borellus, et alii.

See\

See! on one Greek three Trojan ghoſts attend,
This, my third victim, to the ſhades I ſend.
Approaching now, thy boaſted might approve,
And try the proweſs of the ſeed of Jove.
From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came:
Deucalion, blameleſs prince! was Minos' heir;
His firſt-born I, the third from Jupiter;
O'er ſpacious Crete, and her bold ſons, I reign,
And thence my ſhips tranſport me through the main;
Lord of a hoſt, o'er all my hoſt I ſhine,
A ſcourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.
The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with vent'rous arms, the king of Crete;
Or ſeek auxiliar force; at length decreed
To call ſome hero to partake the deed.
Forthwith Æneas riſes to his thought;
For him, in Troy's remoteſt lines, he ſought,
Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, ſtands,
And ſees ſuperior poſts in meaner hands.
To him, ambitious of ſo great an aid,
The bold Deiphobus approach'd, and ſaid:
Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy boſom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathous dies, thy brother and thy friend!
Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.

Ver. 578. —— *Incens'd at partial Priam*, etc.] Homer here gives the reaſon why Æneas did not fight in the foremoſt ranks. It was againſt his inclination that he ſerved Priam, and he was rather engaged by honour and reputation to aſſiſt his country, than by any diſpoſition to aid that prince. This paſſage is purely hiſtorical, and the ancients have preſerved to us a tradition which ſerves to explain it. They ſay, that Æneas became ſuſpected by Priam, on account of an oracle which propheſied he ſhould, in proceſs of time, rule over the Trojans. The king therefore ſhewed him no great degree of eſteem or conſideration, with deſign to diſcredit, and render him deſpicable to the people.

Beneath

Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
Haſte, and revenge it on th' inſulting foe.
Æneas heard, and for a ſpace reſign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;
Then riſing in his rage, he burns to fight:
The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
As the fell boar on ſome rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to ſlaughter bred,
When the loud ruſtics riſe, and ſhout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;
O'er his bent back the briſtly horrors riſe,
Fires ſtream in lightning from his ſanguine eyes,
His foaming tuſks both dogs and men engage,
But moſt his hunters rouze his mighty rage.
So ſtood Idomeneus, his jav'lin ſhook,
And met the Trojan with a low'ring look.
Antilochus, Deipyrus were near,
The youthful offspring of the god of war,
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
To theſe the warrior ſent his voice around.
Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
Lo, great Æneas ruſhes to the fight:
Sprung from a god, and more than mortal bold;
He freſh in youth, and I in arms grown old
Elſe ſhould this hand, this hour, decide the ſtrife,
The great diſpute, of glory, or of life.
He ſpoke, and all as with one ſoul obey'd;
Their lifted bucklers caſt a dreadful ſhade
Around the chief. Æneas too demands
Th' aſſiſting forces of his native bands:
Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor join;
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)

In

In order follow all th' embody'd train;
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'r the plain;
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
With joy the ſwain ſurveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains, thro' the well-known meads.
So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and ſtretches o'er the land.
Round dead Alcathous now the battle roſe;
On ev'ry ſide the ſteely circle grows;
Now batter'd breaſt-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded jav'lins ſing.
Above the reſt, two tow'ring chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like gods of war, diſpenſing fate, they ſtood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The Trojan weapon whiz'd along in air,
The Cretan ſaw, and ſhun'd the brazen ſpear:
Sent from an arm ſo ſtrong, the miſſive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it ſtood.
But Oenamas received the Cretan ſtroke,
The forceful ſpear his hollow corſelet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghaſtly wound,
And roll'd the ſmoking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he ſobs away his breath,
And furious graſps the bloody duſt in death.

Ver. 621. *Like Ida's flocks*, etc.] Homer, whether he treats of the cuſtoms of men or beaſts, is always a faithful interpreter of nature. When ſheep leave the paſture and drink freely, it is a certain ſign, that they have found good paſturage, and that they are all ſound; it is therefore upon this account, that Homer ſays the ſhephe d rejoices. Homer, we find, well underſtood what Ariſtotle many ages af.er him remarked, *viz.* that ſheep grow fat by drinking. This therefore is the reaſon, why ſhepherds are accuſtomed to give their flocks a certain quantity of ſalt every five days in the ſummer, that they may, by this means, drink the more freely. *Euſtathius.*

The

The victor from his breaſt the weapon tears;
(His ſpoils he could not, for the ſhow'r of ſpears.)
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumb'rous arms, ſtiff with cold age,
His liſtleſs limbs unable for the courſe;
In ſtanding fight he yet maintains his force;
Till faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd, ſlow ſteps, he drags from off the field.
Deiphobus beheld him as he paſt,
And, fir'd with hate, a parting jav'lin caſt:
The jav'lin err'd, but held its courſe along,
And pierce'd Aſcalaphus, the brave and young:
The ſon of Mars fell gaſping on the ground,
And gnaſh'd the duſt all bloody with his wound.
Nor knew the furious father of his fall;
High thron'd amidſt the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal ſynod ſate;
Detain'd from bloodly war by Jove and Fate.
Now, where in duſt the breathleſs hero lay,
For ſlain Aſcalaphus commence'd the fray.
Deiphobus to ſeize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glitt'ring prize;
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm diſcharge'd his ſpear:
He drops the weight, diſabled with the pain;
The hollow helmet rings againſt the plain.
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking jav'lin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends;

Ver. 655. *And, fir'd with hate.*] Homer does not tell us the occaſion of this hatred; but ſince his days, Simonides and Ibycus write, that Idomeneus and Deiphobus were rivals, and both in love with Helen. This very well agrees with the ancient tradition which Euripides and Virgil have followed: for, after the death of Paris, they tell us ſhe was eſpouſed to Deiphobus. Euſtathius.

Around his waiſt his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew;
Him his ſwift courſers, on his ſplendid car
Rapt from the leſs'ning thunder of the war;
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the ſhore,
And ſprinkling, as he paſt, the ſands with gore.
Meanwhile freſh ſlaughter bathes the ſanguine ground,
Heaps falls on heaps, and heav'n and earth reſound.
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierce'd his throat; the bending head, depreſt
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breaſt:
His ſhield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies;
And everlaſting ſlumber ſeals his eyes.
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round,
Tranſpierce'd his back with a diſhoneſt wound:
The hollow vein that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager jav'lin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his ſocial train
Spreads his imploring arms, but ſpreads in vain.
Th' exulting victor leaping where he lay,
From his broad ſhoulders tore the ſpoils away;
His time obſerv'd; for clos'd by foes around,
On all ſides thick, the peals of arms reſound.
His ſhield emboſs'd, the ringing ſtorm ſuſtains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great Neptune's care preſerv'd from hoſtile rage
This youth, the joy of Neſtor's glorious age)
In arms intrepid, with the firſt he fought.
Face'd ev'ry foe, and ev'ry danger ſought;
His winged lance, reſiſtleſs as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the maſter's mind,
Reſtleſs it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the diſtant enemy.

The

The ſon of Aſius, Adamas drew near,
And ſtruck his target with the brazen ſpear,
Fierce on his front; but Neptune wards the blow,
And blunts the jav'lin of th' eluded foe.
In the broad buckler half the weapon ſtood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Diſarm'd, he mingled on the Trojan crew;
But Merion's ſpear o'ertook him as he flew,
Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where ſharp the pang, and mortal is the wound
Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground,
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
While death's ſtrong pangs diſtend his lab'ring ſide,
His bulk enormous on the field diſplays;
His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.
The ſpear, the conq'ror from his body drew,
And death's dim ſhadows ſwam before his view.
Next brave Deiphyrus in duſt was laid;
King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
And ſmote his temples, with an arm ſo ſtrong,
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
There, for ſome luckier Greek it reſts a prize,
For dark in death the godlike owner lies!
With raging grief great Menelaus burns,
And fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
That ſhook the pond'rous lance, in act to throw,
And this ſtood adverſe with the bended bow:
Full on his breaſt the Trojan arrow fell,
But harmleſs bounded from the plated ſteel.

Ver. 728. *King Helenus.*] The appellation of king was not anciently confined to thoſe only who bore the ſovereign dignity, but applied alſo to others. There was in the iſland of Cyprus a whole order of officers called *kings*, whoſe buſineſs it was to receive the relations of informers, concerning all that happened in the iſland, and to regulate affairs accordingly. Euſtathius.

And on ſome ample barn's well harden'd floor,
(The winds collected at each open door)
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, reſulting from the ground:
So from the ſteel that guards Atrides' heart,
Repell'd to diſtance flies the bounding dart.
Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe,
Pierce'd with his lance the hand that graſp'd the bow,
And nail'd it to the eugh: the wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd the blood with ſand:
But good Agenor gently from the wound
The ſpear ſolicits, and the bandage bound;
A ſling's ſoft wool, ſnatch'd from a ſoldier's ſide,
At once the tent and ligature ſupply'd.
Behold! Piſander, urge'd by fate's decree,
Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great Menelaus! to inhance thy fame;
High-tow'ring in the front, the warrior came,

Ver. 339. *As on ſome ample barn's well-harden'd floor.*] We ought not to be ſhocked at the frequency of theſe ſimiles taken from the ideas of a rural life. In early times, before politeneſs had raiſed the eſteem of arts ſubſervient to luxury, above thoſe neceſſary to the ſubſiſtence of mankind; agriculture was the employment of perſons of the greateſt eſteem and diſtinction: we ſee, in ſacred hiſtory, princes buſy at ſheep-ſhearing; and in the time of the Roman commonwealth, a dictator taken from the plough. Wherefore it ought not to be wondered at, that alluſions and compariſons of this kind are frequently uſed by ancient heroic writers, as well to raiſe, as illuſtrate their deſcriptions.

Ver. 751. *A ſling's ſoft wool, ſnatch'd from a ſoldier's ſide,*
At once the tent and ligature ſupply'd.]

This paſſage, by the commentators, ancient and modern, ſeems rightly underſtood in the ſenſe expreſſed in this tranſlation: the word σφενδόνη properly ſignifying a *ſling*; which (as Euſtathius obſerves from an old ſcholiaſt) was anciently made of woollen ſtrings.

Firſt

Firſt the ſharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
The lance far diſtant by the winds was blown.
Nor pierce'd Piſander thro' Atrides' ſhield;
Piſander's ſpear fell ſhiver'd in the field.
Not ſo diſcourage'd, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conqueſt ſwell his haughty mind;
Dauntleſs he ruſhes where the Spartan lord
Like light'ning brandiſh'd his far-beaming ſword.
His left arm high oppos'd the ſhining ſhield:
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held;
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Diſtinct with ſtuds; and brazen was the blade)
This on the helm diſcharge'd a noble blow;
The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the creſt. Atrides wav'd his ſteel:
Deep thro' his front the weighty faulchion fell.
The craſhing bones before its force gave way;
In duſt and blood the groaning hero lay;
Force'd from their ghaſtly orbs, and ſpouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the ſhore.
The fierce Atrides ſpurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and loud exulting, ſaid.
Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear;
O race perfidious, who delight in war?
Already

Ver. 766. *The cover'd pole-ax.*] Homer never aſcribes this weapon to any but the Barbarians, for the battle-ax was not uſed in war by the politer nations. It was the favourite weapon of thoſe Amazons. Euſtathius.

Ver. 779. *The ſpeech of Menelaus.*] This ſpeech of Menelaus over his dying enemy, is very different from thoſe with which Homer frequently makes his heroes inſult the vanquiſhed, and anſwers very well the character of this good-natured prince. Here are no inſulting taunts, no cruel ſarcaſms, nor any ſporting with the particular misfortunes of the dead: the invectives he makes are general, ariſing naturally from a remembrance of his wrongs, and being almoſt nothing elſe but a recapitulation of them. Theſe reproaches come moſt juſtly from this prince, as being the only

Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
A princeſs rap'd transcends a navy ſtorm'd:
In ſuch bold feats your impious might approve,
Without th' aſſiſtance, or the fear of Jove,
The violated rites, the raviſh'd dame,
Our heroes ſlaughter'd, and our ſhips on flame;
Crimes heap'd on crimes, ſhall bend your glory down,
And whelm in ruins yon' flagitious town.
O thou, great Father! Lord of earth and ſkies,
Above the thought of man, ſupremely wiſe!
If from thy hand the feats of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe?
A godleſs crew, abandon'd and unjuſt,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and luſt!
The beſt of things, beyond their meaſure, cloy;
Sleep's balmy bleſſing, love's endearing joy;
The feaſt, the dance; whate'er mankind deſire
Ev'n the ſweet charms of ſacred numbers tire.

among the Greeks, who had received any perſonal injury from the Trojans. The apoſtrophe he makes to Jupiter, wherein he complains of his protecting a wicked people, has given occaſion to cenſure Homer as guilty of impiety, in making his heroes tax the Gods with injuſtice: but ſince, in the former part of this ſpeech, it is expreſsly ſaid, that Jupiter will certainly puniſh the Trojans by the deſtruction of their city, for violating the laws of hoſpitality, the latter part ought only to be conſidered as a complaint to Jupiter for delaying that vengeance: this reflection being no more than what a pious ſuffering mind, grieved at the flouriſhing condition of proſperous wickedneſs, might naturally fall into.

Ver. 795. *The beſt of things, beyond their meaſure, cloy.*] Theſe words comprehend a very natural ſentiment, which perfectly ſhews the wonderful folly of men. They are ſoon wearied with the moſt agreeable things, when they are innocent, but never with the moſt toilſome things in the world, when unjuſt and criminal. Euſtathius. Dacier.

Ver. 797. *The dance.*] There were two kinds of dancing practiſed among the ancients; the one reputable, invented by Minerva, *or by* Caſtor and Pollux; the other diſhoneſt, of which Pan, or Bacchus,

But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirſt of ſlaughter, and in luſt of fight.
This ſaid, he ſeiz'd (while yet the careaſs heav'd)
The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:
Then ſudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold ſon of Pylæmenes ſlew.
Harpalion had thro' Aſia travell'd far,
Following his martial father to the war:
Thro' filial love he left his native ſhore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unſucceſsful ſpear he chance'd to fling
Againſt the target of the Spartan king;
Thus of his lance diſarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehenſive eyes,
Him, through the hip tranſpiercing as he fled,
The ſhaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point deſcends,
And driving down, the ſwelling bladder rends;
Sunk in his ſad companions arms he lay,
And in ſhort pantings ſobb'd his ſoul away;
(Like ſome vile worm extended on the ground).
While life's red torrent guſh'd from out the wounds.
Him

Bacchus, was the author. They were diſtinguiſhed by the name of the tragic, and the comic or ſatyric dance. But thoſe, which probably our author commends, were certain military dances uſed by the greateſt heroes. One of this ſort was known to the Macedonians and Perſians, practiſed by Antiochus the Great, and the famous Polyperchon. There was another which was danced in complete armour, called the Pyrrhic, from Pyrrhicus the Spartan, its inventor, which continued in faſhion among the Lacedæmonians.

Ver. 819. *Like ſome vile worm extended on the ground.*] I cannot be of Euſtathius's opinion, that this ſimile was deſigned to debaſe the character of Harpalion, and to repreſent him in a mean and diſgraceful view, as one who had nothing noble in him. I rather think from the character he gives of this young man, who's pious

Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
In slow procession bore from off the plain.
The pensive father, father now no more!
Attends the mournful pomp along the shore,

carried him to the wars to attend his father, and from the air of this whole passage, which is tender and pathetic, that he intended this humble comparison only as a mortifying picture of human misery and mortality. As to the verses, which Eustathius alleges for a proof of the cowardice of Harpalion,

Ἀψ δ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἴθυν ἐχάζετο κῆρ ἀλεείνων
Πάντοσε παπταίνων.

The retreat described in the first verse is common to the greatest heroes in Homer; the same words are applied to Deiphobus and Meriones in this book, and to Patroclus in the xviith, ver. 817. of the Greek. The same thing, in other words, is said even of the great Ajax, Iliad xv. ver. 728. And we have Ulysses described in the ivth, ver. 497. with the same circumspection and fear of the darts: though none of those warriors have the same reason as Harpalion, for their retreat or caution, he alone being unarmed, which circumstance takes away all imputation of cowardice.

Ver. 823. *The pensive father.*] We have seen, in the vth Iliad, the death of Pylæmenes, general of the Paphlagonians: how comes he then in this place to be introduced as following the funeral of his son? Eustathius informs us of a most ridiculous solution of some critics, who thought it might be the ghost of this unhappy father, who not being yet interred, according to the opinion of the ancients, wandered upon the earth. Zenodotus, not satisfied with this, as indeed he had little reason to be, changed the name Pylæmenes into Kylæmenes. Didymus thinks there were two of the same name; as there are in Homer two Schedius's, two Eurymedon's, and three Adrastus's. And others correct the verse by adding a negative, μετὰ δ' οὐ σφὸς πατὴρ κίε; *his father did not follow his chariot with his face bathed in tears.* Which last, if not of more weight than the rest, is yet more ingenious. Eustathius. Dacier.

Nor did his valiant father, now no more,
Pursue the mournful pomp along the shore,
No sire survived, to grace th' untimely bier,
Or sprinkle the cold ashes with a tear.

And

And unavailing tears profuſely ſhed,
And unrevenge'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.
Paris from far the moving ſight beheld,
With pity ſoften'd, and with fury ſwell'd:
His honour'd hoſt, a youth of matchleſs grace,
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race!
With his full ſtrength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his ſeat in Corinth's ſtately town;
Polydus' ſon, a ſeer of old renown.
Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or ſlow diſeaſe at home:
He clim'd his veſſel, prodigal of breath,
And choſe the certain, glorious path to death.
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
The ſoul came iſſuing at the narrow vent:
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop'd uſeleſs on the ground,
And everlaſting darkneſs ſhades him round.
Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield,
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field)

Wide

Ver. 840. *And choſe the certain glorious path to death.*] Thus we ſee Euchenor is like Achilles, who ſailed to Troy, though he knew he ſhould fall before it: this might ſomewhat have prejudiced the character of Achilles, every branch of which ought to be ſingle, and ſuperior to all others, as he ought to be without a rival in every thing that ſpeaks a hero: therefore we find two eſſential differences between Euchenor and Achilles, which preſerve the ſuperiority of the hero of the poem. Achilles, if he had not ſailed to Troy, had enjoyed a long life; but Euchenor had been ſoon cut off by ſome cruel diſeaſe. Achilles being independent, and a king, could have lived at eaſe at home, without being obnoxious to any diſgrace; but Euchenor being but a private man, muſt either have gone to the war, or been expoſed to an ignominious penalty. Euſtathius. Dacier.

Ver. 845. *Nor knew great Hector, etc.*] Moſt part of this book be-

Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conqueſt hovers o'er th' Achaian bands:
With ſuch a tide ſuperior virtue ſway'd,
And he * that ſhakes the ſolid earth, give aid.
But in the centre Hector fix'd remain'd,
Where firſt the gates were force'd, and bulwarks gain'd;
There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval ſtation where th' Ajaces keep.
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whoſe humble barrier ſcarce the foes divides;
Where late in flight, both foot and horſe engage'd,
And all the thunder of the battle rage'd)
There join'd, the whole Bœotian ſtrength remains,
The proud Ionians with their ſweeping trains,
Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epæan force;
But join'd repel not Hector's fiery courſe.

The

ing employed to deſcribe the brave reſiſtance the Greeks made on their left, under Idomeneus and Merione; the poet now ſhifts the ſcene, and returns to Hector, whom he left in the centre of the army, after he had paſſed the wall, endeavouring in vain to break the phalanx where Ajax commanded. And that the reader might take notice of this change of place, and carry diſtinctly in his mind each ſcene of action, Homer is very careful in the following lines, to let us know, that Hector ſtill continues in the place where he had firſt paſſed the wall, at that part of it which was loweſt, (as appears from Sarpedon's having pulled down one of its battlements on foot, lib. xii.) and which was neareſt the ſtation where the ſhips of Ajax were laid, becauſe that hero was probably thought a ſufficient guard for that part. As the poet is ſo very exact in deſcribing each ſcene as in a chart or plan, the reader ought to be careful to trace each action in it; otherwiſe he will ſee nothing but confuſion in things which are in themſelves very regular and diſtinct. This obſervation is the more neceſſary, becauſe even in this place, where the poet intended to prevent any ſuch miſtake, Dacier, and other interpreters, have applied, to the preſent action, what is only a recapitulation of the time and place deſcribed in the former book.

* Neptune.

Ver. 861. Phthians.] The Phthians are not the troops of Achilles,

The flow'r of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led,
Bias, and great Meneſtheus at their head.
Meges the ſtrong th' Epeian bands controul'd,
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold;
The Phthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Phylacus his noble line;
Iphiclus' ſon: and that, Oileus, thine
(Young Ajax' brother, by a ſtol'n embrace;
He dwelt far diſtant from his native place,
By his fierce ſtepdame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd, for her brother ſlain)
Theſe rule the Phthians, and their arms employ
Mixt with Bœotians, on the ſhores of Troy.
Now ſide by ſide, with like unweary'd care,
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war.
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright plowſhare through the fallow ſoil,
Join'd to one yoke, the ſtubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the ſhining ſhare;
O'er the huge limbs the foam deſcends in ſnow,
And ſtreams of ſweat down their four foreheads flow,
A train of heroes follow'd through the field,
Who bore by turns great Ajax' ſev'nfold ſhield;
Whene'er he breath'd, remiſſive of his might,
Tir'd with th' inceſſant ſlaughters of the fight:

les, for theſe were called Phthiotes; but they were the troops of Protéſilaus and Philoctetes. Euſtathius.

Ver. 879. *So when two lordly bulls,* etc.] The image here given of the Ajaces is very lively and exact; there being no circumſtance of their preſent condition, that is not to be found in the compariſon; and no particular in the compariſon that does not reſemble the action of the heroes. Their ſtrength and labour, their unanimity and nearneſs to each other, the difficulties they ſtruggle againſt, and the ſweat occaſioned by the ſtruggling, perfectly correſponding with the ſimile.

No

No following troops his brave aſſociate grace,
In cloſe engagement an unpractice'd race,
The Locrian ſquadrons nor the jav'lin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony ſhield;
But ſkill'd from far the flying ſhaft to wing,
Or whirl the ſounding pebble from the ſling,
Dextrous with theſe they aim a certain wound,
Or fell the diſtant warrior to the ground.
Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
Throng'd in bright arms, a preſſing fight maintain;
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whoſe ſtones and arrows intercept the ſky,
The mingled tempeſt on the foes they pour;
Troy's ſcatt'ring orders open to the ſhow'r.
Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;
And ſage Polydamas, diſcreetly brave,
Addreſs'd great Hector, and this council gave.
Though great in all, thou ſeem'ſt averſe to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
To Gods and men thy matchleſs worth is known,
And ev'ry art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counſel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well:
Content with what the bounteous gods have giv'n,
Seek not alone t' ingroſs the gifts of heav'n.
To ſome the pow'rs of bloody war belong,
To ſome ſweet muſic, and the charm of ſong;
To few, and wond'rous few, has Jove aſſign'd
A wiſe, extenſive, all conſid'ring mind:
Their guardians theſe, the nations round confeſs,
And towns and empires for their ſafety bleſs.
If heav'n have lodge'd this virtue in my breaſt,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the beſt.
See, as thou mov'ſt, on dangers dangers ſpread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.

Behold

Behold! diſtreſs'd within yon hoſtile wall,
How many Trojans yield, diſperſe, or fall!
What troops, out-number'd, ſcarce the war maintain!
And what brave heroes at the ſhips lie ſlain!
Here ceaſe thy fury; and the chiefs and kings
Convok'd to council, weigh the ſum of things.
Whether (the gods ſucceeding our deſires)
To yon' tall ſhips to bear the Trojan fires;
Or quit the fleet, and paſs unhurt away,
Contented with the conqueſt of the day.
I fear, I fear, leſt Greece, not yet undone,
Pay the large debt of laſt revolving ſun;
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains:
The counſel pleas'd; and Hector with a bound,
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;
Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms reſound.

To

Ver. 937. *Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains*
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!]

There never was a nobler encomium than this of Achilles. It ſeems enough to ſo wiſe a counſellor as Polydamas, to convince ſo intrepid a warrior as Hector, in how great danger the Trojans ſtood, to ſay, *Achilles ſees us.* "Though he abſtains from the fight, "he ſtill caſts his eye on the battle; it is true, we are a brave ar-"my, and yet keep our ground, but ſtill Achilles ſees us, and we "are not ſafe." This reflection makes him a God, a ſingle regard of whom can turn the fate of armies, and determine the deſtiny of a whole people. And how nobly is this thought extended in the progreſs of the poem, where we ſhall ſee, in the xvith book, The Trojans fly at the firſt ſight of his armour, worn by Patroclus; and, in the xviiith, their defeat compleated by his ſole appearance, unarmed on his ſhip!

Ver. 939. ——— *Hector, with a bound,*
Leap'd from his chariot ———]

Hector having in the laſt book alighted, and cauſed the Trojans to leave their chariots behind them, when they paſs the trench, and no mention of any chariot but that of Aſius ſince occurring in the

To guard this poſt, he cry'd, thy art employ,
And here detain the ſcatter'd youth of Troy;
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And haſten back to end the doubtful day.

This

battle; we muſt neceſſarily infer, either that Homer has neglected to mention the advance of the chariots, (a circumſtance which ſhould not have been omitted) or elſe, that he is guilty here of a great miſtake in making Hector leap from his chariot. I think it evident, that this is really a ſlip of the poet's memory: for in this very book, ver. 533. (of the original) we ſee Polites leads off his wounded brother to the place where his chariot remained behind the army. And again, in the next book, Hector being wounded, is carried out of the battle, in his ſoldiers arms, to the place where his horſes and chariot waited at a diſtance from the battle.

——— τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἑταῖροι
Χερσὶν ἀείραντες φέρον ἐκ πόνου, ὄφρ' ἵκεθ' ἵππους
Ὠκείας, οἵ οἱ ὄπισθε μάχης ἠδὲ πολέμοιο
Ἕστασαν ——— Lib. xiv. v. 428.

But what puts it beyond diſpute, that the chariots continued all this time in the place where they firſt quitted them, is a paſſage in the beginning of the xvth book, where the Trojans, being overpowered by the Grecians, fly back over the wall and trench, till they came to the place where their chariots ſtood,

Οἱ μὲν δὴ πρὸ ὄχεσφιν ἐπτύοντο μίνυνθες.
Lib. xv. ver. 3.

Neither Euſtathius nor Dacier have taken any notice of this incongruity, which would tempt one to believe they were willing to overlook what they could not excuſe. I muſt honeſtly own my opinion, that there are ſeveral other negligences of this kind in Homer. I cannot think otherwiſe of the paſſage in the preſent book, concerning Pylæmenes, notwithſtanding the excuſes of the commentators, which are there given. The very uſing the ſame name in different places for different perſons, confounds the reader in the ſtory, and is what certainly would be better avoided: ſo that it is to no purpoſe to ſay, there might as well be two Pylæmenes's as two Schedius's, two Eurymedon's, two Opheleſtes's, etc. ſince it is more blameable to be negligent in many inſtances than in one.

Virgil

This ſaid, the tow'ring chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And ſeems a moving mountain topt with ſnow.
Thro' all his hoſt, inſpiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder riſe.
To Panthus' ſon, at Hector's high command,
Haſte the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
But round the battlements, and round the plain,
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deiphobus, nor Helenus the ſeer,
Nor Aſius' ſon, nor Aſius' ſelf appear,
For theſe were pierce'd with many a ghaſtly wound,
Some cold in death, ſome groaning on the ground;
Some low in duſt, a mournful object, lay.
High on the wall ſome breath'd their ſoul away.
Far on the left, amid the throng he found
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)

Virgil is not free from this, as Macrobius has obſerved, Sat. l. v. c. 13. But the above-mentioned names are proofs of that critic's being greatly miſtaken in affirming, that Homer is not guilty of the ſame. It is one of thoſe many errors he was led into, by his partiality to Homer above Virgil.

Ver. 948. *And ſeems a moving mountain topt with ſnow.*] This ſimile is very ſhort in the original, and requires to be opened a little to diſcover its full beauty. I am not of M. Dacier's opinion, that the luſtre of Hector's armour was that which furniſhed Homer with this image; it ſeems rather to allude to the plume upon his helmet, in the action of ſhaking which, this hero is ſo frequently painted by our author, and from thence diſtinguiſhed by the remarkable epithet κορυθαίολος. This is a very pleaſing image, and very much what painters call *pictureſque*. I fancy it gave the hint for a very fine one in Spenſer, where he repreſents the perſon of Contemplation in the figure of a venerable old man almoſt conſumed with ſtudy.

His ſnowy locks adown his ſhoulders ſpread,
As hoary froſt with ſpangles doth attire
The moſſy branches of an oak half-dead.

The graceful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd.
Ill-fated Paris! ſlave to womankind,
As ſmooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is Deiphobus, where Aſius gone?
The godlike father, and th' intrepid ſon?
The force of Helenus, diſpenſing fate,
And great Orthryoneus ſo fear'd of late?
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins ſhalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance ſwallow all.
When Paris thus: my brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deſerv'd thy blame,
Tho' then not deedleſs, nor unknown to fame:
But ſince yon' rampart by thy arms lay low,
I ſcatter'd ſlaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you ſeek on yonder ſhore lie ſlain;
Of all thoſe heroes, two alone remain;
Deiphobus, and Helenus the ſeer:
Each now diſabled by a hoſtile ſpear.
Go then, ſucceſsful, where thy ſoul inſpires:
This heart and hand ſhall ſecond all thy fires:
What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
'Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.

Ver. 765. *Ill fated Paris.*] The reproaches which Hector here caſts on Paris, gives us the character of this hero, who in many things reſembles Achilles; being (like him) unjuſt, violent, and impetuous, and making no diſtinction between the innocent and criminal. It is he who is obſtinate in attacking the entrenchments, yet aſks an account, of thoſe who were ſlain in the attack, from Paris; and though he ought to blame himſelf for their deaths, yet he ſpeaks to Paris, as if, through his cowardice, he had ſuffered theſe to be ſlain, whom he might have preſerved if he had fought courageouſly. Euſtathius.

But

But 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat; ſtrength is of the gods alone,
  Theſe words the hero's angry mind aſſuage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickeſt rage.
Around Polydamas, diſtain'd with blood,
Cebrion, Phalces, ſtern Orthæus ſtood,
Palmus, with Polypœtes the divine,
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line:
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Aſcania far,
The former day; the next engage'd in war.)
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind ſprings,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blaſted fields the tempeſt ſweeps;
Then gather'd, ſettled on the hoary deeps;
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the ſhore:
Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
Chief urge'd on chief, and man drove man along.
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
Full in the blazing van great Hector ſhin'd,
Like Mars' commiſſion'd to confound mankind.
Before him flaming, his enormous ſhield
Like the broad ſun, illumin'd all the field:
His nodding helm emits a ſtreamy ray;
His piercing eyes thro' all the battle ſtray,
And, while, beneath his targe he flaſh'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the ſtrong.
  Thus ſtalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his look;
Whole nations fear'd: but not an Argive ſhook.

Ver. 1005. *Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the ſhore.*] I have endeavoured in this verſe to imitate the confuſion, and broken ſound of the original, which images the tumult and roaring of many waters.

The tow'ring Ajax, with an ample ſtride
Advance'd the firſt, and thus the chief defy'd.
Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear:
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thund'ring Jove we fear:
The ſkill of war to us not idly giv'n,
Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but heav'n.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet the Greek have hands, and hearts.
Long e'er in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boaſted city, and your god-built wall
Shall ſink beneath us, ſmoking on the ground:
And ſpread a long, unmeasur'd ruin round.
The time ſhall come, when chas'd along the plain
Ev'n thou ſhalt call on Jove, and call in vain:
Ev'n thou ſhalt wiſh, to aid thy deſp'rate courſe,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horſe;
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly duſt conceal thy ſhame.
As thus he ſpoke, behold, in open view,
On ſounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians riſe,
And hail, with ſhouts, his progreſs thro' the ſkies:
Far-echoing clamours bound from ſide to ſide;
They ceas'd; and thus the chief of Troy reply'd.
From whence this menace, this inſulting ſtrain?
Enormous boaſter! doom'd to vaunt in vain.
So may the gods on Hector life beſtow,
(Not that ſhort life which mortals lead below,
But ſuch as thoſe of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd Maid, or He that gilds the morn.)
As this deciſive day ſhall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
And thou, imperious, if thy madneſs wait
The lance of Hector, thou ſhalt meet thy fate;
That giant-corſe, extended on the ſhore,
Shall largely feaſt the fowls with fat and gore.

He

He ſaid, and like a lion ſtalk'd along:
With ſhouts inceſſant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his foll'wing hoſt: the Grecian train
With anſwering thunders fill'd the echoing plain;
A ſhout that tore heav'n's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd ſplendor's of the throne of Jove.

THE

THE ILIAD.

*BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the girdle of Venus.

NESTOR, ſitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increaſing clamour of the war, and haſtens to Agamemnon: on his way, he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulyſſes, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon propoſes to make their eſcape by night, which Ulyſſes withſtands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they ſhould go forth, and encourage the army with their preſence; which advice is purſued. Juno, ſeeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a deſign to overreach him; ſhe ſets off her charms with the utmoſt care, and (the more ſurely to inchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herſelf to the God of Sleep, and, with ſome difficulty, perſuades him to ſeal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, ſhe goes to mount Ida, where the God, at firſt ſight, is raviſhed with her beauty, ſinks in her embraces, and is laid aſleep. Neptune takes advantage of his ſlumber, and ſuccours the Greeks: Hector is ſtruck to the ground with a prodigious ſtone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: ſeveral actions ſucceed; till the Trojans, much diſtreſſed, are obliged to give way: the leſſer Ajax ſignalizes himſelf in a particular manner.

* The poet, to advance the character of Neſtor, and give us a due eſteem for his conduct and circumſpection, repreſents him as deeply ſolicitous for the common good: in the very article of mirth or relaxation from the toils of war, he is all attention to learn the fate and iſſue of the battle: and, through his long uſe and ſkill in martial events, he judges from the nature of the uproar ſtill increaſing, that the fortune of the day is held no longer in ſuſpenſe, but *inclines* to one ſide. Euſtathius.

THE

BUT nor the genial feaſt, nor flowing bowl
Could charm the cares of Neſtor's watchful ſoul;
His ſtartled ears th' increaſing cries attend;
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend.
What new alarm, divine Machaon, ſay,
What mixt events attend this mighty day?
Hark! how the ſhouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
Here, with the cordial draught diſpel thy care,
Let Hecamede the ſtrength'ning bath prepare,
Refreſh thy wound, and cleanſe the clotted gore;
While I th' adventures of the day explore.
He ſaid: and ſeiſing Thraſimedes' ſhield,
(His valiant offspring) haſten'd to the field;
(That day, the ſon his father's buckler bore)
Then ſnatch'd a lance, and iſſu'd from the door.
Soon as the proſpect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the ſcene of ſorrow knew;
Dire diſarray! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.
As when old Ocean's ſilent ſurface ſleeps,
The waves juſt heaving on the purple deeps:

While

Ver. 1. *But nor the genial feaſt.*] At the end of the eleventh book we left Neſtor at the table with Machaon. The attack of the entrenchments, deſcribed through the twelfth and thirteenth books, happened while Neſtor and Machaon ſat at the table; nor is there any improbability herein, ſince there is nothing performed in thoſe two books, but what might naturally happen in the ſpace of two hours. Homer conſtantly follows the thread of his narration, and never ſuffers his reaſon to forget the train of action, or the time it employs. Dacier.

Ver. 10. *Let Hecamede the bath prepare.*] The cuſtom of women officiating to men in the bath, was uſual in ancient times. Examples are frequent in the Odyſſey. And it is not at all more odd, or to be ſneered at, than the cuſtom now uſed in France, of valets de chambres dreſſing and undreſſing the ladies.

Ver. 21. *As when old Ocean's ſilent ſurface ſleeps.*] There are no where

While yet th' expected tempeſt hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the ſky,
The maſs of waters will no wind obey;
Jove ſends one guſt, and bids them roll away.
While wav'ring counſels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian ſage,
To join the hoſt, or to the gen'ral haſte;
Debating long, he fixes on the laſt:

where more finiſhed pictures of nature than thoſe which Homer draws in ſeveral of his compariſons. The beauty however of ſome of theſe will be loſt to many, who cannot perceive the reſemblance, having never had opportunity to obſerve the things themſelves. The life of this deſcription will be moſt ſenſible to thoſe who have been at ſea in a calm: in this condition the water is not entirely motionleſs, but ſwells gently in ſmooth waves, which fluctuate backwards and forwards in a kind of balancing motion: this ſtate continues till a riſing wind gives a determination to the waves, and rolls them one certain way. There is ſcarce any thing in the whole compaſs of nature, that can more exactly repreſent the ſtate of an irreſolute mind, wavering between two different deſigns, ſometimes inclining to the one, ſometimes to the other, and then moving to that point to which its reſolution is at laſt determined. Every circumſtance of this compariſon is both beautiful and juſt; and it is the more to be admired, becauſe it is very difficult to find ſenſible images, proper to repreſent the motions of the mind; wherefore we but rarely meet with ſuch compariſons even in the beſt poets.

Ver. 30. *He fixes on the laſt.*] Neſtor appears in this place a great friend to his prince; for, upon deliberating whether he ſhould go through the body of the Grecian hoſt, or elſe repair to Agamemnon's tent, he determines at laſt, and judges it the beſt way to go to the latter. Now, becauſe it had been ill-concerted to have made a man of his age walk a great way round about, in queſt of his commander, Homer has ordered it ſo, that he ſhould meet Agamemnon in his way thither. And nothing could be better imagined than the reaſon, why the wounded princes left their tents; they were impatient to behold the battle, anxious for its ſucceſs, and deſirous to inſpirit the ſoldiers by their preſence. The poet was obliged to give a reaſon; for, in epic poetry, as well as in dramatic, no perſon ought to be introduced without ſome neceſſity, or at leaſt ſome probability for his appearance. Euſtathius.

Yet,

Yet, as he moves, the fight his boſom warms;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
The gleaming faulchions flaſh, the jav'lins fly:
Blows echoe blows, and all or kill or die.
Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,
By tardy ſteps aſcending from the fleet:
The king of men, Ulyſſes the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
(Their ſhips at diſtance from the battle ſtand,
In lines advance'd along the ſhelving ſtrand:
Whoſe bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length; beſide the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crouded ſhips they moor:
Who landed firſt, lay higheſt on the ſhore.)
Supported on their ſpears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Neſtor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breaſt,
Whom thus the gen'ral of the hoſt addreſt.
O grace and glory of th' Achaian name!
What drives thee, Neſtor, from the field of fame?
Shall then proud Hector ſee his boaſt fulfill'd,
Our fleets in aſhes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat, ah! now too ſoon made good,
On many a Grecian boſom writ in blood.
Is ev'ry heart inflam'd with equal rage
Againſt your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to ſee with mournful eyes
In ev'ry Greek a new Achilles riſe?
Gerenian Neſtor then. So fate has will'd;
And all confirming time has fate fulfill'd.

Ver. 47. *Neſtor's approach alarm'd.*] That ſo laborious a perſon as Neſtor has been deſcribed, ſo indefatigable, ſo little indulgent of his extreme age, and one that never receded from the battle ſhould approach to meet them; this it was that ſtruck the princes with amazement, when they ſaw he had left the field. Euſtathius.

Nor

Not he that thunders from th' aerial bow'r,
Not Jove himſelf, upon the paſt has pow'r.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And beſt defence, lies ſmoking on the ground:
Even to the ſhips their conqu'ring arms extend,
And groans of ſlaughter'd Greeks to heav'n aſcend.
On ſpeedy meaſures then employ your thought;
In ſuch diſtreſs, if counſel profit ought;
Arms cannot much: though Mars our ſouls incite;
Theſe gaping wounds with-hold us from the fight.
To him the monarch. That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet aſcends,
And that the rampart, late our ſureſt truſt,
And beſt defence, lies ſmoking in the duſt:
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Paſt are the days when happier Greece was bleſt,
And all his favour, all his aid confeſt;
Now heav'n averſe, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the ſkies.
Ceaſe we at length to waſte our blood in vain,
And launch what ſhips lie neareſt to the main;

Ver. 81. *Ceaſe we at length,* etc.] Agamemnon either does not know what courſe to take in this diſtreſs, or only ſounds the ſentiments of his nobles, (as he did in the ſecond book, of the whole army.) He delivers himſelf firſt after Neſtor's ſpeech, as it became a counſellor to do: but knowing this advice to be diſhonourable, and unſuitable to the character he aſſumes elſewhere, and conſidering that he ſhould do no better than abandon his poſt, when before he had threatened the deſerters with death; he reduces his counſel into the form of a proverb, diſguiſing it as handſomely as he can under a ſentence. *It is better to ſhun an evil,* etc. It is obſervable too how he has qualified the expreſſion: he does not ſay, to *ſhun the battle,* for that had been unſoldierly; but he ſoftens the phraſe, and calls it, *to ſhun evil:* and this word *evil* he applies twice together, in adviſing them to leave the engagement.

Leave

Leave theſe at anchor till the coming night:
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to ſea, and hoiſt each ſail for flight.
Better from evils, well foreſeen, to run,
Then periſh in the danger we may ſhun.
Thus he. The ſage Ulyſſes thus replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes,
What ſhameful words, unkingly as thou art,
Fall from that trembling tongue, and tim'rous heart?
Oh were thy ſway the curſe of meaner pow'rs,
And thou the ſhame of any hoſt but ours!
A hoſt, by Jove endu'd with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Advent'rous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus deſert the Trojan plain?
And have whole ſtreams of blood been ſpilt in vain?
In ſuch baſe ſentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whiſpers, leſt a Greek ſhould hear.
Lives there a man ſo dead to fame, who dares
To think ſuch meanneſs, or the thought declares?
And comes it ev'n from him whoſe ſov'reign ſway
The banded legions of all Greece obey?

Ver. 92. *Oh were thy ſway the curſe of meaner pow'rs,*
And thou the ſhame of any hoſt but ours!]

This is a noble compliment to his country and to the Grecian army, to ſhew, that it was an impoſſibility for them to follow even their general in any thing that was cowardly, or ſhameful; though the lives and ſafeties of them all were concerned in it.

Ver. 104. *And comes it ev'n from him whoſe ſov'reign ſway*
The banded legions of all Greece obey?]

As who ſhould ſay, that another man might indeed have uttered the ſame advice, but it could not be a perſon of prudence; or if he had prudence, he could not be a governor, but a private man; or if a governor, yet one who had not a well diſciplined and obedient army; or laſtly, if he had an army ſo conditioned, yet it could not be ſo large and numerous a one as that of Agamemnon. This is a fine climax, and of wonderful ſtrength. Euſtathius.

Is this a general's voice, that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his ſoldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate denies
Thou gav'ſt the foe: all Greece becomes their prize.
No more the troops, (our hoiſted ſails in view,
Themſelves abandon'd) ſhall the fight purſue,
But thy ſhips flying with deſpair ſhall ſee,
And owe deſtruction to a prince like thee.
Thy juſt reproofs, Atrides calm replies,
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wiſe.
Unwilling as I am to loſe the hoſt,
I force not Greece to quit this hateful coaſt.
Glad, I ſubmit, whoe'er, or young, or old,
Aught, more conducive to our weal, unfold.
Tydides cut him ſhort, and thus began.
Such council if you ſeek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it, and what he ſhall ſay,
Young though he be, diſdain not to obey:
A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus ſprings,
May ſpeak to councils and aſſembled kings.
Hear then in me the great Oenides' ſon,
Whoſe honour'd duſt, his race of glory run,
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall.

Ver. 118. —— *Whoe'er, or young or old,* etc.] This nearly reſembles an ancient cuſtom at Athens, where, in times of trouble and diſtreſs, every one, of what age or quality ſoever, was invited to give in his opinion with freedom, by the public cryer. Euſtath.

Ver. 120.] This ſpeech of Diomed is naturally introduced, beginning with an anſwer, as if he had been called upon to give his advice. The counſel he propoſes was that alone which could be of any real ſervice in their preſent exigency: however, ſince he ventures to adviſe where Ulyſſes is at a loſs, and Neſtor himſelf ſilent, he thinks it proper to apologize for this liberty, by reminding them of his birth and deſcent, hoping thence to add to his counſel a weight and authority, which he could not from his years and experience.

With

With three bold ſons was gen'rous Prothous bleſt,
Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon poſſeſt;
Melas and Agrius, but (who far ſurpaſt
The reſt in courage) Oeneus was the laſt.
From him, my ſire. From Calydon expell'd,
He paſt to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;
The monarch's daughter there (ſo Jove ordain'd)
He won, and flouriſh'd where Adraſtus reign'd;
There rich in fortune's gift, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harveſt yield,
And num'rous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
Such Tydeus was, the foremoſt once in fame!
Nor lives in Greece a ſtranger to his name.
Then, what for common good my thoughts inſpire,
Attend, and in the ſon reſpect the ſire.
Though ſore of battle, though with wounds oppreſt,
Let each go forth, and animate the reſt,
Advance the glory which he cannot ſhare,
Though not partaker, witneſs of the war.

Ver. 135. He paſt to Argos.] This is a very artful colour: he calls the flight of his father, for killing one of his brothers, *travelling and dwelling at Argos*, without mentioning the cauſe and occaſion of his retreat. What immediately follows *(So Jove ordained)* does not only contain in it a diſguiſe of his crime, but is a juſt motive likewiſe for our compaſſion. Euſtathius.

Ver. 146. *Let each go forth, and animate the reſt.*] It is worth a remark, with what management and diſcretion the poet has brought theſe four kings, and no more, towards the engagement, ſince theſe are ſufficient alone to perform all that he requires. For Neſtor propoſes to them to inquire, if there be any way or means which prudence can direct for their ſecurity. Agamemnon attempts to diſcover that method. Ulyſſes refutes him, as one whoſe method was diſhonourable, but propoſes no other project. Diomed ſupplies that deficiency, and ſhews what muſt be done; That, wounded as they are, they ſhould go forth to the battle; for though they were not able to engage, yet their preſence would re-eſtabliſh their affairs by detaining in arms thoſe who might otherwiſe quit the field. This council is embraced, and readily obeyed by the reſt. Euſtathius.

But left new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
Beyond the miſſile jav'lin's ſounding flight,
Safe let us ſtand; and from the tumult far,
Inſpire the ranks, and rule the diſtant war.
He added not: The liſt'ning kings obey,
Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.
The god of Ocean, to inflame their rage,
Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age;
Preſt in his own, the gen'ral's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero ſpoke.
Atrides, lo! with what diſdainful eye
Achilles ſees his country's forces fly;
Blind impious man! whoſe anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.
So may he periſh, ſo may Jove diſclaim
The wretch relentleſs, and o'erwhelm with ſhame!
But heav'n forſakes not thee: O'er yonder ſands
Soon ſhalt thou view the ſcatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverſe; while proud kings, and chiefs renown'd
Driv'n heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
Of rolling duſt, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.
He ſpoke, then ruſh'd amid the warrior crew;
And ſent his voice before him as he flew,
Loud, as the ſhout encount'ring armies yield,
When twice ten thouſand ſhake the lab'ring field;
Such was the voice, and ſuch the thund'ring ſound
Of him, whoſe trident rends the ſolid ground.
Each Argive boſom beats to meet the fight,
And grizly war appears a pleaſing ſight.
Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
High thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below;
With

Ver. 179. *The ſtory of Jupiter and Juno.*] I do not know a bolder fiction in all antiquity, than this of Jupiter's being deceived and *laid aſleep*, or that has a greater air of impiety and abſurdity.

A

With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.
But place'd aloft, on Ida's shady height
She sees her Jove, and trembles at the fight.
Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try,
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?
At length she trusts her pow'r; resolv'd to prove
The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
And lull the Lord of thunder in her arms,
Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
Sacred to dress, and beauty's pleasing cares;

With

An ingenious modern writer has given us the moral, of this story, in these words: "This passage of Homer may suggest abundance of instruction to a woman, who has a mind to preserve or recal the affection of her husband. The care of her person and dress, with the particular blandishments woven in the cestus, are so plainly recommended by this fable, and so indispensably necessary in every female who desires to please, that they need no farther explanation. The discretion likewise in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended visit to Tethys, in the speech where Juno addresses herself to Venus; as the chaste and prudent management of a wife's charms is intimated by the same pretence for her appearing before Jupiter, and by the concealment of the cestus in her bosom. I shall leave this tale to the consideration of such good housewives, who are never well dressed but when they are abroad, and think it necessary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their husbands: as also to those prudent ladies, who, to avoid the appearance of being over-fond, entertain their husbands with indifference, aversion, sullen silence, or exasperating language."

Ver. 191. *Swift to her bright apartment she repairs*, etc.] This passage may be of consideration to the ladies, and, for their sakes, I take a little pains to observe upon it. Homer tells us, that the very goddesses, who are all over charms, never dress in sight of any one: the Queen of heaven adorns herself in private, and the doors lock after her.

With ſkill divine had Vulcan form'd the bow'r,
Safe from acceſs of each intruding pow'r.
Touch'd with her ſecret key, the doors unfold;
Self-clos'd behind her ſhut the valves of gold
Here firſt ſhe bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambroſial ſhow'rs:
The winds perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
Through heav'n, through earth, and all th' aerial way:
Spirit divine! whoſe exhalation greets
The ſenſe of gods with more than mortal ſweets.
Thus while ſhe breath'd of heav'n, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant treſſes ty'd;

Part

I am afraid there are ome earthly goddeſſes of leſs prudence, who have loſt much of the adoration of mankind by the contrary practice. Lucretius, a very good judge in gallantry, preſcribes, as a cure to a deſperate lover, the frequent ſight of his miſtreſs undreſſed. Juno herſelf has ſuffered a little by the very muſes peeping into her chamber, ſince ſome nice critics are ſhocked in this place of Homer, to find that the Goddeſs waſhes herſelf, which preſents ſome idea as if ſhe was dirty. Thoſe who have delicacy will profit by this remark.

Ver. 198. *Soft oils of fragrance.*] The practice of Juno in anointing her body with perfumed oils, was a remarkable part of ancient coſmetics, though entirely diſuſed in the modern arts of dreſs. It may poſſibly offend the niceneſs of modern ladies; but ſuch of them as paint, ought to conſider, that this practice might, without much greater difficulty, be reconciled to cleanlineſs.

Ver. 203. *Thus while ſhe breath'd of heav'n*, etc.] We have here a complete picture from head to foot of the dreſs of the fair ſex, and of the mode between two and three thouſand years ago. May I have leave to obſerve the great ſimplicity of Juno's dreſs, in compari on with the innumerable equipage of a modern toilette? The Goddeſs, even when ſhe is ſetting herſelf out on the greateſt occaſion, has only her own locks to tie, a white veil to caſt over them, a mantle to dreſs her whole body her pendants, and her ſandals. This the poet expreſsly ſays was *all her dreſs*, [πάντα κόσμον;] and one may reaſonably

Part on her head in ſhining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her ſhoulders wav'd like melting gold.
Around her next a heav'nly mantle flow'd,
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:
Large claſps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her ſwelling boſom bound,
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple ſtar.
Then o'er her head ſhe caſts a veil more white
Than new-fall'n ſnow, and dazling as the light.
Laſt her fair feet celeſtial ſandals grace.
Thus iſſuing radiant, with majeſtic pace,

Forth

ſonably conclude, it was all that was uſed by the greateſt princeſſes and fineſt beauties of thoſe times. The good Euſtathius is raviſhed to find, that here are no waſhes for the face, no dyes for the hair, and none of theſe artificial embelliſhments ſince in practice; he alſo rejoices not a little, that Juno has no looking-glaſs, tire-woman, or waiting-maid. One may preach till doomſday on this ſubject, but all the commentators in the world will never prevail upon a lady to ſtick one pin the leſs in her gown, except ſhe can be convinced, that the ancient dreſs will better ſet off her perſon.

As the Aſiatics always ſurpaſſed the Grecians in whatever regarded magnificence and luxury, ſo we find their women far gone in the contrary extreme of dreſs. There is a paſſage in Iſaiah, chap. iii. that gives us a particular account of their wardrobe, with the number and uſeleſſneſs of their ornaments; and which, I think, appears very well in contraſt to this of Homer. "The bravery of their "tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their "round tires like the moon: the chains, and the bracelets, and "the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and "the headbands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings, the rings and "noſe-jewels, the changeable ſuits of apparel, and the mantles, "and the wimples, and the criſping-pins, the glaſſes, and the fine "linen, and the hoods, and the veils."

Ver. 216. *Thus iſſuing radiant*, etc.] Thus the Goddeſs comes from her apartment, againſt her ſpouſe, in complete armour. The pleaſures of women moſtly prevail by pure cunning, and the artful management of their perſons; for there is but one way for the weak to ſubdue the mighty, and that is by pleaſure. The poet ſhews,

Forth from the dome th' imperial goddeſs moves,
And calls the mother of the Smiles and Loves.
How long (to Venus thus apart ſhe cry'd)
Shall human ſtrifes celeſtial minds divide?
Ah yet! will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And ſet aſide the cauſe of Greece and Troy?
Let heav'n's dread empreſs, Cytherea ſaid,
Speak her requeſt, and deem her will obey'd.
Then grant me, ſaid the queen, thoſe conq'ring charms,
That pow'r, which mortals and immortals warms,
That love, which melts mankind in fierce deſires,
And burns the ſons of heav'n with ſacred fires!
For lo! I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents, ſacred ſource of gods!

at the ſame time, that men of underſtanding are not maſtered without a great deal of artifice and addreſs. There are but three ways whereby to overcome another; by violence, by perſuaſion, or by craft: Jupiter was invincible by main force; to think of perſuading was as fruitleſs, after he had paſſed his nod to Achilles; therefore Juno was obliged of neceſſity to turn her thoughts entirely upon craft; and by the force of pleaſure it is, that ſhe inſnares and manages the God. Euſtathius.

Ver. 218. *And calls the mother of the Smiles and Loves.*] Notwithſtanding all the pains Juno has been at, to adorn herſelf, ſhe is ſtill conſcious, that neither the natural beauty of her perſon, nor the artificial one of her dreſs, will be ſufficient to work upon a huſband. She therefore has recourſe to the ceſtus of Venus, as a kind of love-charm, not doubting to inflame his mind by magical inchantment; a folly which in all ages has poſſeſt her ſex. To procure this, ſhe applies to the Goddeſs of love; from whom hiding her real deſign under a feigned ſtory, (another propriety in the character of the fair) ſhe obtains the valuable preſent of this wonder-working girdle. The allegory of the ceſtus lies very open, though the impertinencies of Euſtathius on this head are unſpeakable: In it are comprized the moſt powerful incentives to love, as well as the ſtrongeſt effects of the paſſion. The juſt admiration of this paſſage has been always ſo great and univerſal, that the ceſtus of *Venus is become* proverbial.

Ocean

Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the laſt limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were paſt;
What time old Saturn, from Olympus caſt.
Of upper heav'n to Jove reſign'd the reign.
Whelm'd under the huge maſs of earth and main.
For ſtrife, I hear, has made the union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love ſhall I obtain,
If I compoſe thoſe fatal feuds again!
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has ow'd, repay their age.
She ſaid. With aw divine the queen of love
Obey'd the ſiſter and the wife of Jove:
And from her fragrant breaſt the zone unbrace'd,
With various ſkill, and high embroid'ry grace'd.
In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay deſire,
The kind deceit, the ſtill-reviving fire,
Perſuaſive ſpeech, and more perſuaſive ſighs,
Silence that ſpoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This on her hand the Cyprian goddeſs laid;
Take this, and with it all thy wiſh, ſhe ſaid:
With ſmiles ſhe took the charm; and ſmiling preſt
The pow'rful Ceſtus to her ſnowy breaſt.

Ver. 255. — *And preſt the powerful ceſtus to her ſnowy breaſt.*] Euſtathius takes notice, that the word *ceſtus* is not the name, but epithet only, of Venus's girdle; though the epithet has prevailed ſo far as to become the proper name in common uſe. This has happened to others of our author's epithets; the word *ſtygny* is of the ſame nature. Venus wore this girdle below her neck, and in open ſight, but Juno hides it in her boſom, to ſhew the difference of the two characters: it ſuits well with Venus to make a ſhew of whatever is engaging in her; but Juno, who is a matron of prudence and gravity, ought to be more modeſt.

Then

Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;
Whilſt from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew,
O'er high Pieria thence her courſe ſhe bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleaſing ſhore,
O'er Hæmus' hills with ſnows eternal crown'd;
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty ſteep,
She ſpeeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And ſeeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.
Sweet pleaſing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began)
Who ſpread'ſt thy empire o'er each god and man;

Ver. 264. *She ſpeeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,*
And ſeeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.]
In this fiction Homer introduces a new divine perſonage: It does not appear, whether this God of Sleep was a God of Homer's creation, or whether his pretenſions to divinity were of more ancient date. The poet indeed ſpeaks of him as of one formerly active in ſome heavenly tranſactions. Be this as it will, ſucceeding poets have always acknowledged his title.

Ver. 264. *To Lemnos.*] The commentators are hard put to it, to give a reaſon why Juno ſeeks for Sleep in Lemnos. Some finding out, that Lemnos anciently abounded with wine, inform us it was a proper place of reſidence for him, wine being naturally a great provoker of ſleep. Others will have it, that this God being in love with Paſithæ, who reſided with her ſiſter the wife of Vulcan, in Lemnos, it was very probable he might be found haunting near his miſtreſs. Other commentators, perceiving the weakneſs of theſe conjectures, will have it, that Juno met Sleep here by mere accident; but this is contradictory to the whole thread of the narration. But who knows whether Homer might not deſign this fiction as a piece of raillery upon the ſluggiſhneſs of the Lemnians; though this character of them does not appear? A kind of ſatire like that of Arioſto, who makes the angel find Diſcord in a monaſtery. Or like that of Boileau in his Lutrin, where he places Moliſe in a dormitory of the monks of St. Bernard.

Ver. 266. *Sweet pleaſing Sleep,* etc.] Virgil has copied ſome part of this converſation between Juno and Sleep, where he introduces the ſame Goddeſs making a requeſt to Æolus.

If e'er obſequious to thy Juno's will,
O pow'r of ſlumbers! hear, and favour ſtill.
Shed thy ſoft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,
While ſunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A ſplendid footſtool, and a throne, that ſhine
With gold unfading, Somnus, ſhall be thine;
The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy eaſe,
When wine and feaſts thy golden humours pleaſe.
Imperial dame (the balmy pow'r replies)
Great Saturn's heir, and empreſs of the ſkies!
O'er other gods I ſpread my eaſy chain;
The fire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
And his huſh'd waves lie ſilent on the main.
But how, unbidden, ſhall I dare to ſteep,
Jove's awful temples in the dew of ſleep?
Long ſince too vent'rous, at thy bold commands,
On thoſe eternal lids I laid my hand:
What time, deſerting Ilion's waſted plain,
His conqu'ring ſon, Alcides, plow'd the main:
When

Ver. 272. *A ſplendid footſtool.*] Notwithſtanding the cavils of Scaliger, it may be allowed, that an eaſy chair was no improper preſent for Sleep. As to the footſtool, Madam Dacier's obſervation is a very juſt one; that beſides its being a conveniency, it was a mark of honour, and was far from preſenting any low or trivial idea. It was upon that account we find it ſo frequently mentioned in Scripture, where the earth is called *the footſtool of the throne of God.* In Jeremiah, Judæa is called, as a mark of diſtinction, *the footſtool of the feet of God,* Lam. ii. 1. *And he remembered not the footſtool of his feet, in the day of his wrath.* We ſee here the ſame image, founded, no doubt, upon the ſame cuſtoms. Dacier.

Ver. 281. *But how, unbidden,* etc.] This particularly is worth remarking; Sleep tells Juno, that he dares not approach Jupiter without his own order; whereby he ſeems to intimate, that a ſpirit of a ſuperior kind may give itſelf up to a voluntary ceſſation of thought and action, though it does not want this relaxation from any weakneſs or neceſſity of its nature.

Ver. 285. *What time, deſerting Ilion's waſted plain,* etc.] One may obſer

When lo! the deeps ariſe, the tempeſt rore,
And drive the hero to the Coan ſhore:
Great Jove awaking, ſhook the bleſt abodes
With riſing wrath, and tumbled gods on gods;
Me chief he ſought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether ſky,
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of earth and heav'n) her wings diſply'd;
Impow'r'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,
Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable dame.

Vain are thy fears (the queen of heav'n replies,
And ſpeaking, rolls her large majeſtic eyes)
Think'ſt thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,
Like great Alcides, his all-conqu'ring ſon?
Hear, and obey the miſtreſs of the ſkies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know, thy lov'd one ſhall be ever thine,
The youngeſt Grace, Paſithæ the divine.

Swear then, he ſaid, by thoſe tremendous floods
That roar through hell, and bind th' invoking gods:

obſerve from hence, that to make falſity in fables uſeful and ſubſervient to our deſigns, it is not enough to cauſe the ſtory to reſemble truth, but we are to corroborate it by parallel places; which method the poet uſes elſewhere. Thus many have attempted great difficulties, and ſurmounted them. So did Hercules, ſo did Juno, ſo did Pluto. Here therefore the poet, feigning that Sleep is going to practiſe infidiouſly upon Jove, prevents the ſtrangeneſs and incredibility of the tale, by ſquaring it to an ancient ſtory; which ancient ſtory was, that Sleep had once before got the maſtery of Jove in the caſe of Hercules. Euſtathius.

Ver 296. *Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable dame.*] Jupiter is repreſented as unwilling to do any thing that might be offenſive or ungrateful to Night; the poet, ſays Euſtathius, inſtructs us by this, that a wiſe and honeſt man will curb his wrath before any awful and venerable perſons. Such was Night in regard of Jupiter, feigned as an anceſtor, and honourable on account of her antiquity and power: for the Greek theology teaches, that Night and Chaos were before all things.

Let

Let the great parent earth one hand ſuſtain,
And ſtretch the other o'er the ſacred main.
Call the black Titans that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witneſs from the depths of hell;
That ſhe, my lov'd one, ſhall be ever mine,
The youngeſt Grace, Paſithæ the divine.
The queen aſſents, and from th' infernal bow'rs,
Invokes the ſable ſubtartarean pow'rs,
And thoſe who rule th' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian gods.
Then ſwift as wind, o'er Lemnos' ſmoky iſle,
They wing their way, and Imbrus' ſea beat ſoil,
Thro' air unſeen involv'd in darkneſs glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide,
(Mother of ſavages, whoſe echoing hills
Are heard reſounding with a hundred rills)
Fair Ida trembles underneath the god;
Huſh'd are her mountains, and her foreſts nod.

There

Ver. 307. *Let the great parent Earth one hand ſuſtain,*
And ſtretch the other o'er the ſacred main, etc.

There is ſomething wonderfully ſolemn in this manner of ſwearing propoſed by Sleep to Juno. How anſwerable is this idea to the dignity of the Queen of the goddeſſes, where earth, ocean, and hell itſelf, where the whole creation, all things viſible and inviſible, are called to be witneſſes of the oath of the Deity?

Ver. 311. *That ſhe, my lov'd one,* etc.] Sleep is here made to repeat the words of Juno's promiſe, than which repetition nothing, I think, can be more beautiful or better placed. The lover, fired with theſe hopes, inſiſts on the promiſe, dwelling with pleaſure on each circumſtance that relates to his fair one. The throne and footſtool, it ſeems, are quite out of his head.

Ver. 323. *Fair Ida trembles.*] It is uſually ſuppoſed, at the approach or preſence of any heavenly being, that upon their motion all ſhould ſhake that lies beneath them. Here the poet, giving a deſcription of the deſcent of theſe deities upon the ground at Lectos, ſays, that the loftieſt of the wood trembled under their feet; which expreſſion is to intimate the lightneſs and the ſwiftneſs of the

There on a fir, whoſe ſpiry branches riſe
To join its ſummit to the neighb'ring ſkies,
Dark in embow'ring ſhade, conceal'd from ſight.
Sat Sleep, in likeneſs of the bird of night.
(Chalcis his name by thoſe of heav'nly birth,
But call'd Cymindis by the race of earth.)
To Ida's top ſucceſsful Juno flies;
Great Jove ſurveys her with deſiring eyes:
The God, whoſe light'ning ſets the heav'ns on fire,
Through all his boſom feels the fierce deſire;
Fierce as when firſt by ſtealth he ſeiz'd her charms,
Mix'd with her ſoul, and melted in her arms.
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then preſs'd her hand, and thus with tranſport ſpoke.
Why comes my goddeſs from th' ætherial ſky,
And not her ſteeds and flaming chariot nigh?
Then ſhe——I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathleſs gods,
The rev'rend Ocean and grey Tethys reign,
On the laſt limits of the land and main.
I viſit theſe, to whoſe indulgent cares
I owe the nurſing of my tender years.
For ſtrife, I hear, has made that union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long this ancient pair in peace,

the motions of heavenly beings; the wood does not ſhake under their feet from any corporeal weight, but from a certain awful dread and horror. Euſtathius.

Ver. 328. *—In likeneſs of the bird of night.*] This is a bird about the ſize of a hawk, entirely black; and that is the reaſon why Homer deſcribes Sleep under its form. Here, ſays Euſtathius, Homer lets us know, as well as in many other places, that he is no ſtranger to the language of the gods.

Ver. 345. *——To whoſe indulgent cares*
I owe the nurſing, etc.]

The allegory of this is very obvious. Juno is conſtantly underſtood to be the air: and we are here told ſhe was nouriſhed by the vapours which riſe from the Ocean and the Earth. For Tethys is the ſame with Rhea. Euſtathius.

The

The ſteeds, prepar'd my chariot to convey
O'er earth and ſeas, and thro' th' aerial way,
Wait under Ide: Of thy ſuperior pow'r
To aſk conſent, I leave th' Olympian bow'r;
Nor ſeek, unknown to thee, the ſacred cells
Deep under ſeas, where hoary Ocean dwells.
For that, ſaid Jove, ſuffice another day;
But eager love denies the leaſt delay.
Let ſofter cares the preſent hour employ,
And be theſe moments ſacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my ſoul ſo ſtrong a paſſion prove,
Or for an earthly, or a heav'nly love:
Not when I preſs'd Ixion's matchleſs dame,
Whence roſe Perithous like the gods in fame.
Not when fair Danae felt the ſhow'r of gold
Stream into life, whence Perſeus brave and bold.
Not thus I burn'd from either Theban dame,
(Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came.)
Not Phœnix' daughter, beautiful and young.
Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos ſprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair Latona's face,
Nor comlier Ceres' more majeſtic grace.
Not thus ev'n for thyſelf I felt deſire,
As now my veins receive the pleaſing fire.

Ver. 359.] This courtſhip of Jupiter to Juno may poſſibly be thought pretty ſingular. He endeavours to prove the ardour of his paſſion to her, by the inſtances of its warmth to other women. A great many people will look upon this as no very likely method to recommend himſelf to Juno's favour. Yet, after all, ſomething may be ſaid in defence of Jupiter's way of thinking with reſpect to the ladies. Perhaps a man's love to the ſex in general, may be no ill recommendation of him to a particular. And to be known, or thought, to have been ſucceſsful with a good many, is what ſome moderns have found no unfortunate qualification in gaining a lady, even a moſt virtuous one like Juno, eſpecially one who, like her, has had the experience of a married ſtate.

He ſpoke; the goddeſs with the charming eyes
Flows with celeſtial red, and thus replies.
Is this a ſcene for love? on Ida's height
Expos'd to mortal, and immortal ſight;
Our joys prophan'd by each familiar eye;
The ſport of heav'n, and fable of the ſky.
How ſhall I e'er review the bleſt abodes,
Or mix among the ſenate of the gods?
Shall I not think, that, with diſorder'd charms,
All heav'n beholds me recent from thy arms?
With ſkill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bow'r,
Sacred to love, and to the genial hour;
If ſuch thy will, to that receſs retire,
And ſecret there indulge thy ſoft deſire.
She ceas'd; and ſmiling with ſuperior love,
Thus anſwer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove.
Nor God, nor mortal ſhall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold,
Not ev'n the ſun, who darts thro' heav'n his rays,
And whoſe broad eye th' extended earth ſurveys.
Gazing he ſpoke, and kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the goddeſs threw.
Glad earth perceives, and from her boſom pours
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flow'rs:

Thick

Ver. 395. *Glad earth perceives*, etc.] It is an obſervation of Ariſtotle, in the 25th chapter of his poetics, that when Homer is obliged to deſcribe any thing of itſelf abſurd, or too improbable, he conſtantly contrives to blind and dazzle the judgment of his readers with ſome ſhining deſcription. This paſſage is a remarkable inſtance of that artifice; for, having imagined a fiction of very great abſurdity, that the Supreme Being ſhould be laid aſleep in a female embrace, he immediately, as it were, to divert his reader from reflecting on his boldneſs, pours forth a great variety of poetical ornaments; by deſcribing the various flowers the earth ſhoots up to compoſe their couch, the golden clouds that encompaſſed them, and the bright heavenly dews that were ſhowered round them.

Thick new-born vi'lets a ſoft carpet ſpread,
And cluſt'ring Lotos ſwell'd the riſing bed,
And ſudden Hyacinths the turf beſtrow,
And flamy Crocus made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal the heav'nly pair,
Steep'd in ſoft joys, and circumfus'd with air;
Celeſtial dews, deſcending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambroſia round.
At length with love and ſleep's ſoft pow'r oppreſt,
The panting thund'rer nods, and ſinks to reſt.

Now to the navy born on ſilent wings,
To Neptune's ear ſoft Sleep his meſſage brings;
Beſide him ſudden, unperceiv'd he ſtood,
And thus with gentle words addreſs'd the god.

Now, Neptune! now, th' important hour employ,
To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:
While Jove yet reſts, while yet my vapours ſhed
The golden viſion round his ſacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleaſing ties,
Have clos'd thoſe awful and eternal eyes.

Thus having ſaid, the pow'r of ſlumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And tow'ring in the foremoſt ranks of war,
Indignant thus——Oh once of martial fame!
O Greeks! if yet ye can deſerve the name!
This half-recover'd day ſhall Troy obtain?
Shall Hector thunder at your ſhips again?
Lo ſtill he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,
While ſtern Achilles in his wrath retires.
One hero's loſs too tamely you deplore,
Be ſtill yourſelves, and we ſhall need no more.

them. Euſtathius obſerves it as an inſtance of Homer's modeſty conduct in ſo delicate an affair, that he has purpoſely adorned the bed of Jupiter with ſuch a variety of beautiful flowers, that the reader's thoughts being entirely taken up with theſe ornaments, might have no room for looſe imaginations.

Oh yet, if glory any boſom warms,
Brace on your firmeſt helms, and ſtand to arms :
His ſtrongeſt ſpear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian ſeize his broadeſt ſhield ;
Let, to the weak, the lighter arms belong.
The pond'rous targe be wielded by the ſtrong.
(Thus arm'd) not Hector ſhall our preſence ſtay ;
Myſelf, ye Greeks ! myſelf will lead the way.
The troops aſſent ; their martial arms they change,
The buſy chiefs their banded legions range.
The kings, tho' wounded, and oppreſs'd with pain,
With helpful hands themſelves aſſiſt the train.
The ſtrong and cumb'rous arms the valiant wield,
The weaker warrior takes a lighter ſhield.
Thus ſheath'd in ſhining braſs in bright array,
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way :

His

Ver. 442. *The weaker warrior takes a lighter ſhield.*] Plutarch ſeems to allude to this paſſage in the beginning of the life of Pelopidas. " Homer," ſays he, " makes the braveſt and ſtouteſt of " his warriors march to battle in the beſt arms. The Grecian le- " giſlators puniſhed thoſe who caſt away their ſhields, but not thoſe " who loſt their ſpears or their ſwords ; as an intimation, that the " care of preſerving and defending ourſelves is preferable to the " wounding our enemy, eſpecially in thoſe who are generals of ar- " mies, or governors of ſtates." Euſtathius has obſerved, that the poet here makes the beſt warriors take the largeſt ſhields and longeſt ſpears, that they might be ready prepared, with proper arms, both offenſive and defenſive, for a new kind of fight, in which they are ſoon to be engaged when the fleet is attacked. Which indeed ſeems the moſt rational account that can be given for Neptune's advice in this exigence.

Ver. 444. *The legions march, and Neptune leads the way.*] The chief advantage the Greeks gain by the ſleep of Jupiter, ſeems to be this : Neptune, unwilling to offend Jupiter, has hitherto concealed himſelf in diſguiſed ſhapes ; ſo that it does not appear that Jupiter knew of his being among the Greeks, ſince he takes no notice of it. This precaution hinders him from aſſiſting the Greeks,

otherwiſe.

His brandiſh'd faulchion flames before their eyes,
Like light'ning flaſhing thro' the frighted ſkies.
Clad in his might th' earth-ſhaking pow'r appears;
Pale mortals tremble, and confeſs their fears.
Troy's great defender ſtands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud hoſt, and dares oppoſe a god:
And lo! the god, and wond'rous man appear!
The ſea's ſtern ruler there, and Hector here.
The roaring main, at her great maſter's call,
Roſe in huge ranks, and form'd a wat'ry wall
Around the ſhips: ſeas hanging o'er the ſhores,
Both armies join: earth thunders, ocean roars.
Not half ſo loud the bellowing deeps reſound,
When ſtormy winds diſcloſe the dark profound;
Leſs loud the winds, that from th' Ætolian hall
Roar thro' the woods, and make whole foreſts fall;

otherwiſe than by his advice. But, upon the intelligence received of what Juno had done, he aſſumes a form that manifeſts his divinity, inſpiring courage into the Grecian chiefs, appearing at the head of their army, and brandiſhing a ſword in his hand, the ſight of which ſtruck ſuch a terror into the Trojans, that, as Homer ſays, none durſt approach it. And therefore it is not to be wondered, that the Trojans, who are no longer ſuſtained by Jupiter, immediately gave way to the enemy.

Ver. 451. *And lo! the God, and wond'rous man, appear.*] What magnificence and nobleneſs is there in this idea! where Homer oppoſes Hector to Neptune, and equalizes him, in ſome degree, to a god. Euſtathius.

Ver. 457. *Not half ſo loud,* etc] The poet having ended the epiſode of Jupiter and Juno, returns to the battle, where the Greeks, being animated and led on by Neptune, renew the fight with vigour. The noiſe and outcry of this freſh onſet, he endeavours to expreſs by theſe three ſounding compariſons; as if he thought it neceſſary to awake the reader's attention, which, by the precedng deſcription, might be lulled into a forgetfulneſs of the fight. He might likewiſe deſign to ſhew how ſoundly Jupiter ſlept, ſince he is not awaked by ſo terrible an uproar.

Leſs

Leſs loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its ſhades devour.
With ſuch a rage the meeting hoſts are driven,
And ſuch a clamour ſhakes the ſounding heav'n.
The firſt bold jav'lin urge'd by Hector's force,
Direct at Ajax' boſom wing'd its courſe;
But there no paſs the croſſing belts afford,
(One brace'd his ſhield, and one ſuſtain'd his ſword.)
Then back the diſappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
But ſcap'd not Ajax; his tempeſtuous hand
A pond'rous ſtone up-heaving from the ſand,
(Where heaps lay'd looſe beneath the warrior's feet,
Or ſerv'd to ballaſt, or to prop the fleet)
Toſs'd round and round, the miſſive marble flings;
On the raz'd ſhield the falling ruin rings,
Full on his breaſt and throat with force deſcends;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury ſpends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the duſt, and ploughs into the ground.
As when the bolt, red-hiſſing from above,
Darts on the conſecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and ſmokes of ſulphur riſe;

Ver. 480. *Smokes in the duſt, and ploughs into the ground.*] Theſe words are tranſlated by ſeveral, as if they ſignified, that Hector was turned round with the blow, like a whirlwind; which would enhance the wonderful greatneſs of Ajax's ſtrength. Euſtathius rather inclines to refer the words to the ſtone itſelf, and the violence of its motion. Chapman, I think, is in the right to prefer the latter, but he ſhould not have taken the interpretation to himſelf. He ſays, it is above the wit of man to give a more fiery illuſtration both of Ajax's ſtrength and Hector's; of Ajax, for giving ſuch a force to the ſtone, that it could not ſpend itſelf on Hector; but afterwards turned upon the earth with that violence; and of Hector, for ſtanding the blow ſo ſolidly: for, without that conſideration, the ſtone could never have recoiled ſo fiercely.

Stiff

Stiff with amaze the pale beholders ſtand,
And own the terrors of th' almighty hand!
So lies great Hector proſtrate on the ſhore;
His ſlacken'd hand deſerts the lance it bore;
His following ſhield the fallen chief o'erſpread;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
His load of armour ſinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field; a dead and hollow ſound.
Loud ſhouts of triumph fill the crouded plain;
Greece ſees, in hope, Troy's great defender ſlain:
All ſpring to ſeize him; ſtorms of arrows fly;
And thicker jav'lins intercept the ſky.
In vain an iron tempeſt hiſſes round;
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warrior of Anchiſes' line,
And each bold leader of the Lycian band;
With cov'ring ſhields (a friendly circle) ſtand.
His mournful followers, with aſſiſtant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear;
His foaming courſers, ſwifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.

When now they touch'd the mead's enamell'd ſide,
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his eaſy tide,
With watry drops the chief they ſprinkle round,
Place'd on the margin of the flow'ry ground.
Rais'd on his knees he now ejects the gore;
Now faints anew, low-ſinking on the ſhore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting ſkies,
And ſeals again, by fits, his ſwimming eyes.

Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.
Oilean Ajax firſt his jav'lin ſped,
Pierce'd by whoſe point the ſon of Enops bled;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neis bore
Amidſt her flocks on Satnio's ſilver ſhore)

Struck

Struck thro' the belly's rim, the warrior lies
Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battle rose around the dead;
By turns the Greeks; by turns the Trojans bled.
Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
And at Prothœnor shook the trembling spear;
The driving jav'lin thro' his shoulder thrust,
He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
Lo thus, the victor cries, we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:
From this unerring hand there flies no dart
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.
Propt on that spear to which thou ow'st thy fall,
Go, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's dreary hall!
He said, and sorrow touch'd each Argive breast:
The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest.
As by his side the groaning warrior fell,
At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing steel;
The foe reclining, shunn'd the flying death:
But fate, Archelocus, demands thy breath:
Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart,
Swift to perform heav'n's fatal will it fled,
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
The dropping head first tumbled to the plain.
So just the stroke, that yet the body stood
Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.

Ver. 533. *Prop on that spear*, etc.] The occasion of this sarcasm of Polydamas seems taken from the attitude of his falling enemy, who is transfixed with a spear through his right shoulder. This posture, bearing some resemblance to that of a man leaning on a staff, might probably suggest the conceit.

The speech of Polydamas begins a long string of sarcastic raillery, in which Eustathius pretends to observe very different characters. This of Polydamas, he says, is pleasant; that of Ajax, heroic; *that of Acamas*, plain; and that of Peneleus, pathetic.

Here,

Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes!
(The tow'ring Ajax loud-inſulting cries)
Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor ſlain?
Mark well his port! his figure and his face
Nor ſpeak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his ſon.
He ſpake, and ſmil'd ſevere, for well he knew
The bleeding youth: Troy ſadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas avenge'd his cauſe;
As Promachus his ſlaughter'd brother draws,
He pierce'd his heart—Such fate attends you all,
Proud Argives! deſtin'd by our arms to fall.
Nor Troy alone, but haughty Greece ſhall ſhare
The toils, the ſorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath,
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
Not unapeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.
Heart-piercing anguiſh ſtruck the Grecian hoſt,
But touch'd the breaſt of bold Peneleus moſt;
At the proud boaſter he directs his courſe;
The boaſter flies, and ſhuns ſuperior force.
But young Ilioneus receiv'd the ſpear;
Ilioneus, his father's only care:
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain)
Full in his eye the weapon chance'd to fall,
And from the fibres ſcoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove thro' the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:
He lifts his miſerable arms in vain!
Swift his broad falchion fierce Peneleus ſpread,
And from the ſpouting ſhoulders ſtruck his head;
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
The lance, yet ſticking thro' the bleeding eye,

The

The victor ſeiz'd; and as aloft he ſhook
The goary viſage, thus inſulting ſpoke:
Trojans! your great Hioneus behold!
Haſte, to his father let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs reſound with frantic woe,
Such, as the houſe of Promachus muſt know;
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such, as to Promachus' ſad ſpouſe we bear;
When we, victorious ſhall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.
Dreadful he ſpoke, then toſs'd the head on high;
The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:
Aghaſt they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.
Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus ſhine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording nine!
O ſay, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero firſt embru'd the field?
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whoſe bleſt trophies, will ye raiſe to fame?
Thou firſt, great Ajax! on th' enſanguin'd plain
Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Myſian train.
Phalces and Mermer, Neſtor's ſon o'erthrew;
Bold Merion, Morys, and Hippotion ſlew.

Ver. 599. *Daughters of Jove!* etc.] Whenever we meet with theſe freſh invocations in the midſt of action, the poets would ſeem to give their readers to underſtand, that they are come to a point, where the deſcription being above their own ſtrength, they have occaſion for ſupernatural aſſiſtance; by this artifice at once exciting the reader's attention, and gracefully varying the narration. In the preſent caſe, Homer ſeems to triumph in the advantage the Grecks had gained in the flight of the Trojans, by invoking the muſes to ſnatch the brave actions of his heroes from oblivion, and ſet them in the light of eternity. This power is vindicated to them by the poets on every occaſion, and it is to this taſk they are ſo ſolemnly and frequently ſummoned by our author.

Strong

Strong Periphætes and Prothoön bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead.
Pierce'd in the flank by Menelaus' ſteel
His people's paſtor, Hyperenor fell;
Eternal darkneſs wrapt the warrior round,
And the fierce ſoul came ruſhing through the wound.
But ſtretch'd in heaps before Oileus' ſon,
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the leſs, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in purſuit, and ſwifteſt in the chace.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fifth battle, at the ſhips; and the acts of Ajax.

Jupiter awaking, ſees the Trojans repulſed from the trenches, Hector in a ſwoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks: he is highly incenſed at the artifice of Juno, who appeaſes him by her ſubmiſſions; ſhe is then ſent to Iris and Apollo. Juno repairing to the aſſembly of the gods, attempts with extraordinary addreſs to incenſe them againſt Jupiter; in particular ſhe touches Mars with a violent reſentment; he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and paſſion, he conſents. Apollo re-inſpires Hector with vigor, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his Ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans ruſh in, and attempt to fire the firſt line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious ſlaughter.

NOw in ſwift flight they paſs the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gaſping on the ground:
Then ſtopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie:
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
Meanwhile awaken'd from his dream of love,
On Ida's ſummit ſat imperial Jove:

Round

Round the wide fields he caſt a careful view.
There ſaw the Trojans fly, the Greeks purſue;
Theſe proud in arms, thoſe ſcatter'd o'er the plain;
And, 'midſt the war, the monarch of the main.
Not far, great Hector on the duſt he ſpies,
(His ſad aſſociates round with weeping eyes)
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His ſenſes wand'ring to the verge of death.
The god beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudful Juno ſpoke.
O thou, ſtill adverſe to th' eternal will,
For ever ſtudious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the godlike Hector yield,
And driv'n his conqu'ring ſquadrons from the field.
Canſt thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withſtand
Our pow'r immenſe, and brave th' almighty hand?
Haſt thou forgot, when bound and fix'd on high,
From the vaſt concave of the ſpangled ſky,

Ver. 17.] Adam, in Paradiſe Loſt, awakes from the embrace of Eve, in much the ſame humour with Jupiter in this place. Their circumſtance is very parallel; and each of them, as ſoon as his paſſion is over, appears full of that reſentment natural to a ſuperior, who is impoſed upon by one of leſs worth and ſenſe than himſelf, and impoſed upon in the worſt manner, by ſhews of tenderneſs and love.

Ver. 23. *Haſt thou forgot*, etc.] It is in the original to this effect: *Have you forgot how you ſwung in the air, when I hung a load of two anvils at your feet, and a chain of gold on your hands?* "Though "it is not my deſign," ſays M. Dacier, "to give a reaſon for eve-"ry ſtory in the Pagan theology, yet I cannot prevail upon myſelf "to paſs over this in ſilence. The phyſical allegory ſeems very "apparent to me: Homer myſteriouſly in this place explains the "nature of the air, which is Juno; the two anvils, which ſhe had "at her feet, are the two elements, earth and water; and the "chains of gold about her hands are the æther, or fire which fills "the ſuperior regions: the two groſſer elements are called anvils, "to ſhew us, that, in thoſe two elements only, arts are exerciſed.

I hung thee trembling, in a golden chain;
And all the raging gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from th' Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathleſs with the fall.
For godlike Hercules theſe deeds were done;
Nor ſeem'd the vengeance worthy ſuch a ſon;
When by thy wiles induce'd, fierce Boreas toſt
The ſhipwreck'd hero on the Coan coaſt:
Him thro' a thouſand forms of death I bore,
And ſent to Argos, and his native ſhore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Leſt arts and blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove,
Thy ſoft deceits, and well diſſembled love.
The thund'rer ſpoke; imperial Juno mourn'd,
And trembling theſe ſubmiſſive words return'd.
By ev'ry oath that pow'rs immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-infolding ſkies,
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
Thro' the drear realms of gliding ghoſts below:
By the dread honours of thy ſacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin-bed!
Not by my arts the ruler of the main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain:

By

Ver. 43. *By thy black waves, tremendous Styx.*] The epithet Homer here gives to Styx is *ſubterlabens*, which I take to refer to its paſſage through the infernal regions. But there is a refinement upon it, as if it ſignified *ex alto ſtillans*, falling drop by drop from on high. Herodotus, in his ſixth book, writes thus. "The Arcadians ſay, that near the city Donacris flows the water of Styx, "and that it is a ſmall rill, which, diſtilling from an exceeding "high rock, falls into a little cavity or baſon, environed with a "hedge."

Ver. 47. *Not by my arts*, etc.] This apology is well contrived; Juno could not ſwear, that ſhe had not deceived Jupiter, for this had been entirely falſe, and Homer would be far from authorizing perjury

By his own ardour, his own pity ſway'd
To help his Greeks: he fought, and diſobey'd:
Elſe had thy Juno better counſels giv'n,
And taught ſubmiſſion to the ſire of heav'n.
Think'ſt thou with me? fair empreſs of the ſkies!
(Th' immortal father with a ſmile replies!)
Then ſoon the haughty ſea god ſhall obey,
Nor dare to act, but when we point the way.
If truth inſpires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright ſynod on th' Olympian hill;
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the god that bears the ſilver bow.
Let her deſcend, and from th' embattl'd plain
Command the ſea god to his wat'ry reign:
While Phœbus haſtes, great Hector to prepare
To riſe afreſh, and once more wake the war,
His lab'ring boſom reinſpires with breath,
And calls his ſenſes from the verge of death.
Greece chas'd by Troy ev'n to Achilles fleet,
Shall fall by thouſands at the hero's feet.
He not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall ſend Patroclus, but ſhall ſend in vain.
What youth he ſlaughters under Ilion's walls?
Ev'n my lov'd ſon, divine Sarpedon falls?
Vanquiſh'd at laſt by Hector's lance he lies.
Then, nor till then, ſhall great Achilles riſe:
And lo! that inſtant, godlike Hector dies.
From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
Pallas aſſiſts, and lofty Ilion burns.

perjury by ſo great an example. Juno, we ſee, throws part of the fault on Neptune, by ſhewing ſhe had not acted in concert with him. Euſtathius.

Ver. 67, *Greece chas'd by Troy*, etc.] In this diſcourſe of Jupiter, the poet opens his deſign, by giving his reader a ſketch of the principal events he is to expect.

Not till that day ſhall Jove relax his rage.
Nor one of all the heav'nly hoſt engage
In aid of Greece. The promiſe of a god
I gave, and ſeal'd it with th' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the ſtars to raiſe;
Such was our word, and fate the word obeys.
The trembling queen (th' almighty order given)
Swift from th' Idæan ſummit ſhot to heav'n.
As ſome way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought, a length of lands he trode before,
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and meaſures ſpace with ſpace:
So ſwift flew Juno to the bleſt abodes,
If thought of man can match the ſpeed of gods.
There ſat the pow'rs in awful ſynod place'd,
They bow'd, and made obeyſance as ſhe paſs'd,
Through all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'd
They hail her queen: the Nectar ſtreams around.
Fair Themis firſt preſents the golden bowl,
And anxious aſks what cares diſturb her ſoul?
To whom the white-arm'd goddeſs thus replies?
Enough, thou know'ſt the tyrant of the ſkies,
Severely bent his purpoſe to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unreſtrain'd his will.

Ver. 86. *As ſome way-faring man*, etc. The diſcourſe of Jupiter to Juno being ended, ſhe aſcends to heaven with wonderful celerity, which the poet explains by this compariſon. On other occaſions he has illuſtrated the action of the mind by ſenſible images from the motion of bodies; here he inverts the caſe, and ſhews the great velocity of Juno's flight, by comparing it to the quickneſs of thought. No other compariſon could have equalled the ſpeed of an heavenly being. To render this more beautiful and exact, the poet deſcribes a traveller who revolves in his mind the ſeveral places which he has ſeen, and in an inſtant paſſes in imagination from one diſtant part of the earth to another.

Go

Go thou, the feaſts of heav'n attend thy call:
Bid the crown'd Nectar circle round the hall;
But Jove ſhall thunder thro' th' ethereal dome,
Such ſtern decrees, ſuch threaten'd woes to come,
As ſoon ſhall freeze mankind with dire ſurprize,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the ſkies.

The goddeſs ſaid, and ſullen took her place;
Blank horror ſadden'd each celeſtial face,
To ſee the gath'ring grudge in ev'ry breaſt,
Smiles on her lips a ſpleenful joy expreſt,
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sate ſtedfaſt care, and low'ring diſcontent.
Thus ſhe proceeds—Attend, ye pow'rs above!
But know, 'tis madneſs to conteſt with Jove:
Supreme he ſits; and ſees in pride of ſway,
Your vaſſal godheads grudgingly obey;
Fierce in the majeſty of pow'r controuls,
Shakes all the thrones of heav'n, and bends the poles.

Ver. 102. *Go thou, the feaſts of heav'n attend thy call.*] This is a paſſage worthy our obſervation. Homer feigns, that Themis, that is, Juſtice, preſides over the feaſts of the gods; to let us know, that ſhe ought much more to preſide over the feaſts of men. Euſtathius.

Ver. 114. *Juno's ſpeech to the gods.*] It was no ſort of exaggeration what the ancients have affirmed of Homer, that the examples of all kinds of oratory are to be found in his works. The preſent ſpeech of Juno is a maſter-piece in that ſort, which ſeems to ſay one thing, and perſuades another: for while ſhe is only declaring to the gods the orders of Jupiter, at the time that ſhe tells them they muſt obey, ſhe fills them with a reluctance to do it. By repreſenting ſo ſtrongly the ſuperiority of his power, ſhe makes them uneaſy at it, and by particularly adviſing that god to ſubmit, whoſe temper could leaſt brook it, ſhe incites him to downright rebellion. Nothing can be more ſly and artfully provoking, than that ſtroke on the death of his darling ſon. "Do thou, O Mars, teach obe-
"dience to us all; for it is upon thee that Jupiter has put the ſe-
"vereſt trial: Aſcalaphus thy ſon lies ſlain by his means: bear it
"with ſo much temper and moderation, that the world may not
"think he was thy ſon."

Submiſs,

Submiſs, immortals! all he wills, obey;
And thou, great Mars, begin and ſhew the way.
Behold Aſcalaphus! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a ſigh;
Thy own lov'd boaſted offſpring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boaſted offſpring be thy own.

Stern Mars, with anguiſh for his ſlaughter'd ſon,
Smote his rebelling breaſt, and fierce begun.
Thus then, immortals! thus ſhall Mars obey:
Forgive me, gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Deſcending firſt to yon' forbidden plain,
The God of battles dares avenge the ſlain;
Dares, though the thunder, burſting o'er my head,
Should hurl me blazing on thoſe heaps of dead.

With that, he gives command to Fear and Flight
To join his rapid courſers for the fight:
Then grim in arms, with haſty vengeance flies;
Arms, that reflect a radiance through the ſkies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driv'n,
Diſcharge'd his wrath on half the hoſt of heav'n;
But Pallas ſpringing through the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the god.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars ſhe ſnatch'd the ſhield and ſpear;
Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus, to th' impetuous homicide ſhe ſaid.

By what wild paſſion, furious! art thou toſt?
Striv'ſt thou with Jove? thou art already loſt.

Ver. 134. *To Fear and Flight*——] Homer does not ſay, that Mars commanded they ſhould join his horſes to his chariot, which horſes were called Fear and Flight. Fear and Flight are not the names of the horſes of Mars, but the names of two furies in the ſervice of this god: it appears likewiſe by other paſſages, that they were his children, book xiii. ver. 299. This is a very ancient miſtake; Euſtathius mentions it as an error of Antimachus, yet Hobbes and moſt others have fallen into it.

Shall

Shall not the Thund'rer's dread command reſtrain,
And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
Back to the ſkies wouldſt thou with ſhame be driv'n,
And in thy guilt involve the hoſt of heav'n?
Ilion and Greece no more ſhould Jove engage;
The ſkies would yield an ampler ſcene of rage,
Guilty and guiltleſs find an equal fate,
And one vaſt ruin whelm th' Olympian ſtate.
Ceaſe then thy offspring's death unjuſt to call;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet ſhall fall.
Why ſhould heav'n's law with fooliſh man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?
This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne;
Sullen he ſat, and curb'd the riſing groan.
Then Juno call'd, Jove's orders to obey,
The winged Iris, and the god of day.
Go wait the Thund'rer's will (Saturnia cry'd)
On yon tall ſummit of the fount-full Ide:
There in the father's awful preſence ſtand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.
She ſaid, and ſat: The God that gilds the day,
And various Iris wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hills they came,
(Fair nurſe of fountains, and of ſavage game)
There ſat th' Eternal: he, whoſe nod controuls
The trembling world, and ſhakes the ſteady poles.

Ver. 164. *Go wait the Thund'rer's will.*] It is remarkable, that whe eas it is familiar with the poet to repeat his errands and meſſages, he e he introduces Juno with very few words, where ſhe carries a diſpatch from Jupiter to Iris and Apollo. She only ſays, "Jove commands you to attend him on mount Ida," and adds nothing of what had paſſed between herſelf and her conſort before. The reaſon of this brevity, is not only that ſhe is highly diſguſted with Jupiter, and ſo unwilling to tell her tale from the anguiſh of her heart; but alſo becauſe Jupiter had given her no commiſſion to relate fully the ſubject of their diſcourſe; wherefore ſhe is cautious of declaring what poſſibly he would have concealed.

Veil'd

Veil'd in a miſt of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round.
Well-pleas'd the Thund'rer ſaw their earneſt care,
And prompt obedience to the queen of air;
Then (while a ſmile ſerenes his awful brow)
Commands the goddeſs of the ſhow'ry bow.
Iris! deſcend, and what we here ordain
Report to yon mad tyrant of the main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from ſlaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuſe, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and ſuperior ſway.
How ſhall his raſhneſs ſtand the dire alarms,
If heav'n's omnipotence deſcend in arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his pow'r was giv'n,
And is there equal to the Lord of heav'n?
Th' Almighty ſpoke; the goddeſs wing'd her flight
To ſacred Ilion from th' Idæan height.
Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy ſnows
Drive thro' the ſkies, when Boreas fiercely blows;
So from the clouds deſcending Iris falls;
And to blue Neptune thus the goddeſs calls.
Attend the mandate of the ſire above,
In me behold the meſſenger of Jove:
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This, if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birth-right, and ſuperior ſway.
How ſhall thy raſhneſs ſtand the dire alarms,
If heav'n's omnipotence deſcend in arms?
Striv'ſt thou with him, by whom all pow'r is giv'n?
And art thou equal to the Lord of heav'n?
What means the haughty ſov'reign of the ſkies,
(The king of ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;
No vaſſal god, nor of his train am I.

Three

Three brother deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, earth's immortal dame:
Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal Pluto sways the shades below;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain:
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep:
Olympus, and this earth, in common lie;
What claim has here the tyrant of the sky?
Far in the distant clouds let him controul,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
There to his children his commands be giv'n,
The trembling, servile, second race of heav'n.
And must I then, said she, O fire of floods!
Bear this fierce answer to the king of gods?
Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent;
A noble mind disdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are giv'n,
To scourge the wretch insulting them and heav'n.
Great is the profit, thus the god rejoin'd,
When ministers are blest with prudent mind:
Warn'd by thy words, to pow'rful Jove I yield,
And quit, though angry, the contended field.
Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,
The same our honours, and our birth the same.
If yet, forgetful of his promise giv'n
To Hermes, Pallas, and the Queen of heav'n;

Ver. 228. *To elder brothers.*] Iris, that she may not seem to upbraid Neptune with weakness of judgment, out of regard to the greatness and dignity of his person, does not say, that Jupiter is stronger or braver; but, attacking him from a motive not in the least invidious, superiority of age, she says sententiously, that the Furies wait upon our elders.

To

To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race;
Give him to know, unleſs the Grecian train
Lay yon proud ſtructures level with the plain,
Howe'er th' offence by other gods be paſt,
The wrath of Neptune ſhall for ever laſt.
Thus ſpeaking, furious from the field he ſtrode,
And plunge'd into the boſom of the flood.
The Lord of thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus beſpoke the ſource of light.
Behold! the god whoſe liquid arms are hurl'd!
Around the globe, whoſe earthquakes rock the world;
Deſiſts at length his rebel-war to wage,
Seeks his own ſeas, and trembles at our rage;
Elſe had my wrath, heav'n's thrones all ſhaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of the ſeas profound;
And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell,
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.
Well was the crime, and well the vengeance ſpar'd;
Ev'n pow'r immenſe had found ſuch battle hard.
Go thou, my ſon! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad Ægis on thy active arm,

Ver. 252. *Elſe had my wrath*, etc.] This repreſentation of the terrors, which muſt have attended the conflict of two ſuch mighty powers as Jupiter and Neptune, whereby the elements had been mixed in confuſion, and the whole frame of nature endangered, is imaged in theſe few lines with a nobleneſs ſuitable to the occaſion. Milton has a thought very like it in his fourth book, where he repreſents what muſt have happened if Satan and Gabriel had encountered:

——— "Not only Paradiſe
"In this commotion, but the ſtarry cope
"Of heav'n, perhaps, and all the elements
"At laſt had gone to wreck, diſturb'd and torn
"With violence of this conflict, had not ſoon
"Th' Almighty, to prevent ſuch horrid fray," &c.

Be god-like Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his ſtrength to war:
Let Ilion conquer, till th' Achaian train
Fly to their ſhips and Helleſpont again:
Then Greece ſhall breathe from toils—the godhead ſaid;
His will divine the ſon of Jove obey'd.
Not half ſo ſwift the ſailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle through the liquid ſkies;
As Phœbus ſhooting from th' Idæan brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector ſeated by the ſtream he ſees,
His ſenſe returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulſes beat, his ſpirits riſe;
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they paſt away.
To whom the god who gives the golden day.
Why ſits great Hector from the field ſo far,
What grief what wound, with-holds him from the war?
The fainting hero, as the viſion bright
Stood ſhining o'er him, half unſeal'd his ſight:
What bleſt immortal, with commanding breath,
Thus wakens Hector from the ſleep of death?
Has fame not told, how, while my truſty ſword
Bath'd Greece in ſlaughter, and her battle gor'd,
The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow
Had almoſt ſunk me to the ſhades below?
Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghoſts I ſpy,
And hell's black horrors ſwim before my eye.

Ver. 274. *Jove thinking of his pains, they paſt away.*] Euſtathius obſerves, that this is a very ſublime repreſentation of the power of Jupiter, to make Hector's pains ceaſe from the moment wherein Jupiter firſt turned his thoughts towards him. Apollo finds him ſo for recovered, as to be able to ſit up, and know his friends. Thus much was the work of Jupiter; the god of health perfects the cure.

To him, Apollo. Be no more diſmay'd;
See, and be ſtrong! the thund'rer ſends thee aid,
Behold! thy Phœbus ſhall his arms employ,
Phœbus, propitious ſtill to thee, and Troy.
Inſpire thy warriors then with manly force,
And to the ſhips impel thy rapid horſe:
Ev'n I will make thy fiery courſers way,
And drive the Grecians headlong to the ſea.

Thus to bold Hector ſpoke the ſon of Jove,
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
As when the pamper'd ſteed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and pours along the ground;
With ample ſtrokes he ruſhes to the flood,
To bathe his ſides, and cool his fiery blood:
His head now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevel'd o'er his ſhoulders flies:
He ſnuffs the females in the well-known plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again:
Urge'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
Full of the god; and all his hoſts purſue.
As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
Invade the mountain goat, or branching hind;
Far from the hunter's rage ſecure they lie
Cloſe in the rock, nor fated yet to die,
When lo! a lion ſhoots acroſs the way!
They fly: at once the chaſers and the prey.
So Greece, that late in conq'ring troops purſu'd,
And mark'd their progreſs through the ranks in blood,
Soon as they ſee the furious chief appear,
Forget to vanquiſh, and conſent to fear.

Thoas with grief obſerv'd his dreadful courſe,
Thoas, the braveſt of th' Ætolian force:

Ver. 311. *Not fated yet to die.*] Dacier has a pretty remark on this paſſage, that Homer extended deſtiny (that is, the care of providence) even over the beaſts of the field; an opinion that agrees perfectly with true theology.

Skill'd

Skill'd to direct the jav'lin's diſtant flight,
And bold to combat in the ſtanding fight;
Nor more in councils fam'd for ſolid ſenſe,
Than winning words and heav'nly eloquence.
Gods! what portent, he cry'd, theſe eyes invades?
Lo! Hector riſes from the Stygian ſhades!
We ſaw him, late, by thund'ring Ajax kill'd:
What god reſtores him to the frighted field;
And not content that half of Greece lie ſlain,
Pours new deſtruction on her ſons again?
He comes not, Jove! without thy pow'rful will;
Lo! ſtill he lives, purſues, and conquers ſtill!
Yet hear my counſel, and his worſt withſtand;
The Greeks main body to the fleet command;
But let the few whom briſker ſpirits warm,
Stand the firſt onſet, and provoke the ſtorm:
Thus point your arms: and when ſuch foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.

The warrior ſpoke, the liſt'ning Greeks obey,
Thick'ning their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion, gave command,
The valiant leader of the Cretan band,
And Mars-like Meges: theſe the chiefs excite,
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
To flank the navy, and the ſhores defend.
Full on the front the preſſing Trojans bear,
And Hector firſt came tow'ring to the war.
Phœbus himſelf the ruſhing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High-held before him, Jove's enormous ſhield
Portentous ſhone, and ſhaded all the field,
Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift conſign'd,
To ſcatter hoſts, and terrify mankind.
The Greeks expect the ſhock; the clamours riſe
From diff'rent parts, and mingle in the ſkies.

Dire was the hiſs of darts, by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-ſtring ſung;
Theſe drink the life of gen'rous warriors ſlain;
Thoſe guiltleſs fall, and thirſt for blood in vain.
As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the ſhield,
Sat doubtful conqueſt hov'ring o'er the field;
But when aloft he ſhakes it in the ſkies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horror ſeizes ev'ry Grecian breaſt,
Their force is humbled, and their fear confeſt.
So flies a herd of oxen, ſcatter'd wide,
No ſwain to guard them, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And ſpread the carnage thro' the ſhady gloom.
Impending Phœbus pours around them fear,
And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
Heaps fall on heaps: the ſlaughter Hector leads;
Firſt great Arceſilas, then Stichius bleeds;
One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,
And one Meneſtheus' friend, and fam'd compeer.
Medon and Iaſus, Æneas ſped;
This ſprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;
But hapleſs Medon from Oileus came;
Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
Tho' born of lawleſs love: from home expell'd,
A baniſh'd man, in Phylace he dwell'd,

Ver. 362. *But when aloft he ſhakes.*] Apollo in this paſſage, by this mere ſhaking of his Ægis, without acting offenſively, annoys and puts the Greeks into diſorder. Euſtathius thinks that ſuch a motion might poſſibly create the ſame confuſion, as hath been reported by hiſtorians to proceed from dreadful panic fears: or that it might intimate ſome dreadful confuſion in the air, and a noiſe iſſuing from thence: a notion which ſeems to be warranted by Apollo's outcry, which preſently follows in the ſame verſe.

Preſs'd

Preſs'd by the vengeance of an angry wife,
Troy ends, at laſt, his labours and his life.
Mecyſtes next, Polydamas o'erthrew;
And thee, brave Clonius! great Agenor ſlew.
By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
Pierce'd thro' the ſhoulder as he baſely flies.
Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors ſpoil the ſlain.
The Greeks, diſmay'd, confus'd, diſperſe or fall,
Some ſeek the trench, ſome ſkulk behind the wall,
While theſe fly trembling, others pant for breath,
And o'er the ſlaughter ſtalks gigantic Death.
On ruſh'd bold Hector, gloomy, as the night;
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,
Points to the fleet: for by the gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;

Ver. 386. *By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,*
Pierce'd through the ſhoulder as he baſely flies.] Here is one that falls under the ſpear of Paris, ſmitten in the extremity of his ſhoulder as he was flying. This gives occaſion to a pretty obſervation of Euſtathius, that this is the only Greek who falls by a wound in the back; ſo careful is Homer of the honour of his countrymen. And this remark will appear not ill grounded, if we except the death of Eioneus in the beginning of lib. 6.

Ver. 396. *For by the gods, who flies,* etc.] It ſometimes happens, ſays Longinus, that a writer in ſpeaking of ſome perſon, all on a ſudden puts himſelf in that other's place, and acts his part; a figure which marks the impetuoſity and hurry of paſſion. It is this which Homer practiſes in theſe verſes; the poet ſtops his narration, forgets his own perſon, and inſtantly, without any notice, puts this precipitate menace into the mouth of this furious and tranſported hero. How muſt his diſcourſe have languiſhed, had he ſtaid to tell us, *Hector then ſaid theſe, or the like words?* Inſtead of which, by this unexpected tranſition he prevents the reader, and the tranſition is made before the poet himſelf ſeems ſenſible he had made it.

No weeping ſiſter his cold eye ſhall cloſe,
No friendly hand his fun'ral pyre compoſe.
Who ſtops to plunder, in this ſignal hour,
The birds ſhall tear him, and the dogs devour.
Furious he ſaid; the ſmarting ſcourge reſounds;
The courſers fly; the ſmoking chariot bounds:
The hoſts ruſh on; loud clamours ſhake the ſhore;
The horſes thunder, earth and ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,
Puſh'd at the bank: down ſunk th' enormous mound:
Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
A ſudden road! a long and ample way.
O'er the dead foſſe (a late-impervious ſpace)
Now ſteeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous paſs.
The wond'ring crouds the downward level trod:
Before them flam'd the ſhield, and march'd the god.
Then with his hand he ſhook the mighty wall:
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
Eaſy, as when aſhore an infant ſtands,
And draws imagin'd houſes in the ſands;
The ſportive wanton, pleas'd with ſome new play,
Sweeps the ſlight works, and faſhion'd domes away.
Thus vaniſh'd, at thy touch, the tow'rs and walls;
The toil of thouſands in a moment falls.
The Grecians gaze around with wild deſpair,
Confus'd, and weary all the pow'rs with pray'r;
Exhort their men, with praiſes, threats, commands;
And urge the gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experience'd Neſtor chief obteſts the ſkies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes.
O Jove! if ever, on his native ſhore,
One Greek enrich'd thy ſhrine with offer'd gore;

Ver. 416. *As when aſhore an infant ſtands.*] This ſimile of the ſand is inimitable; it is not eaſy to imagine any thing more exact and emphatical to deſcribe the tumbling and confuſed heap of a wall, in a moment.

Ver. 428. O Jove! if ever, etc.] The form of Neſtor's prayer in

If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fatteſt firſtlings of the fold;
If e'er thou ſign'ſt our wiſhes with thy nod,
Perform the promiſe of a gracious god!
This day, preſerve our navies from the flame,
And ſave the reliques of the Grecian name.

Thus pray'd the ſage: Th' Eternal gave conſent,
And peals of thunder ſhook the firmament.
Preſumptuous Troy miſtook th' accepting ſign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempeſts mix the ſeas and ſkies,
The roaring deeps in watry mountains riſe,
Above the ſides of ſome tall ſhip aſcend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus loudly roaring, and o'erpow'ring all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
Legions on legions from each ſide ariſe:
Thick ſound the keels; the ſtorm of arrows flies.
Fierce on the ſhips above, the cars below,
Theſe wield the mace, and thoſe the jav'lin throw.

While

in this place reſembles that of Chryſes in the firſt book. And it is worth remarking, that the poet well knew what ſhame and confuſion the reminding one of paſt benefits is apt to produce. From the ſame topic Achilles talks with his mother, and Thetis herſelf accoſts Jove; and likewiſe Phœnix, where he holds a parley with Achilles. This righteous prayer hath its wiſhed accompliſhment. Euſtathius.

Ver. 438. *Preſumptuous Troy miſtook the ſign.*] The thunder of Jupiter is deſigned as a mark of his acceptance of Neſtor's prayers, and a ſign of his favour to the Greeks However, there being nothing in the prodigy particular to the Greeks, the Trojans expound it in their own favour, as they ſeem warranted by their preſent ſucceſs. This ſelf-partiality of men in appropriating to themſelves the protection of heaven, has always been natural to them.

Ver. 448. *On [illegible] above, the cars below.*] This is a new ſort of battle, [illegible]h Homer has never before mentioned; the Greeks

While thus the thunder of the battle rage'd,
And lab'ring armies round the works engage'd;
Still in the tent Patroclus sat, to tend
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He sprinkles healing balms, to anguish kind,
And adds discourse, the med'cine of the mind.
But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy; then, starting from his seat,
With bitter groans his sorrows he expreſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast.
Though yet thy state requires redress, he cries,
Depart I must: what horrors strike my eyes?
Charge'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
A mournful witness of this scene of wo:
I haste to urge him, by his country's care,
To rise in arms, and shine again in war.
Perhaps some fav'ring god his soul may bend;
The voice is pow'rful of a faithful friend.
He spoke; and speaking, swifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the war behind.
Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack sustain,
But strive, tho' numerous, to repulse in vain.
Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
Force, to the fleet and tents, th' impervious way.

Greeks on their ships, and the Trojans in their chariots, as on a plain. Eustathius.

Ver. 472. *Nor could the Trojans——*
Force, to the fleet and tents, th' impervious way.]
Homer always marks distinctly the place of battle; he here shews us clearly, that the Trojans attacked the first line of the fleet that stood next the wall, or the vessels which were drawn foremost on the land: these vessels were a strong rampart to the tents which were pitched behind, and to the other line of the navy which stood nearer to the sea; to penetrate therefore to the tents, they must necessarily force the first line, and defeat the troops which defended it. Eustathius.

As

As when a ſhipwright, with Palladian art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels ev'ry part;
With equal hand he guides his whole deſign,
By the juſt rule, and the directing line.
The martial leaders, with like ſkill and care,
Preſerv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms thro' all the ranks were try'd,
And ev'ry ſhip ſuſtain'd an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high tow'ring o'er the fleet
Ajax the great, and god-like Hector meet;
For one bright prize the matchleſs chiefs contend;
Nor this the ſhips can fire, nor that defend;
One kept the ſhore, and one the veſſel trod;
That fix'd as fate, this acted by a god.
The ſon of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, ſhakes a flaming brand;
But pierce'd by Telamon's huge lance expires;
Thund'ring he falls, and drops th' extinguiſh'd fires.
Great Hector view'd him with a ſad ſurvey,
As ſtretch'd in duſt before the ſtern he lay.
Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous ſpace.
Lo! where the ſon of royal Clytius lies,
Ah ſave his arms, ſecure his obſequies!
This ſaid, his eager jav'lin ſought the foe:
But Ajax ſhunn'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It ſtretch'd in duſt unhappy Lycophron:
An exile long, ſuſtain'd at Ajax' board,
A faithful ſervant to a foreign lord;
In peace, in war, for ever at his ſide,
Near his lov'd maſter, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
From the high poop he tumbles on the ſand,
And lies a lifeleſs load, along the land.
With anguiſh Ajax views the piercing ſight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight.

Teucer

Teucer, behold! extended on the ſhore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are thoſe darts on which the fates attend?
And where the bow which Phœbus taught to bend?

Impatient Teucer, haſt'ning to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow diſplay'd;
The well-ſtor'd quiver on his ſhoulder hung:
Then hiſs'd his arrow, and the bow-ſtring ſung.
Clytus, Pæenor's ſon, renown'd in fame,
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name)
Drove thro' the thickeſt of th' embattel'd plains
The ſtartling ſteeds, and ſhook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arreſts him from behind:
Thro' his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's firſt bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty ſeat, at diſtance far,
The headlong courſers ſpurn his empty car;
Till ſad Polydamas the ſteeds reſtrain'd,
And gave, Aſtynous, to thy careful hand;
Then, fir'd to vengeance, ruſh'd amidſt the foe,
Rage edg'd his ſword, and ſtrengthen'd every blow.

Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cauſe,
At Hector's breaſt a choſen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the deſtin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.
But Hector was not doom'd to periſh then:
Th' all-wiſe diſpoſer of the fates of men,
Imperial Jove, his preſent death withſtands.
Nor was ſuch glory due to Teucer's hands.
At his full ſtretch as the tough ſtring he drew,
Struck by an arm unſeen, it burſt in two;

Down dropp'd the bow: the ſhaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the duſt lay dead.
Th' aſtoniſh'd archer to great Ajax cries;
Some god prevents our deſtin'd enterprize:
Some god, propitious to the Trojan foe,
Has, from my arm unfailing, ſtruck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.
Since heav'n commands it, Ajax made reply,
Diſmiſs the bow, and lay thy arrows by;
Thy arms no leſs ſuffice the lance to wield,
And quit the quiver for the pond'rous ſhield.
In the firſt ranks indulge thy thirſt of fame,
Thy brave example ſhall the reſt inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long ſucceſſes vain;
To force our fleet, or ev'n a ſhip to gain,
Aſks toil, and ſweat, and blood: their utmoſt might
Shall find its match—No more: 'tis ours to fight.
Then Teucer laid his faithleſs bow aſide;
The four-fold buckler o'er his ſhoulder ty'd;
On his brave head a creſted helm he place'd,
With nodding horſe-hair formidably grace'd;
A dart, whoſe point with braſs refulgent ſhines,
The warrior wields; and his great brother joins.
This Hector ſaw, and thus expreſs'd his joy.
Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
Be mindful of yourſelves, your ancient fame,
And ſpread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I ſaw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer ſtrike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours ſhine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How eaſy then, to ſee the ſinking ſtate
Of realms accurſt, deſerted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of Greece, and ſuch is ours:
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your pow'rs,

Death

Death is the worſt; a fate which all muſt try;
And, for your country, 'tis a bliſs to die.
The gallant man, though ſlain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation ſafe, his children free;
Entails a debt on all the grateful ſtate;
His own brave friends ſhall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race ſucceed;
And late poſterity enjoy the dead!
This rouz'd the ſoul in ev'ry Trojan breaſt:
The godlike Ajax next his Greeks addreſt.
How long, ye warriors of the Argive race,
(To gen'rous Argos what a dire diſgrace!)
How long, on theſe curſt confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die!
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your veſſels catch the Trojan fire!
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wiſdom or debates;
To your own hands are truſted all your fates;
And better far in one deciſive ſtriſe,
One day ſhould end our labour, or our life;

Ver. 582. *Death is the worſt*, &c.] It is with great addreſs, that to the bitterneſs of death, he adds the advantages that were to accrue after it. And the ancients are of opinion, that it would be as advantageous for young ſoldiers to read this leſſon, conciſe as it is, as all the volumes of Tyrtæus, wherein he endeavours to raiſe the ſpirits of his countrymen.

Ver. 591. *The godlike Ajax next.*] The oration of Hector is more ſplendid and ſhining than that of Ajax, and alſo more ſolemn, from his ſentiments concerning the favour and aſſiſtance of Jupiter. But that of Ajax is the more politic, fuller of management, and apter to perſuade; for it abounds with no leſs than ſeven generous arguments to inſpire reſolution.

Than

Than keep this hard-got inch of barren ſands,
Still preſs'd, and preſs'd by ſuch inglorious hands.
The liſt'ning Grecians feel their leader's flame,
And ev'ry kindling boſom pants for fame.
Then mutual ſlaughters ſpread on either ſide;
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd;
There pierce'd by Ajax, ſunk Laodamas,
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.
Polydamas laid Otus on the ſand,
The fierce commander of th' Epeian band.
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw;
The victor ſtooping, from the death withdrew;
(That valu'd life, O Phœbus! was thy care)
But Crœſmus' boſom took the flying ſpear:
His corps fell bleeding on the ſlipp'ry ſhore;
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.
Dolops, the ſon of Lampus, ruſhes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,
And fam'd for proweſs in a well-fought field;
He pierce'd the centre of his founding ſhield:
But Meges, Phyleus' ample breaſt-plate wore,
(Well known in fight on Selles' winding ſhore,
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed ſcale)
Which oft, in cities ſtorm'd, and battles won,
Had ſav'd the father, and now ſaves the ſon.
Full at the Trojan's head he urge'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New tinge'd with Tyrian die: in duſt below
Shorn from the creſt, the purple honours glow.
Meantime their fight the Spartan king ſurvey'd,
And ſtood by Meges' ſide, a ſudden aid,
Thro' Dolops' ſhoulder urge'd his forceful dart,
Which held its paſſage thro' the panting heart,
And iſſu'd at his breaſt. With thund'ring ſound
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.

In ruſh the conq'ring Greeks to ſpoil the ſlain:
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero moſt, from Hicetaon ſprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young.
He (ere to Troy the Grecians croſs'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;
But when oppreſs'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war:
For this, in Priam's court he held his place,
Belov'd no leſs than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector ſingled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead.
Lo Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinſman dies?
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on——a diſtant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage:
Till Greece at once, and all her glory end;
Or Ilion from her tow'ry height deſcend,
Heav'd from the loweſt ſtone; and bury all
In one ſad ſepulchre, one common fall.
Hector, this ſaid, ruſh'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows:
Then Ajax thus——Oh Greeks! reſpect your fame,
Reſpect yourſelves, and learn an honeſt ſhame;
Let mutual rev'rence mutual warmth inſpire,
And catch from breaſt to breaſt the noble fire.
On valour's ſide the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worſe than death, eternal ſhame.
His gen'rous ſenſe he not in vain imparts;
It ſunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts.

They

They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
Shields touching ſhields, in order blaze above,
And ſtop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.
The fiery Spartan firſt, with loud applauſe,
Warms the bold ſon of Neſtor in his cauſe.
Is there, he ſaid, in arms a youth like you,
So ſtrong to fight, ſo active to purſue?
Why ſtand you diſtant, nor attempt a deed?
Lift the bold lance, and make ſome Trojan bleed.
He ſaid, and backward to the lines retir'd;
Forth ruſh'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremoſt ranks; his lance he threw,
And round the black battalions caſt his view.
The troops of Troy recede with ſudden fear,
While the ſwift jav'lin hiſs'd along in air.
Advancing Melanippus met the dart
With his bold breaſt, and felt it in his heart:
Thund'ring he falls; his falling arms reſound,
And his broad buckler rings againſt the ground.
The victor leaps upon his proſtrate prize;
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
And rends his ſide, freſh-bleeding with the dart
The diſtant hunter ſent into his heart.
Obſerving Hector to the reſcue flew;
Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.
So when a ſavage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the ſhepherd's dog, or ſhepherd ſwain;
While conſcious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gath'ring multitude reſound,

Ver. 677. *And flank the navy with a brazen wall.*] The poet has built the Grecians a new ſort of wall out of their arms; and perhaps one might ſay, it was from this paſſage Apollo borrowed that oracle which he gave to the Athenians about their wall of wood; in like manner the Spartans were ſaid to have a wall of bones: if ſo, we muſt allow the god not a little obliged to the poet. Euſtathius.

Timely he flies the yet-untaſted food,
And gains the friendly ſhelter of the wood.
So fears the youth; all Troy with ſhouts purſue,
While ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſts flew;
But enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burns.
Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the ſtern decrees of Jove:
The Sire of gods, confirming Thetis' pray'r,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep deſpair;
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
Swells all their hearts, and ſtrengthens all their hands.
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the ſkies;
Then, not till then, the ſcale of war ſhall turn,
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.
Theſe fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
He raiſes Hector to the work deſign'd,
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe.
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge jav'lin, and whole armies fall.

Ver. 723. *He raiſes Hector*, etc.] This picture of Hector, impulſed by Jupiter, is a very finiſh'd piece, and excells all the drawings of this hero which Homer has given us in ſo various attitudes. He is here repreſented as an inſtrument in the hand of Jupiter, to bring about thoſe deſigns the god had long projected: and as his fatal hour now approaches, Jove is willing to recompenſe his haſty death with this ſhort-liv'd glory. Accordingly, this being the laſt ſcene of victory he is to appear in, the poet introduces him with all imaginable pomp, and adorns him with all the terror of a conqueror: his eyes ſparkle with fire, his mouth foams with fury, his figure is compared to the god of war, his rage is equalled to a conflagration and a ſtorm, and the deſtruction he cauſes is reſembled to that which a lion makes among the herds. The poet, by this heap of compariſons, raiſes the idea of the hero higher than any ſimple deſcription could reach.

Nor

Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vaſt mountains, and involves the poles.
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For Jove his ſplendor round the chief had thrown,
And caſt the blaze of both the hoſts on one.
Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to ſtern Pallas, and Pelides' ſpear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a day!
Now all on fire for fame, his breaſt, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and ſingle ev'ry prize;
Still at the cloſeſt ranks, the thickeſt fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
The Grecian phalanx moveleſs as a tow'r
On all ſides batter'd, yet reſiſts his pow'r:
So ſome tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds aſſail'd, by billows beat in vain,
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempeſt blow,
And ſees the watry mountains break below.
Girt in ſurrounding flames, he ſeems to fall
Like fire from Jove, and burſts upon them all:
Burſts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And ſwell'd with tempeſts on the ſhip deſcends;

White.

Ver. 736. ——— *His fate was near*
Due to ſtern Pallas, ———].

It may be aſked, what Pallas has to do with the Fates, or what power ſhe has over them? Homer ſpeaks thus, becauſe Minerva has already reſolved to ſuccour Achilles, and deceive Hector in the combat between theſe two heroes, as we find in book xxii.

Ver. 752. *Burſts as a wave*, etc.] Longinus, obſerving that oftentimes the principal beauty of writing conſiſts in the judicious aſſembling together the great circumſtances, and the ſtrength with which they are marked in the proper place, chuſes this paſſage of Homer

White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing thro' ev'ry shroud:
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears;
And instant death on ev'ry wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.
As when a lion rushing from his den,
Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen,
(Where num'rous oxen, as at ease they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead;)
Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes;
The trembling herdsman far to distance flies:
Some lordly bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)
He singles out; arrests, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he seiz'd, and slew;
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame;
The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire
Against Alcides, Copreus, was his sire:
The son redeem'd the honours of the race,
A son as gen'rous as the sire was base;
O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far
In ev'ry virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield!
Against the margin of his ample shield

Homer as a plain instance of it. "Where," says that noble critic, "in describing the terror of a tempest, he takes care to express whatever are the accidents of most dread and horror in such a situation: he is not content to tell us that the mariners were in danger, but he brings them before our eyes, as in a picture, upon the point of being every moment overwhelmed by every wave; nay, the very words and syllables of the description, give us an image of their peril." He shews, that a poet of less judgement would amuse himself in less important circumstances, and spoil the whole effect of the image by minute, ill-chosen, or superfluous particulars.

He

He ſtruck his haſty foot: his heels up-ſprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan preſt,
And plung'd the pointed jav'lin in his breaſt.
His circling friends, who ſtrove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero; fled, or ſhar'd his fate.

Chas'd from the foremoſt line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main:
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they ſtand,
Wall'd round with ſterns, a gloomy deſp'rate band.
Now manly ſhame forbids th' inglorious flight:
Now fear itſelf confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but Neſtor moſt
(The ſage preſerver of the Grecian hoſt)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard theſe utmoſt ſhores;
And by their parents, by themſelves, implores.

O friends! be men: your gen'rous breaſts inflame
With equal honour, and with mutual ſhame!
Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents ſhare:
Think of each living father's rev'rend head;
Think of each anceſtor with glory dead;
Abſent, by me they ſpeak, by me they ſue;
They aſk their ſafety, and their fame, from you:
The gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are loſt, if you deſert the day.

He ſpoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
Minerva ſeconds what the ſage inſpires.

Ver. 796. *Neſtor's ſpeech.*] This popular harangue of Neſtor, is juſtly extolled as the ſtrongeſt and moſt perſuaſive piece of oratory imaginable. It contains in it every motive by which men can be affected; the preſervation of their wives and children, the ſecure poſſeſſion of their fortunes, the reſpect of their living parents, and the due regard for the memory of thoſe that were departed: by theſe he diverts the Grecians from any thoughts of flight in the article of extreme peril. Euſtathius.

The

The miſt of darkneſs Jove around them threw
She clear'd, reſtoring all the war to view;
A ſudden ray ſhot beaming o'er the plain,
And ſhew'd the ſhores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they ſaw, and all who fly, or fight,
The ſcene wide opening to the blaze of light.
Firſt of the field great Ajax ſtrikes their eyes,
His port majeſtic, and his ample ſize:
A pond'rous mace with ſtuds of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long he ſwings around;
Nor fights like others fix'd to certain ſtands,
But looks a moving tow'r above the bands;
High on the decks, with vaſt gigantic ſtride,
The godlike hero ſtalks from ſide to ſide.
So when a horſeman from the watry mead
(Skill'd in the manage of a bounding ſteed)
Drives four fair courſers, practis'd to obey,
To ſome great city through the public way;
Safe in his art, as ſide by ſide they run,
He ſhifts his ſeat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies;
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
From ſhip to ſhip thus Ajax ſwiftly flew,
No leſs the wonder of the warring crew.
As furious Hector thunder'd threats aloud,
And ruſh'd enrage'd before the Trojan croud;
Then ſwift invades the ſhips, whoſe beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending ſhores:
So the ſtrong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the ſwans or crans embody'd flight,

Ver. 814. *Firſt of the field, great Ajax.*] In this book, Homer, to raiſe the valour of Hector, gives him Neptune for an antagoniſt; and to raiſe that of Ajax, he firſt oppoſed to him Hector, ſupported by Apollo, and now the ſame Hector ſupported and impelled by Jupiter himſelf. Theſe are ſtrokes of a maſter-hand. Euſtathius.

Stoops

Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And ſtooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes fierce ſpirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the ſounding prores.
Thou wouldſt have thought, ſo furious was their fire,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
Troy in proud hopes, already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes ſlain!
Like ſtrength is felt from hope, and from deſpair,
And each contends, as his were all the war.
'Twas thou, bold Hector! whoſe reſiſtleſs hand
Firſt ſeiz'd a ſhip on that conteſted ſtrand;
The ſame which dead Proteſilaus bore,
The firſt that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan ſhore.
For this, in arms the warring nations ſtood,
And bath'd their gen'rous breaſts with mutual blood.
No room to poize the lance, or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man they grow:
Wounded they wound; and ſeek each other's hearts
With faulchions, axes, ſwords, and ſhorten'd darts.
The faulchions ring, ſhields rattle, axes ſound,
Swords flaſh in air, or glitter on the ground;
With ſtreaming blood the ſlipp'ry ſhores are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.
Still raging Hector with his ample hand
Graſps the high-ſtern, and gives this loud command,

Ver. 856. *The ſame which dead Proteſilaus bore.*] Homer feigns that Hector laid hold on the ſhip of the dead Proteſilaus, rather than on that of any other, that he might not diſgrace any of his Grecian generals. Euſtath.

Haſte

Haſte, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years
Is finiſh'd: and the day deſir'd appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with deſtruction of yon hoſtile fleet.
The coward counſels of a tim'rous throng
Of rev'rend dotards, check'd our glory long:
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:
In this great day he crowns our full deſires,
Wakes all our force, and ſeconds all our fires.
He ſpoke—The warriors, at his fierce command,
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
Ev'n Ajax paus'd, ſo thick the jav'lins fly,
Stept back, and doubted or to live, or die.
Yet where the oars are place'd, he ſtands to wait
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate:
Ev'n to the laſt, his naval charge defends,
Now ſhakes his ſpear, now lifts, and now protends;
Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing ſhouts inſpires,
Amidſt attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.

Ver. 874. *The coward counſels of a tim'rous throng,*
Of rev'rend dotards.———]

Homer adds this with a great deal of art and prudence, to anſwer beforehand all the objections which he well foreſaw might be made, becauſe Hector never till now attacks the Grecians in their camp, or endeavours to burn their navy. He was retained by the elders of Troy, who, frozen with fear at the ſight of Achilles, never ſuffered him to march from the ramparts.

Ver. 877. *But now Jove calls to arms,* etc.] Hector ſeems to be ſenſible of an extraordinary impulſe from Heaven, ſignified by theſe words, *the moſt mighty hand of Jove puſhing him on.* It is no more than any other perſon would be ready to imagine, who ſhould riſe from a ſtate of diſtreſs or indolence, into one of good fortune, vigour, and activity. Euſtathius.

O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
Once ſons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!
Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers virtues and your own.
What aids expect you in this utmoſt ſtrait?
What bulwarks riſing between you and fate?
No aids, no bulwarks your retreat attend,
No friends to help, no city to defend.
This ſpot is all you have, to loſe or keep;
There ſtand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hoſtile ground you tread; your native lands
Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.
Raging he ſpoke; nor farther waſtes his breath,
But turns his jav'lin to the work of death.
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
Againſt the fable ſhips with flaming brands,
So well the chief his naval weapon ſped,
The luckleſs warrior at his ſtern lay dead:
Full twelve, the boldeſt, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell.

Ver. 890. *The ſpeech of Ajax.*] There is great ſtrength, cloſeneſs, and ſpirit in this ſpeech, and one might, like many critics, employ a whole page in extolling and admiring it in general terms. But ſure the perpetual rapture of ſuch commentators, who are always giving us exclamations inſtead of criticiſms, may be a mark of great admiration, but of little judgement.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſixth battle: the acts and death of Patroclus.

PATROCLUS (in purſuance of the requeſt of Neſtor in the eleventh book) intreats Achilles to ſuffer him to go to the aſſiſtance of the Greeks with Achilles's troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the ſame time charges him to content himſelf with reſcuing the fleet, without farther purſuit of the enemy. The armour, horſes, ſoldiers, and officers of Achilles are deſcribed. Achilles offers a libation for the ſucceſs of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the ſight of Patroclus in Achilles's armour, taking him for that hero, are caſt into the utmoſt conſternation: he beats them off from the veſſels, Hector himſelf flies, Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averſe to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are deſcribed; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, purſues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulſes and diſarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.

SO warr'd both armies on th' enſanguin'd ſhore,
While the black veſſels ſmok'd with human gore.
Meantime

We have at the entrance of this book one of the foremoſt beautiful parts of the Iliad. The two different characters are admirably

Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies.;
The ſtreaming tears fall copious from his eyes;

Not

rably ſuſtained in the dialogue of the two heroes, wherein there is not a period but ſtrongly marks not only their natural temper, but that particular diſpoſition of mind in either, which ariſes from the preſent ſtate of affairs. We ſee Patroclus touched with the deepeſt compaſſion for the misfortune of the Greeks, (whom the Trojans had forced to retreat to their ſhips, and which ſhips were on the point of burning) proſtrating himſelf before the veſſel of Achilles, and pouring out his tears at his feet. Achilles, ſtruck with the grief of his friend, demands the cauſe of it. Patroclus, pointing to the ſhips, where the flames already began to riſe, tells him he is harder than the rocks or ſea which lay in proſpect before them, if he is not touched with ſo moving a ſpectacle, and can ſee in cold blood his friends periſhing before his eyes. As nothing can be more natural and affecting than the ſpeech of Patroclus, ſo nothing is more lively and pictureſque than the attitude he is here deſcribed in.

The *pathetic* of Patroclus' ſpeech is finely contraſted by the *fierte* of that of Achilles. While the former is melting with ſorrow for his countrymen, the utmoſt he can hope from the latter, is but to borrow his armour and troops; to obtain his perſonal aſſiſtance he knows is impoſſible. At the very inſtant that Achilles is moved to aſk the cauſe of his friend's concern, he ſeems to ſay that nothing could deſerve it but the death of their fathers: and in the ſame breath ſpeaks of the total deſtruction of the Greeks as of too ſlight a cauſe for tears. Patroclus, at the opening of this ſpeech, dares not name Agamemnon even for being wounded; and after he has tried to bend him by all the arguments that could affect an human breaſt, concludes by ſuppoſing that ſome oracle or ſupernatural inſpiration is the cauſe that with-holds his arms. What can match the fierceneſs of his anſwer? Which implies, that not the oracles of heaven itſelf ſhould be regarded, if they ſtood in competition with his reſentment: that if he yields, it muſt be through his own mere motive: the only reaſon he has ever to yield, is that nature itſelf cannot ſupport anger eternally: and if he yields now, it is only becauſe he had before determined to do ſo at a certain time, Iliad ix. ver. 767. That time was not till the flames ſhou'd approach to his own ſhips. till the laſt article of danger, and that not of danger to Greece, but to himſelf. Thus his very pity has the ſtarneſt qualifications

Not faſter, trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the ſable waters flow.
Divine Pelides, with compaſſion mov'd,
Thus ſpoke, indulgent to his beſt belov'd.

Patroclus,

in the world. After all, what is it he yields to? only to ſuffer his friend to go in his ſtead, juſt to ſave them from preſent ruin, but he expreſsly forbids him to proceed any farther in their aſſiſtance, than barely to put out the fires, and ſecure his own and his friends return into their country: and all this concludes with a wiſh, that, if it were poſſible, every Greek and every Trojan might periſh except themſelves. Such is that wrath of Achilles, that more than wrath, as the Greek μῆνις implies, which Homer has painted in ſo ſtrong a colouring.

Ver. 8. *Indulgent to his beſt belov'd.*] The friendſhip of Achilles and Patroclus is celebrated by all antiquity: and Homer, notwithſtanding the anger of Achilles was his profeſſed ſubject, has found the ſecret to diſcover, through that very anger, the ſofter parts of his character. In this view we ſhall find him generous in his temper, deſpiſing gain and booty, and as far as his honour is not concerned, fond of his miſtreſs, and eaſy to his friend: not proud, but when injured; and not more revengeful when ill-uſed, than grateful and gentle when reſpectfully treated. "Patroclus (ſays Philoſtratus, who probably grounds his aſſertion on "ſome ancient tradition) was not ſo much elder than Achilles as "to pretend to direct him, but of a tender, modeſt, and unaſ-"ſuming nature; conſtant and diligent in his attendance, and "ſeeming to have no affections but thoſe of his friends." The ſame author has a very pretty paſſage, where Ajax is introduced inquiring of Achilles, "Which of all his warlike actions were "the moſt difficult and dangerous to him? He anſwers, Thoſe "which he undertook for the ſake of his friends. And which, "continues Ajax, were the moſt pleaſing and eaſy? The very "ſame, replies Achilles. He then aſks him, Which of all the "wounds he ever bore in battle was the moſt painful to him? A-"chilles anſwers, That which he received from Hector. But "Hector, ſays Ajax, never gave you a wound. Yes, replies Achil-"les, a mortal one, when he ſlew my friend Patroclus."

It is ſaid in the life of Alexander the Great, that when that prince viſited the monuments of the heroes at Troy, and placed a crown

Patroclus, ſay, what grief thy boſom bears,
That flows ſo faſt in theſe unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breaſt, with fonder paſſion weeps;
Not more the mother's ſoul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou haſt mine! Oh tell me to what end
Thy melting ſorrows thus purſue thy friend?
Griev'ſt thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come ſad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live, (our firſt, moſt tender care)
Thy good Menœtius breathes the vital air,
And hoary Peleus yet extends his days;
Pleas'd in their age to hear their children's praiſe.
Or may ſome meaner cauſe thy pity claim?
Perhaps yon reliques of the Grecian name,

crown upon the tomb of Achilles; his friend Hephæſtion placed another on that of Patroclus, as an intimation of his being to Alexander what the other was to Achilles. On which occaſion the ſaying of Alexander is recorded; *That Achilles was happy indeed, for having had ſuch a friend to love him living, and ſuch a poet to celebrate him dead.*

Ver. 11. *No girl, no infant*, etc.] I know the obvious tranſlation of this paſſage makes the compariſon conſiſt only in the tears of the infant, applied to thoſe of Patroclus. But certainly the idea of the ſimile will be much finer, if we comprehend alſo in it the mother's fondneſs and concern, awakened by this uneaſineſs of the child, which no leſs aptly correſponds with the tenderneſs of Achilles on the ſight of his friend's affliction. And there is yet a third branch of the compariſon, in that purſuit, and conſtant application the infant makes to the mother, in the ſame manner as Patroclus follows Achilles with his grief, till he forces him to take notice of it. I think, all theſe circumſtances laid together, nothing can be more affecting or exact in all its views, than this ſimilitude; which, without that regard, has perhaps ſeemed but low and trivial to an unreflecting reader.

Doom'd in their ſhips to ſink by fire and ſword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cauſe, reveal thy ſecret care,
And ſpeak thoſe ſorrows which a friend would ſhare.
A ſigh, that inſtant, from his boſom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus ſpoke.
Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breaſt,
Thyſelf a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the beſt!
Lo! ev'ry chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierce'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' ſon,
And wiſe Ulyſſes, at the navy groan
More for their country's wounds, than for their own.
Their pain, ſoft arts of pharmacy can eaſe,
Thy breaſt alone no lenitives appeaſe.
May never rage like thine my ſoul enſlave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country ſlighted in her laſt diſtreſs,
What friend, what man, from thee ſhall hope redreſs?
No——men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curſe that fierce, that unforgiving mind.
O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But ſure thou ſpring'ſt not from a ſoft embrace,
Nor ever am'rous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender goddeſs brought thee forth.

Ver. 35. *Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' ſon,*
And wiſe Ulyſſes——]

Patroclus, in mentioning the wounded princes to Achilles, takes care not to put Agamemnon firſt, leſt that odious name ſtriking his ear on a ſudden, ſhould ſhut it againſt the reſt of his diſcourſe: neither does he name him laſt, for fear Achilles dwelling upon it ſhould fall into paſſion: but he ſlides it into the middle, mixing and confounding it with the reſt, that it might not be taken too much notice of, and that the names which precede and follow it may diminiſh the hatred it might excite.

Some

Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging ſeas produce'd thee in a ſtorm,
A ſoul well-ſuiting that tempeſtuous kind,
So rough thy manners, ſo untam'd thy mind.
If ſome dire oracle thy breaſt alarm,
If ought from Jove, or Thetis, ſtop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may ſhine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy ſhall tremble, and deſert the war:
Without thy perſon Greece ſhall win the day,
And thy mere image chaſe her foes away.
Freſh'd by freſh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ſhips, and Greece reſpire again.
Thus, blind to fate! with ſupplicating breath,
Thou begg'ſt his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding ſigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it, this reply.
Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears:
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can ſuggeſt;
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breaſt.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my conſtant thought engage,
Thoſe, my ſole oracles, inſpire my rage:
I made him tyrant: gave him pow'r to wrong
Ev'n me: I felt it; and ſhall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he force'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;

Ver. 61. *And thy mere image chaſe her foes away.*] It is hard to conceive a greater complement, or one that could more touch the warlike ambition of Achilles, than this which Homer puts into the mouth of Patroclus. It was alſo an encomium which he could not ſuſpect of flattery; ſince the perſon who made it deſires to hazard his life upon the ſecurity that the enemy could not ſupport the ſight of the very armour of Achilles.

Due to my conqueſt of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he force'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Diſgrace'd, diſhonour'd, like the meaneſt ſlave.
But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are paſt;
'Tis time our fury ſhould relent at laſt:
I fix'd its date; the day I wiſh'd appears:
Now Hector to my ſhips his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the ſhouts invade my ears.
Go then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go ſave the fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
At the laſt edge of yon deſerted land;
Behold all Ilion on their ſhips deſcends;
How the cloud blackens, how the ſtorm impends!
It was not thus, when, at my ſight amaz'd,
Troy ſaw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:
Had not th' injurious king our friendſhip loſt,
Yon ample trench had bury'd half her hoſt,
No camps, no bulwarks now the Trojans fear,
Thoſe are not dreadful, no Achilles there:
No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' ſon;
No more your gen'ral calls his heroes on:

Hector

Ver. 101. *No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' ſon.*] By what Achilles here ſays, joining Diomed to Agamemnon in this taunting reflection, one may juſtly ſuſpect there was ſome particular diſagreement and emulation between theſe two heroes. This we may ſuppoſe to be the more natural, becauſe Diomed was of all the Grecks confeſſedly the neareſt in fame and courage to Achilles, and therefore the moſt likely to move his envy, as being the moſt likely to ſupply his place. The ſame ſentiments are to be obſerved in Diomed with regard to Achilles; he is always confident in his own valour, and therefore in their greateſt extremities he

no

Hector, alone, I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your ſlaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, Patroclus, iſſue to the plain;
Now ſave the ſhips, the riſing fires reſtrain,
And give the Greeks to viſit Greece again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
Who truſts his fame and honours in thy hand,
And from thy deeds expects, th' Achaian hoſt
Shall render back the beauteous maid he loſt:
Rage uncontroul'd through all the hoſtile crew,
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.
Though Jove in thunder ſhould command the war,
Be juſt, conſult my glory, and forbear.

no where acknowledges the neceſſity of appeaſing Achilles, but always in council appears moſt forward and reſolute to carry on the war without him. For this reaſon he was not thought a fit ambaſſador to Achilles; and upon return from the embaſſy, he breaks into a ſevere reflection, not only upon Achilles, but even upon Agamemnon, who had ſent this embaſſy to him. *I wiſh thou hadſt not ſent theſe ſupplications and gifts to Achilles; his inſolence was extreme before, but now his arrogance will be intolerable; let us not mind whether he goes or ſtays, but do our duty, and prepare for the battle.*

Ver. 113. *But touch not Hector.*] This injunction of Achilles is highly correſpondent to his ambitious character: he is by no means willing that the conqueſt of Hector ſhould be atchieved by any hand but his own: in that point of glory he is jealous even of his deareſt friend. This alſo wonderfully ſtrengthens the idea we have of his implacability and reſentment; ſince, at the ſame time, that nothing can move him to aſſiſt the Greeks in the battle, we ſee it is the utmoſt force upon his nature to abſtain from it, by the fear he manifeſts, leſt any other ſhould ſubdue this hero.

Ver. 115. *Conſult my glory, and forbear.*] Achilles tells Patroclus that if he purſues the foe too far, whether he ſhall be victor or vanquiſhed, it muſt prove either way prejudicial to his glory. For, by the former, the Greeks having no more need of Achilles's aid, will not reſtore him his captive, or try any more to appeaſe him by preſents: by the latter, his arms would be left in the enemy's hands, and he himſelf upbraided with the death of Patroclus. Dacier.

The

The fleet once ſav'd, deſiſt from farther chace,
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;
Some adverſe god, thy raſhneſs may deſtroy;
Some god, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece redeem'd from this deſtructive ſtrait,
Do her own work; and leave the reſt to fate.
Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove!
That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race ſurvive;
Might only we the vaſt deſtruction ſhun,
And only we deſtroy th' accurſed town!
Such conf'rence held the chiefs; while on the ſtrand,
Great Jove with conqueſt crown'd the Trojan band.
Ajax no more the ſounding ſtorm ſuſtain'd,
So thick, the darts an iron tempeſt rain'd:

On

Ver. 122. *Oh! would to all*, etc.] Achilles from his overflowing gall, vents this execration: the Trojans he hates as profeſſed enemies, and he deteſts the Grecians as people who had with calmneſs overlooked his wrongs. Some of the ancient critics, not entering into the manners of Achilles, would have expunged this imprecation, as uttering an univerſal malevolence to mankind. This violence agrees perfectly with his implacable character. But one may obſerve, at the ſame time, the mighty force of friendſhip, if for the ſake of his dear Patroclus he will protect and ſecure thoſe Greeks, whoſe deſtruction he wiſhes. What a little qualifies this bloody wiſh, is, that we may ſuppoſe it ſpoken with ſare ſervedneſs, as in ſecret, and between friends.

Monſ. de la Motte has a lively remark upon the abſurdity of this wiſh. Upon the ſuppoſition that Jupiter had granted it, if all the Trojans and Greeks were deſtroyed, and only Achilles and Patroclus left to conquer Troy, he aſks, what would be the victory without any enemies, and the triumph without any ſpectators? But the anſwer is very obvious; Homer intends to paint a man in paſſion; the wiſhes and ſchemes of ſuch an one are ſeldom conformable to reaſon; and the manners are preſerved the better, the leſs they are repreſented to be ſo.

Ver. 130. *Ajax no more*, etc.] This deſcription of Ajax wea-

ried

On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling jav'lins rung,
His breath, in quick, ſhort pantings, comes, and goes;
And painful ſweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpow'r'd, he barely breathes at moſt;
Yet ſcarce an army ſtirs him from his poſt:
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and wo ſucceeds to wo.
Say, Muſes, thron'd above the ſtarry frame,
How firſt the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame?
Stern Hector wav'd his ſword: and ſtanding near
Where furious Ajax ply'd his aſhen ſpear,
Full on the lance a ſtroke ſo juſtly ſped,
That the broad faulchion lopp'd its brazen head:
His pointleſs ſpear the warrior ſhakes in vain;
The brazen head falls ſounding on the plain.
Great Ajax ſaw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confeſſing Jove, and trembling at the ſign;
Warn'd, he retreats. Then ſwift from all ſides pour
The hiſſing brands; thick ſtreams the fiery ſhow'r;
O'er the high ſtern the curling volumes riſe,
And ſheets of rolling ſmoke involve the ſkies.
Divine Achilles view'd the riſing flames,
And ſmote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims.
Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aſpires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.

rled out with battle, is a paſſage of exquiſite life and beauty: yet what I think nobler than the deſcription itſelf, is what he ſays at the end of it, that his hero, even in this exceſs of fatigue and languor, could ſcarce be moved from his poſt by the efforts of a whole army.

Ver. 154. *Achilles view'd the riſing flames.*] This event is prepared with a great deal of art and probability. That effect which a multitude of ſpeeches was not able to accompliſh, one lamentable ſpectacle, the ſight of the flames, at length brings to paſs, and moves Achilles to compaſſion.

Arm,

Arm, ere our veſſels catch the ſpreading flame;
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
I haſte to bring the troops—The hero ſaid;
The friend with ardour, and with joy obey'd.
He eas'd his limbs in braſs; and firſt around
His manly legs, with ſilver buckles bound
The claſping greaves; then to his breaſt applies
The flamy cuiraſs, of a thouſand dyes;
Emblaz'd with ſtuds of gold his faulchion ſhone
In the rich belt, as in a ſtarry zone:
Achilles' ſhield his ample ſhoulders ſpread;
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:
Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He flaſh'd around intolerable day.
Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' jav'lin ſtands,
Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands;

Ver. 162. *He eas'd the limbs in braſs*, etc.] Homer does not amuſe himſelf here to deſcribe theſe arms of Achilles at length, for beſides that the time permits it not, he reſerves this deſcription for the new armour which Thetis ſhall bring that hero: a deſcription which ſhall be placed in a more quiet moment, and will give him all the leiſure of making it, without requiring any force to introduce it. Euſtathius.

Ver. 172. *Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' jav'lin ſtands.*] This paſſage affords another inſtance of the ſtupidity of the commentators, who are here moſt abſurdly inquiſitive after the reaſons why Patroclus does not take the ſpear, as well as the other arms of Achilles? He thought himſelf a very happy man, who firſt found out, that Homer had certainly given this ſpear to Patroclus, if he had not foreſeen, that when it ſhould be loſt in his future unfortunate engagement, Vulcan could not furniſh Achilles with another; being no joiner, but only a ſmith. Virgil, it ſeems, was not ſo preciſely acquainted with Vulcan's diſability to profeſs the two trades; ſince he has, without any ſcruple, employed him in making a ſpear, as well as the other arms, for Æneas. Nothing is more obvious than this thought of Homer, who intended to raiſe the idea of his hero, by giving him ſuch a ſpear as no other could wield: the deſcription of it in this place is wonderfully pompous.

From

From Pelion's ſhady brow the plant intire
Old Chiron rent, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
Whoſe ſon's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The ſecond to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
The winged courſers harneſs'd to the car.
Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in ſpeed;
Whom the wing'd Harpy, ſwift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy ſhore.
Swift Pedaſus was added to their ſide,
(Once great Aetion's, now Achilles' pride)
Who, like in ſtrength, in ſwiftneſs, and in grace,
A mortal courſer, match'd th' immortal race.
Achilles ſpeeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around their chief they ſtand,
A grim, terrific, formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves, that ſeek the ſprings,
When ſcalding thirſt their burning bowels wrings,
When

Ver. 183. *Sprung from the wind.*] It is a beautiful invention of the poet, to repreſent the wonderful ſwiftneſs of the horſes of Achilles, by ſaying they were begotten by the weſtern wind.

Ver. 186. *Swift Pedaſus was added to their ſide.*] Here was a neceſſity for a ſpare horſe (as in another place Neſtor had occaſion for the ſame) that if by any misfortune one of the horſes ſhould fall, there might be a freſh one ready at hand to ſupply his place. This is good management in the poet, to deprive Achilles not only of his charioteer and his arms, but of one of his ineſtimable horſes. Euſtathius.

Ver. 194. *Grim as voracious wolves,* etc.] There is ſcarce any picture in Homer ſo much in the ſavage and terrible way, as this compariſon of the Myrmidons to wolves: it puts one in mind of the pieces of Spagnolet, or Salvator Roſa: each circumſtance is made up of images very ſtrongly coloured and horridly lively. The

principal

(When ſome tall ſtag, freſh-ſlaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide inſatiate throats with blood)
To the black fount they ruſh, a hideous throng,
With paunch diſtended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And gorge'd with ſlaughter, ſtill they thirſt for more.
Like furious ruſh'd the Myrmidonian crew.
Such their dread ſtrength, and ſuch their deathful view.

High in the midſt the great Achilles ſtands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd for Ilion's ſhores
Full fifty veſſels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five choſen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himſelf ſupreme in valour, as in ſway.

Firſt march'd Meneſtheus, of celeſtial birth,
Deriv'd from thee, whoſe waters waſh the earth,
Divine Sperchius! Jove-deſcended flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a god.
Such was Meneſtheus, but miſcall'd by fame
The ſon of Borus that eſpous'd the dame.

Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
Her, ſly Cellenius lov'd, on her would gaze,

principal deſign is to repreſent the ſtern looks and fierce appearance of the Myrmidons, a gaunt and ghaſtly train of raw boned bloody-minded fellows.

Ver. 211. *Deriv'd from thee, whoſe waters*, etc.] Homer ſeems reſolved that every thing about Achilles ſhall be miraculous. We have ſeen his very horſes are of celeſtial origin: and now his commanders, though vulgarly reputed the ſons of men, are repreſented as the real offspring of ſome deity. The poet thus enhances the admiration of his chief hero by every circumſtance with which his imagination could furniſh him.

As

As with ſwift ſtep ſhe form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber from Diana's quire,
The god purſu'd her, urge'd, and crown'd his fire.
The ſon confeſs'd his father's heav'nly race,
And hir'd his mother's ſwiftneſs in the chace.
Strong Echecleus, bleſt in all thoſe charms,
That pleas'd a god, ſucceeded to her arms;
Not conſcious of thoſe loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he fought and won the dame:
Her ſecret offspring to her ſire ſhe bare;
Her ſire careſs'd him with a parent's care.
Piſander follow'd; matchleſs in his art
To wing the ſpear, or aim the diſtant dart;
No hand ſo ſure of all th' Emathian line,
Or if a ſurer, great Patroclus! thine.
The fourth by Phœnix' grave command was grace'd;
Laerces' valiant offspring led the laſt.
Soon as Achilles with ſuperior care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This ſtern remembrance to his troops he gave:
Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan throng,
Think what reproach theſe ears endur'd ſo long,
"Stern ſon of Peleus, (thus ye us'd to ſay,
While reſtleſs, raging in your ſhips you lay)
"Oh nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield!
"Whoſe rage defrauds us of ſo fam'd a field.
"If that dire fury muſt for ever burn,
"What make we here? Return, ye chiefs, return!"

Ver. 220. *To her chamber.*] It was the cuſtom of thoſe times to aſſign the uppermoſt rooms to the women, that they might be the farther removed from commerce: wherefore Penelope, in the Odyſſey, mounts up into a garret, and there ſits to her buſineſs. So Priam, in the ſixth book. ver. 24°. of the original, had chambers for the ladies of his court, under the roof of his palace.

Such were your words——Now, warriors, grieve no more.
Lo there the Trojans! bathe your ſwords in gore!
This day ſhall give you all your ſoul demands;
Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!
Thus while he rous'd the fire in ev'ry breaſt,
Cloſe, and more cloſe, the liſt'ning cohorts preſt;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a ſteely ring
Still grows, and ſpreads, and thickens round the king.
As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of ſtrength defenſive againſt wind and ſtorms,
Compacted ſtones the thick'ning work compoſe,
And round him wide the riſing ſtructure grows.
So helm to helm, and creſt to creſt they throng,
Shield urge'd on ſhield, and man drove man along;
Thick, undiſtinguiſh'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one ſea, and wave before the wind.
Far o'er the reſt, in glitt'ring pomp appear
There bold Automedon; Patroclus here;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
Two friends, two bodies with one ſoul inſpir'd.
But mindful of the gods, Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his ſhady tent:
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And coſtly furs, and carpets ſtiff with gold.
(The preſents of the ſilver footed dame)
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,
Which never man had ſtain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in off'rings to the pow'rs divine,
But Peleus' ſon; and Peleus' ſon to none
Had rais'd in off'rings but to Jove alone.
This tinge'd with ſulphur, ſacred firſt to flame,
He purge'd; and waſh'd it in the running ſtream.
Then cleans'd his hands; and fixing for a ſpace
His eyes on heav'n, his feet upon the place

Of

Of ſacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd.
Forth in the midſt; and thus the god implor'd.
O thou Supreme! high thron'd all height above!
O great Pelaſgic, Dodonæan Jove!
Who 'midſt ſurrounding froſts, and vapours chill,
Preſid'ſt on bleak Dodona's vocal hill:
(Whoſe groves, the Selli, race auſtere! ſurround,
Their feet unwaſh'd, their ſlumbers on the ground;
Who hear, from ruſtling oaks, thy dark decrees;
And catch the fates, low-whiſper'd in the breeze.)
Hear, as of old! Thou gav'ſt, at Thetis' pray'r,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks deſpair:
Lo to the dangers of the fighting field
The beſt, the deareſt of my friends, I yield;
Though ſtill determin'd, to my ſhips confin'd,
Patroclus gone, I ſtay but half behind,
Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and ſtring his arm to war:
Preſs'd by his ſingle force, let Hector ſee
His fame in arms not owing all to me.

Ver. 283. *And thus the god implor'd.*] Though the character of Achilles every where ſhews a mind ſwayed with unbounded paſſions, and entirely regardleſs of all human authority and law; yet he preſerves a conſtant reſpect to the gods, and appears as zealous in the ſentiments and actions of piety as any hero of the Iliad; who indeed are all remarkable this way. The preſent paſſage is an exact deſcription and perfect ritual of the ceremonies on theſe occaſions.

Ver. 285. *Pelaſgic, Dodonæan Jove.*] Achilles invokes Jupiter with theſe particular appellations, and repreſents to him the ſervices performed by the prieſts and prophets; making theſe honours, paid in his own country, his claim for the protection of this deity.

Ver. 288. *Whoſe groves, the Selli, race auſtere,* etc.] Homer ſeems to me to ſay clearly enough, that theſe prieſts lay on the ground and forbore the bath, to honour by theſe auſterities the god they ſerved.

But when the fleets are ſav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conqueſt and renown retire:
Preſerve his arms, preſerve his ſocial train,
And ſafe return him to theſe eyes again!
Great Jove conſents to half the chief's requeſt,
But heav'n's eternal doom denies the reſt;
To free the fleet was granted to his pray'r;
His ſafe return, the winds diſperſt in air,
Back to his tent the ſtern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.
Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care,
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As waſps provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their manſions by the broad high-way,
In ſwarms the guiltleſs traveller engage,
Whet all their ſtings, and call forth all their rage:
All riſe in arms, and with a gen'ral cry
Aſſert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion ſwarms,
So loud their clamours, and ſo keen their arms,
Their riſing rage Patroclus' breath inſpires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires.
Oh warriors, partners of Achilles' praiſe!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days:
Your godlike maſter let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think, your Achilles ſees you fight: Be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you ſave.

Ver. 314. *As waſps provok'd*, etc.] One may obſerve, that though Homer ſometimes takes his ſimilitudes from the meaneſt and ſmalleſt things in nature, yet he orders it ſo as by their appearance to ſignalize and give luſtre to his greateſt heroes. Here he likens a body of Myrmidons to a neſt of waſps, not on account of their ſtrength and bravery, but of their heat and reſentment. Virgil has imitated theſe humble compariſons, as when he compares the builders of Carthage to bees.

Joyful

Joyful they heard, and kindling as he ſpoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and ſmoke.
From ſhore to ſhore the doubling ſhouts reſound,
The hollow ſhips return a deeper ſound.
The war ſtood ſtill, and all around them gaz'd,
When great Achilles' ſhining armour blaz'd:
Troy ſaw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh,
At once they ſee, they tremble, and they fly.
Then firſt thy ſpear, divine Patroclus! flew,
Where the war rage'd, and where the tumult grew.
Cloſe to the ſtern of that fam'd ſhip, which bore
Unbleſt Proteſilaus to Ilion's ſhore,
The great Pœonian, bold Pyræchmes, ſtood;
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood)
His ſhoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.
His troops, that ſee their country's glory ſlain,
Fly diverſe, ſcatter'd o'er the diſtant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the ſpreading fires,
And from the half burn'd ſhip proud Troy retires:
Clear'd from the ſmoke the joyful navy lies:
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;
Triumphant Greece her reſcu'd decks aſcends,
And loud acclaim the ſtarry region rends.
So when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heav'n's expanſe like one black ceiling ſpread:
Sudden, the thund'rer with a flaſhing ray,
Burſts through the darkneſs, and lets down the day:

Ver. 354. *So when thick clouds*, &c.] All the commentators take this compariſon in a ſenſe different from that in which it is here tranſlated. They ſuppoſe Jupiter is here deſcribed cleaving the air with a flaſh of lightening, and ſpreading a gleam of light over a high mountain, which a black cloud held buried in darkneſs. The application is made to Patroclus falling on the Trojans, and giving reſpite to the Greeks, who were plunged in obſcurity.

The hills ſhine out, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
And ſtreams, and vales, and foreſts ſtrike the eyes;
The ſmiling ſcene wide opens to the ſight,
And all th' unmeaſur'd æther flames with light.
But Troy repuls'd, and ſcatter'd o'er the plains,
Force'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now ev'ry Greek ſome hoſtile hero ſlew,
But ſtill the foremoſt, bold Patroclus flew;
As Areïlycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
The brazen pointed ſpear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
Headlong he fell. Next Thoas was thy chance,
Thy breaſt, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and tranſpierce'd his thigh,
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;
In darkneſs, and in death, the warrior lay.
In equal arms two ſons of Neſtor ſtand,
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band;
By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
Pierce'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathleſs carcaſs on the ground;
Furious he flies, his murd'rer to engage,
But godly Thraſimed prevents his rage,
Between his arm and ſhoulder aims a blow;
His arm falls ſpouting on the duſt below:
He ſinks, with endleſs darkneſs cover'd o'er,
And vaunts his ſoul effus'd with guſhing gore.
Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amiſodarus' ſeed;
Amiſodarus, who, by furies led,
The bane of men, abhor'd Chimæra bred;
Skill'd

Ver. 390. *Amiſodarus, who,* etc.] Amiſodarus was king of Ca-
ria;

Skill'd in the dart in vain, his ſons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty ſire.
Stopp'd in the tumult Cleobulus lies,
Beneath Oileus' arm, a living prize;
A living prize not long the Trojan ſtood;
The thirſty faulchion drank his reeking blood:
Plung'd in his throat the ſmoking weapon lies;
Black death, and fate unpitying, ſeal his eyes.
Amid the ranks, with mutual thirſt of fame,
Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus, came;
In vain their jav'lins at each other flew,
Now, met in arms, their eager ſwords they drew.
On the plum'd creſt of his Bœotian foe,
The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow:
The ſword broke ſhort; but his Peneleus ſped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:
The head, divided by a ſtroke ſo juſt,
Hung by the ſkin: the body ſunk to duſt.
O'ertaken Næmas by Merion bleeds,
Pierce'd thro' the ſhoulder as he mounts his ſteeds;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground:
His ſwimming eyes eternal ſhades ſurround.
Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open mouth receiv'd the Cretan ſteel:
Beneath the brain the point a paſſage tore,
Craſh'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore:
His mouth, his eyes, his noſtrils, pour a flood;
He ſobs his ſoul out in the guſh of blood.
As when the flocks neglected by the ſwain
(Or kids, or lambs) lie ſcatter'd o'er the plain,

ria; Bellerophon married his daughter. The ancients gueſſed from this paſſage that the Chimæra was not a fiction, ſince Homer marks the time wherein ſhe lived, and the prince with whom ſhe lived; they thought it was ſome beaſt of that prince's herds, who being grown furious and mad, had done a great deal of miſchief, like the Calydonian boar. Euſtathius.

A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge ſurvey,
And rend the trembling, unreſiſting prey.
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came:
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.
But ſtill at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,
Still, pointed at his breaſt, his jav'lin flam'd:
The Trojan chief, experience'd in the field,
O'er his broad ſhoulders ſpread the maſſy ſhield,
Obſerv'd the ſtorm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing ſhow'r.
He ſees for Greece the ſcale of conqueſt riſe,
Yet ſtops, and turns, and ſaves his lov'd allies.
As when the hand of Jove a tempeſt forms,
And rolls the cloud to blacken heav'n with ſtorms
Dark o'er the fields th' aſcending vapour flies,
And ſhades the ſun, and blots the golden ſkies;
So from the ſhips, along the duſky plain,
Dire Flight and Terror drove the Trojan train.
Ev'n Hector fled; thro' heaps of diſarray
The fiery courſers force'd their lord away:
While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd,
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vaſt carnage bruis'd.
Chariots on chariots roll; the claſhing ſpokes
Shock; while the madding ſteeds break ſhort their yokes:
In vain they labour up the ſteepy mound;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with ſhouts, Patroclus flies;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and ſkies;
Thick drifts of duſt involve their rapid flight;
Clouds riſe on clouds, and heav'n is ſnatch'd from ſight.

Ver. 433. *Yet ſtops, and turns, and ſaves his lov'd allies.*] Homer repreſents Hector, as he retires, making a ſtand from time to time, to ſave his troops.

The

Th' affrighted ſteeds, their dying lords caſt down,
Scour o'er the fields, and ſtretch to reach the town.
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickeſt die,
Where horſe and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
No ſtop, no check the ſteeds of Peleus knew;
From bank to bank th' immortal courſers flew,
High-bounding o'er the foſſe: the whirling car
Smokes thro' the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
And thunders after Hector; Hector flies,
Patroclus ſhakes his lance; but fate denies.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs impetuous force,
The tide of Trojans urge their deſp'rate courſe,
Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with inceſſant ſhow'rs,
(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
Or judges brib'd, betray the righteous cauſe)
From their deep beds he bids the rivers riſe,
And opens all the flood-gates of the ſkies:
Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains ſwept away;
Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;
And trembling man ſees all his labours vain.
And now the chief (the foremoſt troops repell'd)
Back to the ſhips his deſtin'd progreſs held,
Bore down half Troy in his reſiſtleſs way,
And force'd the routed ranks to ſtand the day.
Between the ſpace where ſilver Simois flows,
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires roſe,

Ver. 459. *From bank to bank th' immortal courſers flew.*] Homer had made of Hector's horſes all that poetry could make of common and mortal horſes; they ſtand on the bank of the ditch, foaming and neighing for madneſs that they cannot leap it. But the immortal horſes of Achilles find no obſtacle: they leap the ditch, and fly into the plain. Euſtathius.

All grim in duſt and blood, Patroclus ſtands,
And turns the ſlaughter on the conq'ring bands.
Firſt Pronous dy'd beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierce'd below the ſhield his valiant heart.
Theſtor was next; who ſaw the chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear;
Shrunk up he ſat, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor ſtood to combat, nor had force to fly:
Patroclus mark'd him as he ſhunn'd the war,
And with unmanly tremblings ſhook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
The jav'lin ſticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that over-hangs the main,
An angler, ſtudious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fiſh draws panting to the ſhore;
Not with leſs eaſe the barbed jav'lin bore
The gaping daſtard: as the ſpear was ſhook,
He fell, and life his heartleſs breaſt forſook.
Next on Eryalus he flies; a ſtone
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown;
Full on his crown the pond'rous fragment flew,
And burſt the helm, and cleft the head in two:
Prone to the ground the breathleſs warrior fell,
And death involv'd him with the ſhades of hell.
Then low in duſt Epaltes, Echius, lie;
Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
Amphoterus, and Erymas, ſucceed;
And laſt Tlepolemas and Pyres bleed,
Where'er he moves, the growing ſlaughter ſpread
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.
When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Grov'ling in duſt, and gaſping on the field,

With

Ver. 512. *When now Sarpedon*, etc.] The poet preparing to recount the death of Sarpedon, it will not be improper to give a ſketch

With this reproach his flying hoſt he warms,
Oh ſtain to honour! Oh diſgrace to arms!
Forſake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, ſhall the war ſuſtain:
The taſk be mine, this hero's ſtrength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.
He ſpake; and ſpeaking, leaps from off the car;
Patroclus light,, and ſternly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountain's height
Stoop with reſounding pinions to the fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raiſe a ſcreaming cry:
The deſert echoes, and the rocks reply:
The warriors thus oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.
Jove view'd the combat, whoſe event foreſeen,
He thus beſpoke his ſiſter and his queen.
The hour draws on; the deſtinies ordain,
My godlike ſon ſhall preſs the Phrygian plain:

ſketch of ſome particulars which conſtitute a character the moſt faultleſs and amiable in the whole Iliad. This hero is by birth ſuperior to all the chiefs of either ſide, being the only ſon of Jupiter engaged in this war. His qualities are no way unworthy his deſcent, ſince he every way appears equal in valour, prudence, and eloquence, to the moſt admired heroes: nor are theſe excellencies blemiſhed with any of thoſe defects with which the moſt diſtinguiſhing characters of the poem are ſtained. So that the niceſt critics cannot find any thing to offend their delicacy, but muſt be obliged to own the manners of this hero perfect. His valour is neither raſh nor boiſterous; his prudence neither timorous nor tricking: and his eloquence neither talkative nor boaſting. He never reproaches the living, or inſults the dead: but appears uniform through his conduct in the war, acted with the ſame generous ſentiments that engaged him in it, having no intereſt in the quarrel, but to ſuccour his allies in diſtreſs. This noble life is ended with a death as glorious; for in his laſt moments he has no other concern, but for the honour of his friends, and the event of the day.

Already

Already on the verge of death he ſtands,
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.
What paſſions in a parent's breaſt debate!
Say, ſhall I ſnatch him from impending fate,
And ſend him ſafe to Lycia, diſtant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;
Or to his doom my braveſt offspring yield,
And fatten with celeſtial blood, the field?
Then thus the goddeſs with the radiant eyes:
What words are theſe? O ſov'reign of the ſkies!
Short is the date preſcrib'd to mortal man;
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow ſpan,
Whoſe bounds were fix'd before his race began?
How many ſons of gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilion, muſt reſign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would riſe above,
And murm'ring pow'rs condemn their partial Jove.
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And when th' aſcending ſoul has wing'd her flight,
Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
The breathleſs body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praiſe,
A marble tomb and pyramid ſhall raiſe,
And laſting honours to his aſhes give;
His fame, 'tis all the dead can have, ſhall live.
She ſaid; the cloud-compeller overcome,
Aſſents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heav'ns diſtill'd
A ſhow'r of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The god, his eyes averting from the plain,
Laments his ſon, predeſtin'd to be ſlain,
Far from the Lycian ſhores, his happy native reign.
Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the ſhield, and pois'd the lifted ſpear:
From ſtrong Patroclus' hand the jav'lin fled,
And paſs'd the groin of valiant Thraſymed;

The

The nerves unbrace'd, no more his bulk ſuſtain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two ſounding darts the Lycian leader threw;
The firſt aloof with erring fury flew,
The next tranſpierce'd Achilles' mortal ſteed,
The gen'rous Pedaſus, of Theban breed;
Fix'd in the ſhoulder's joint, he reel'd around;
Roll'd in the bloody duſt, and paw'd the ſlipp'ry ground.
His ſudden fall th' entangled harneſs broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot ſhook:
When bold Automedon, to diſengage
The ſtarting courſers, and reſtrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his ſword, and freed
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying ſteed:
The reſt move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls ſlowly o'er the duſty plain.
The tow'ring chiefs to fiercer fight advance,
And firſt Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warrior's ſhoulder took its courſe,
And ſpent in empty air its dying force.
Not ſo Patroclus' never-erring dart;
Aim'd at his breaſt, it pierce'd the mortal part
Where the ſtrong fibres bind the ſolid heart.
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine (fit maſt for ſome great admiral)
Nods to the ax, till with a groaning ſound
It ſinks, and ſpreads its honours on the ground:
Thus fell the king; and laid on earth ſupine,
Before his chariot ſtretch'd his form divine:
He graſp'd the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the ſhore.
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim ſavage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and ſucks the ſmoking blood;
Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow thro' the wood.

Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief addreſs'd his laſt command.
Glaucus, be bold; thy taſk be firſt to dare
The glorious dangers of deſtructive war,
To lead my troops, to combate at their head,
Incite the living, and ſupply the dead.
Tell them, I charge'd them with my lateſt breath
Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.
What grief, what ſhame muſt Glaucus undergo,
If theſe ſpoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe?
Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;
That taught by great examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquiſh, or like me to die.
He ceas'd; the fates ſuppreſs'd his lab'ring breath,
And his eyes darken'd with the ſhades of death.
Th' inſulting victor with diſdain beſtrode
The proſtrate prince, and on his boſom trod;
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound guſh'd out a ſtream of blood,
And the ſoul iſſu'd in the purple flood.

Ver. 605. *Glaucus, be bold,* &c.] This dying ſpeech of Sarpedon deſerves particular notice, being made up of noble ſentiments, and fully anſwering the character of this brave and generous prince, which he preſerves in his laſt moments. Being ſenſible of approaching death, without any tranſports of rage, or deſire of revenge, he calls to his friend to take care to preſerve his body and arms from becoming a prey to the enemy: and this he ſays without any regard to himſelf, but out of the moſt tender concern for his friend's reputation, who muſt for ever become infamous, if he fails in this point of honour and duty. If we conceive this ſaid by the expiring hero, his dying looks fixed on his wounded diſconſolate friend, the ſpear remaining in his body, and the victor ſtanding by in a kind of extaſy ſurveying his conqueſt; theſe circumſtances will form a very moving picture.

His

His flying ſteeds the Myrmidons detain,
Unguided now, their mighty maſter ſlain.
All impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.
His painful arm, yet uſeleſs with the ſmart
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
Supported on his better hand he ſtay'd:
To Phœbus then ('twas all he could) he pray'd.
All-ſeeing monarch! whether Lycia's coaſt,
Or ſacred Ilion, thy bright preſence boaſt,
Pow'rful alike to eaſe the wretch's ſmart;
Oh hear me! God of ev'ry healing art!
Lo! ſtiff with clotted blood, and pierce'd with pain,
That thrills my arm, and ſhoots thro' ev'ry vein;
I ſtand unable to ſuſtain the ſpear,
And ſigh at diſtance from the glorious war.
Low in the duſt is great Sarpedon laid,
Nor Jove vouchſaf'd his hapleſs offspring aid.
But thou, O god of health! thy ſuccour lend,
To guard the reliques of my ſlaughter'd friend.
For thou, tho' diſtant, canſt reſtore my might,
To head my Lycians, and ſupport the fight.
Apollo heard; and ſuppliant as he ſtood,
His heav'nly hand reſtrain'd the flux of blood:
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breath'd a ſpirit in his riſing heart.
Renew'd by art divine, the hero ſtands,
And owns th' aſſiſtance of immortal hands.
Firſt to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms;
With ample ſtrides he ſtalks from place to place;
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas;
Æneas next, and Hector he accoſts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hoſts.
What thoughts, regardleſs chief! thy breaſt employ?
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!

Thoſe gen'rous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave ſouls into another's war.
See! where in duſt the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in counſel wiſe,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his Lycians loſt, and loſt to thee!
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
Oh ſave from hoſtile rage his lov'd remains:
Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boaſt,
Nor on his corſe revenge her heroes loſt.

He ſpoke; each leader in his grief partook;
Troy, at the loſs, thro' all her legions ſhook.
Tranſfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief who led to Troy's beleaguer'd wall
A hoſt of heroes, and out-ſhin'd them all.
Fir'd they ruſh on; firſt Hector ſeeks the foes,
And with ſuperior vengeance greatly glows.

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus ſtands,
And, rouzing Ajax, rouz'd the liſt'ning bands.

Heroes, be men! be what you were before:
Or weigh the great occaſion, and be more.
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.
To guard his body Troy in numbers flies;
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haſte, ſtrip his arms, the ſlaughter round him ſpread,
And ſend the living Lycians to the dead.

The heroes kindle at his fierce command;
The martial ſquadrons cloſe on either hand:
Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
Theſſalia there, and Greece, oppoſe their arms.
With horrid ſhouts they circle round the ſlain;
The claſh of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great Jove, to ſwell the horrors of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious Night.

And

And round his ſon conſounds the warring hoſts,
His fate ennobling with a croud of ghoſts.
Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;
Agacleus' ſon, from Budium's lofty walls:
Who chas'd for murder thence, a ſuppliant came
To Peleus, and the ſilver-footed dame;
Now ſent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinſman's ſhade.
Soon as his luckleſs hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;
Hurl'd by Hectorean force, it cleft in twain
His ſhatter'd helm, and ſtretch'd him o'er the ſlain.
Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;
And, like an eagle darting at his game,
Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band;
What grief thy heart, what fury urge'd thy hand,
Oh gen'rous Greek! when with full vigour thrown
At Sthenelaus flew the weighty ſtone,
Which ſunk him to the dead: when Troy, too near
That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear.
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the liſts, or at the fighting foe;
So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;
Till Glaucus turning, all the reſt inſpir'd.
Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:
Wide o'er the land was ſtretch'd his large domain,
With ſtately ſeats, and riches, bleſt in vain:
Him, bold with youth, and eager to purſue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and ſlew;
Pierce'd thro' the boſom with a ſudden wound,
He fell, and, falling, made the field reſound.
Th' Achaians ſorrow for their hero ſlain;
With conqu'ring ſhouts the Trojans ſhake the plain,
And croud to ſpoil the dead: the Greeks oppoſe;
An iron circle round the carcaſe grows.

Then brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,
Dispatch'd by Merion to the shades of death:
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The priest of Jove, and honour'd like his god.
Between the jaw and ear the jav'lin went;
The soul, exhaling, issu'd at the vent.
His spear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who stooping forward from the death withdrew;
The lance hiss'd harmless o'er his cov'ring shield,
And trembling struck, and rooted in the field;
There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.
Swift as thou art, the raging hero cries,
And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize,
My spear, the destin'd passage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.
Oh valiant leader of the Dardan host!
(Insulted Merion thus retorts the boast):
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust,
An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust.
And if to this my lance thy fate be giv'n,
Vain are thy vaunts; success is still from heav'n;
This instant sends thee down to Pluto's coast,
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost.
O friend, Menœtius' son this answer gave,
With words to combate, ill befits the brave;
Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repell,
Your swords must plunge them to the shades of hell.
To speak, beseems the council; but to dare
In glorious action, is the task of war.
This said, Patroclus to the battle flies;
Great Merion follows, and new shouts arise:

Ver. 746. *And skill'd in dancing.*] This stroke of raillery upon Meriones is founded on the custom of his country. For the Cretans were peculiarly addicted to this exercise, and in particular are said to have invented the Pyrrhic dance, which was performed in complete armour.

Shields

Shields, helmets, rattle, as the warriors cloſe;
And thick and heavy ſounds the ſtorm of blows.
As thro' the ſhrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's ax reſound;
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling foreſts fall on ev'ry ſide:
Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,
So fell the warriors, and ſo rung their arms.

Now great Sarpedon, on the ſandy ſhore,
His heav'nly form deface'd with duſt and gore,
And ſtruck with darts by warring heroes ſhed,
Lies undiſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar dead.
His long diſputed corſe the chiefs incloſe,
On ev'ry ſide the buſy combat grows;
Thick as beneath ſome ſhepherd's thatch'd abode,
(The pails high-foaming with a milky flood)
The buzzing flies, a perſevering train,
Inceſſant ſwarm, and chas'd return again.

Jove view'd the combat with a ſtern ſurvey,
And eyes that flaſh'd intolerable day;
Fix'd on the field his ſight, his breaſt debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates;
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,
This inſtant ſee his ſhort-liv'd trophies won,
And ſtretch him breathleſs on his ſlaughter'd ſon;
Or yet, with many a ſoul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame and horror of the fight,
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praiſe
At length he dooms; and that his laſt of days
Shall ſet in in glory; bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended, ſee the ſhades below.
Then Hector's mind he fills with dire diſmay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hoſts away,
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he ſees decline
The ſcales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.

Then,

Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead;
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage riſes, as the heroes fall.
(So Jove decreed!) at length the Greeks obtain
The prize conteſted, and deſpoil the ſlain.
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne,
Patroclus' ſhips the glorious ſpoils adorn.
Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling Jove.
Deſcend, my Phœbus! on the Phrygian plain,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon ſlain;
Then bathe his body in the chryſtal flood,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with blood:
O'er all his limbs ambroſial odours ſhed,
And with celeſtial robes adorn the dead.
Thoſe rites diſcharge'd, his ſacred corſe bequeath
To the ſoft arms of ſilent Sleep and Death:
They to his friends the mournful charge ſhall bear,
His friends a tomb and pyramid ſhall rear;
What honours mortals after death receive,
Thoſe unavailing honours we may give!
Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height,
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathleſs hero bore,
Veil'd from a cloud, to ſilver Simois' ſhore;
There bathe'd his honourable wounds, and dreſt
His manly members in th' immortal veſt;
And with perfumes of ſweet ambroſial dews,
Reſtores his freſhneſs, and his form renews.
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchleſs ſwiftneſs, but of ſilent pace,
Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the god's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;
The corſe amidſt his weeping friends they laid,
Where endleſs honours wait the ſacred ſhade.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming courſers, and with looſen'd reigns.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Againſt what fate and pow'rful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain.
For he, the god, whoſe counſels uncontroul'd
Diſmay the mighty, and confound the bold;
The god who gives, reſumes, and orders all,
He urge'd thee on, and urge'd thee on to fall.
Who firſt, brave hero! by that arm was ſlain,
Who laſt, beneath thy vengeance preſs'd the plain;
When heav'n itſelf thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adreſtus firſt; Autonous then ſucceeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds;
Epiſtor, Menalippus, bite the ground;
The ſlaughter, Elaſus and Mulius crown'd:
Then ſunk Pylartes to eternal night;
The reſt diſperſing, truſt their fates to flight.
Now Troy had ſtoop'd beneath his matchleſs pow'r,
But flaming Phœbus kept the ſacred tow'r.
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus ſtrook,
His blazing Ægis thrice Apollo ſhook:
He try'd the fourth; when burſting from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.
Patroclus! ceaſe; This heav'n-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall:
Thy friend, thy greater far, it ſhall withſtand,
Troy ſhall not ſtoop ev'n to Achilles' hand.
So ſpoke the god, who darts celeſtial fires:
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires.
While Hector checking at the Scæan gates
His panting courſers, in his breaſt debates,
Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.

Thus

Thus while he thought, beſide him Phœbus ſtood;
In Aſius' ſhape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;
(Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas ſprung,
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young.)
Thus he accoſts him. What a ſhameful fight!
Gods! is it Hector that forbears the fight?
Were thine my vigour, this ſucceſsful ſpear
Should ſoon convince thee of ſo falſe a fear.
Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy ſhame.
Perhaps Apollo ſhall thy arms ſucceed,
And heav'n ordains him by thy lance to bleed.
So ſpoke th' inſpiring god; then took his flight,
And plunge'd amidſt the tumult of the fight.
He bids Cebrion drive the rapid car;
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ruſh to war.
The god the Grecians ſinking ſouls depreſt,
And pour'd ſwift ſpirits thro' each Trojan breaſt.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight;
A ſpear his left, a ſtone employs his right:
With all his nerves he drives it at his foe;
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:
The falling ruin cruſh'd Cebrion's head,
(She lawleſs offspring of King Priam's bed,)
His front, brows, eyes, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound,
The burſting balls drop ſightleſs to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the reign,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark ſhades the ſoul unwilling glides,
While the proud victor thus his fall derides.
Good heav'ns! what active feats yon' artiſt ſhows,
What ſkilful divers are our Phrygian foes!
Mark with what eaſe they ſink into the ſand!
Pity! that all their practice is by land.
Then ruſhing ſudden on his proſtrate prize,
To ſpoil the carcaſe fierce Patroclus flies;

Swift

Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That ſweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
Pierce'd through the dauntleſs heart, then tumbles ſlain;
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for ſome ſlaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow through the ſhades.
Stern Hector faſtens on the warrior's head,
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.
While all around, confuſion, rage, and fright
Mix the contending hoſts in mortal fight.
So pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep boſom of ſome gloomy wood;
Leaves, arms, and trees aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the Sylvans groan:
This way and that, the ratt'ling thickets bends,
And the whole foreſt in one craſh deſcends.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs tumultuous rage,
In dreadful ſhock the mingled hoſts engage.
Darts ſhow'r'd on darts, now round the carcaſe ring;
Now flights of arrows bounding from the ſtring:
Stones follow ſtones; ſome clatter on the fields,
Some hard, and heavy, ſhake the ſounding ſhields.
But where the riſing whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in ſoft duſt the mighty chief remains,
And ſtretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!
Now flaming from the Zenith, Sol had driv'n
His fervid orb through half the vault of heav'n;
While on each hoſt with equal tempeſt fell
The ſhow'ring darts, and numbers ſunk to hell.
But when his ev'ning wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conqueſt reſted on the Grecian train.

Then

Then from amidſt the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corſe, and radiant arms.
Then raſh Patroclus with new fury glows,
And breathing ſlaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the preſs like Mars himſelf he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onſet flew.
There ends thy glory! there the fates untwine
The laſt, black remnant of ſo bright a line;
Apollo dreadful ſtops thy middle way;
Death calls, and heav'n allows no longer day!
For lo! the god in duſky clouds enſhrin'd,
Approaching dealt a ſtagg'ring blow behind.
The weighty ſhock his neck and ſhoulders feel;
His eyes flaſh ſparkles, his ſtunn'd ſenſes reel
In giddy darkneſs: far to diſtance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champain rung.
Achilles' plume is ſtain'd with duſt and gore;
That plume, which never ſtoop'd to earth before,
Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to ſhine,
And ſhed the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long—for fate purſues him, and the god.
His ſpear in ſhivers falls: his ample ſhield
Drops from his arms: his baldrick ſtrows the field:
The corſelet his aſtoniſh'd breaſt foreſakes:
Looſe is each joint; each nerve with horror ſhakes.
Stupid he ſtares, and all aſſiſtleſs ſtands:
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!
A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,
From Panthus ſprung, Euphorbus was his name:
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horſe,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchleſs in the courſe,
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His vent'rous ſpear firſt drew the hero's gore:
He ſtruck, he wounded, but he durſt no more;

Nor

Nor though diſarm'd, Patroclus fury ſtood :
But ſwift withdrew the long-protended wood ;
And turn'd him ſhort, and herded in the croud.
Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal ſpear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
Retires for ſuccour to his ſocial train,
And flies the fate, which heav'n decreed, in vain.
Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks thro' the ranks, and his retreat purſues :
The lance arreſts him with a mortal wound ;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.
With him all Greece was ſunk ; that moment all
Her yet-ſurviving heroes ſeem'd to fall.
So ſcorch'd with heat, along the deſart ſhore,
The roaming lion meets a briſtly boar,
Faſt by the ſpring ; they both diſpute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws beſmear'd with blood ;
At length the ſov'reign ſavage wins the ſtrife,
And the torn boar reſigns his thirſt and life.
Patroclus thus, ſo many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He ſternly views him, and triumphing cries :
Lie there, Patroclus ! and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of ſubverting Troy ;
The fancy'd ſcenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy ſoft pleaſures ſerv'd with captive dames !

Ver. 1003. *Lie there, Patroclus !* etc.] There is much ſpirit in this ſarcaſm of Hector upon Patroclus : Nor is Achilles exempt from the ſeverity of the reflection, who, as he imagines, had perſuaded his deareſt friend to attempt exploits that were impracticable. He touches him alſo, for ſtaying at home in ſecurity himſelf, and encouraging Patroclus to undertake this perilous adventure, and to ſeek after ſpoils which he was never like to enjoy. Euſtathius.

Unthinking man! I fought, thoſe tow'rs to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee:
But thou a prey to vultures ſhalt be made;
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
Though much at parting that great chief might ſay,
And much enjoin thee, this important day.
" Return not, my brave friend, perhaps he ſaid,
" Without the bloody arms of Hector dead."
He ſpoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he ſped.
Supine, and wildly gazing on the ſkies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies.
Vain boaſter! ceaſe, and know the pow'rs divine;
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;
To heav'n is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And heav'n itſelf diſarm'd me ere my fall.
Had twenty mortals each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had ſunk in fight:
By fate and Phœbus was I firſt o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.
But thou, imperious! hear my lateſt breath;
The gods inſpire it, and it ſounds thy death.
Inſulting man, thou ſhalt be ſoon, as I;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;
Ev'n now on life's laſt verge I ſee thee ſtand,
I ſee thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.
He faints; the ſoul unwilling wings her way,
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coaſt;
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghoſt!
Then Hector pauſing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcaſe, then addreſs'd the dead.
From whence this boding ſpeech, the ſtern decree
Of death denounce'd, or why denounce'd to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be giv'n
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of heav'n?

Penſive

Penſive he ſaid; then preſſing as he lay
His breathleſs boſom, tore the lance away;
And upwards caſt the corpſe: the reeking ſpear
He ſhakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But ſwift Automedon with looſen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the diſtant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal courſers drove;
Th' immortal courſers were the gift of Jove.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſeventh battle, for the body of Patroclus: the acts of Menelaus.

Menelaus, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is ſlain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires: but ſoon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas ſuſtains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horſes of Achilles deplore the loſs of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkneſs: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occaſion. Menelaus ſends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus's death: then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmoſt fury, he and Meriones aſſiſted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ſhips.

The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The ſcene lies in the fields before Troy.

ON the cold earth divine Patroclus ſpread,
Lies pierce'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.

Great

This is the only book of the Iliad which is a continued deſcription of a battle, without any digreſſion or epiſode, that ſerves for

Great Menelaus, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:
Thus round her new-fall'n young, the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and firſt-born of her loves,
And anxious, (helpleſs as he lies, and bare)
Turns, and returns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcaſe came,
His broad ſhield glimmers, and his lances flame.

The ſon of Panthus ſkill'd the dart to ſend,
Eyes the dead hero, and inſults the friend.
This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;
Warrior! deſiſt, nor tempt an equal blow:
To me the ſpoils my proweſs won, reſign;
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.

The Trojan thus: the Spartan monarch burn'd
With gen'rous anguiſh, and in ſcorn return'd.

for an interval to refreſh the reader. The heavenly machines too are fewer than in any other. Homer ſeems to have truſted wholly to the force of his own genius, as ſufficient to ſupport him whatſoever lengths he was carried by it. But that ſpirit which animates the original, is what I am ſenſible evaporates ſo much in my hands; that, though I cannot think my author tedious, I ſhould have made him ſeem ſo, if I had not tranſlated this book with all poſſible conciſeneſs. I hope there is nothing material omitted, though the verſion conſiſts but of ſixty-five lines more than the original.

Ver. 11. *The ſon of Panthus.*] The conduct of Homer is admirable, in bringing Euphorbus and Menelaus together upon this occaſion; for hardly any thing but ſuch a ſignal revenge for the death of his brother, could have made Euphorbus ſtand the encounter. Menelaus putting him in mind of the death of his brother, gives occaſion, I think, to one of the fineſt anſwers in all Homer; in which the inſolence of Menelaus is retorted in a way to draw pity from every reader; and I believe there is hardly one, after ſuch a ſpeech, that would not wiſh Euphorbus had the better of Menelaus: a writer of romances would not have failed to have given Euphorbus the victory. But however, it was fitter to make Menelaus, who had received the greateſt injury, do the moſt *revengeful actions.*

Laugh'ſt thou not, Jove! from thy ſuperior throne,
When mortals boaſt of proweſs not their own?
Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his ſpotted foe in fight,
Nor thus the boar (thoſe terrors of the plain)
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vaineſt of the boaſtful kind
Theſe ſons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conqu'ring ſteel
This boaſter's brother, Hyperenor, fell,
Againſt our arm, which raſhly he defy'd,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
Theſe eyes beheld him on the duſt expire,
No more to chear his ſpouſe, or glad his ſire.
Preſumptuous youth! like his ſhall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or while thou may'ſt, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.

Unmov'd, Euphorbus thus: That action known,
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy deſtin'd head,
And ſpouſe, a widow in her bridal bed.
On theſe thy conquer'd ſpoils I ſhall beſtow,
To ſoothe a conſort's and a parent's woe.
No longer then defer the glorious ſtrife,
Let heav'n decide our fortune, fame, and life.

Swift as the word the miſſile lance he flings,
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the braſs innoxious falls.
On Jove the father, great Atrides calls,
Nor flies the jav'lin from his arm in vain,
It pierce'd his throat, and bent him to the plain:
Wide thro' the neck appears the grizly wound,
Prone ſinks the warrior, and his arms reſound.
The ſhining circlets of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the graces might be proud to wear,

Inſtarr'd

Inſtarr'd with gems and gold, beſtrow the ſhore,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
As the young olive, in ſome ſylvan ſcene,
Crown'd by freſh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in ſnowy flow'rets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heav'n invades
The tender plant, and withers all its ſhades:
It lies up-rooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin now deface'd and dead.
Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the tow'ring victor flies:
Flies, as before ſome mountain lion's ire
The village curs, and trembling ſwains retire;
When o'er the ſlaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
And ſee his jaws diſtil with ſmoking gore;
All pale with fear, at diſtance ſcatter'd round,
They ſhout inceſſant, and the vales reſound.
Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
And urge'd great Hector to diſpute the prize,
(In Mentes' ſhape, beneath whoſe martial care
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war)
Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitleſs ſpeed to chace
Achilles' courſers of æthereal race;

Ver. 65. *Thus young, thus beautiful Euphorbus lay.*] This is the only Trojan whoſe death the poet laments, that he might do the more honour to Patroclus, his hero's friend. The compariſon here uſed is very proper, for the olive always preſerves its beauty. But where the poet ſpeaks of the Lapithæ, a hardy and warlike people, he compares them to oaks, that ſtand unmoved in ſtorms and tempeſts; and where Hector falls by Ajax, he likens him to an oak ſtruck down by Jove's thunder. Juſt after this ſoft compariſon upon the beauty of Euphorbus, he paſſes to another full of ſtrength and terror, that of the lion. Euſtathius.

They

They ſtoop not, theſe, to mortal man's command,
Or ſtoop to none but great Achilles' hand.
Too long amus'd with a purſuit ſo vain,
Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus ſlain!
By Sparta ſlain! for ever now ſuppreſt
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breaſt!
Thus having ſpoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great Hector's ſoul: thro' all the war
He darts his anxious eye; and inſtant, view'd
The breathleſs hero in his blood imbru'd,
(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)
And in the victor's hands the ſhining prey.
Sheath'd in bright arms, thro' cleaving ranks he flies,
And ſends his voice in thunder to the ſkies:
Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan ſent,
It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
Atrides from the voice the ſtorm divin'd,
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind.
Then ſhall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
Slain in my cauſe, and for my honour ſlain?
Deſert the arms, the relics of my friend?
Or ſingly, Hector and his troops attend?
Sure where ſuch partial favour heav'n beſtow'd,
To brave the hero were to brave the god:
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field:
'Tis not to Hector, but to heav'n I yield.
Yet, nor the god, nor heav'n, ſhould give me fear,
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear:

Still

Ver. 110. *Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear.*] How obſervable is Homer's art of illuſtrating the valour and glory of his heroes! Menelaus, who ſees Hector and all the Trojans ruſhing upon him, would not retire if Apollo did not ſupport them; *and though Apollo* does ſupport them, he would oppoſe even Apollo,

Still would we turn; ſtill battle on the plains,
And give Achilles all that yet remains
Of his and our Patroclus——This, no more,
The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the ſhore,
A fable ſcene! the terrors Hector led.
Slow he recedes, and fighing, quits the dead.
So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Force'd by loud clamours, and a ſtorm of darts;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.
Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burn'd,
O'er all the black battalions ſent his view,
And thro' the cloud the godlike Ajax knew;
Where lab'ring on the left the warrior ſtood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood,
There breathing courage, where the god of day
Had ſunk each heart with terror and diſmay.
To him the king. Oh Ajax, oh my friend;
Haſte, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend:
The body to Achilles to reſtore,
Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
For naked now, deſpoil'd of arms he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize.
He ſaid, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had ſtern Hector ſeiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;
But ſoon as Ajax rear'd his tow'r-like ſhield,
Sprung to his car, and meaſur'd back the field.
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To ſtand a trophy of his fame in war.

pollo, were Ajax but near him. This is glorious for Menelaus, and yet more glorious for Ajax, and very ſuitable to his character; for Ajax was the braveſt of the Greeks, next to Achilles. Dacier. Euſtathius,

Meanwhile

Meanwhile great Ajax, his broad ſhield diſplay'd,
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful ſhade;
And now before, and now behind he ſtood:
Thus in the centre of ſome gloomy wood,
With many a ſtep the lioneſs ſurrounds
Her tawny young, beſet by men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rouzing all her pow'rs,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow low'rs.
Faſt by his ſide, the gen'rous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.
But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids.
Where now in Hector ſhall we Hector find?
A manly form, without a manly mind.
Is this, O chief! a hero's boaſted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name?
Since battle is renounce'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preſerve thy Troy:
'Tis time to try if Ilion's ſtate can ſtand
By thee alone, nor aſk a foreign hand;
Mean, empty boaſt! but ſhall the Lycians ſtake
Their lives for you? thoſe Lycians you forſake?
What from thy thankleſs arms can we expect?
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy baſe neglect:
Say, ſhall our ſlaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unrevenge'd the great Sarpedon falls?
Ev'n where he dy'd for Troy, you left him there,
A feaſt for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.
Did ſuch a ſpirit as the gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart;
(Such, as ſhould burn in ev'ry ſoul, that draws
The ſword for glory, and his country's cauſe)
Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon carcaſe to the walls of Troy.

Oh!

Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms, and honour'd corſe again!
Greece with Achilles' friend ſhould be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his ſhade.
But words are vain——Let Ajax once appear,
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
Thou dar'ſt not meet the terrors of his eye;
And lo! already thou prepar'ſt to fly.
The Trojan chief with fix'd reſentment ey'd
The Lycian leader, and ſedate reply'd.
'Say, is it juſt, my friend, that Hector's ear
From ſuch a warrior ſuch a ſpeech ſhould hear?
I deem'd thee once the wiſeſt of thy kind,
But ill this inſult ſuits a prudent mind.
I ſhun great Ajax! I deſert my train!
'Tis mine to prove the raſh aſſertion vain;
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
And hear the thunder of the ſounding ſteeds.
But Jove's high will is ever uncontroul'd,
The ſtrong he withers, and confounds the bold;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
Strikes the freſh garland from the victor's brow!
Come, thro' yon ſquadrons let us hew the way,
And thou be witneſs, if I fear to-day;
If yet a Greek the ſight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.
Then turning to the martial hoſts, he cries,
Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
Be men, my friends, in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.

Ver. 193. *I ſhun great Ajax!*] Hector takes no notice of the affronts that Glaucus had thrown upon him, as knowing that he had in ſome reſpect a juſt cauſe to be angry; but he cannot put up what he has ſaid of his fearing Ajax, to which part he only replies: this is very agreeable to his heroic character. Euſtath.

Hector

Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine.
He strode along the field, as thus he said:
(The sable plumage nodded o'er his head)
Swift thro' the spacious plain he sent a look;
One instant saw, one instant overtook
The distant band, that on the sandy shore
The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.
There his own mail unbrace'd the field bestrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands,
The work and present of celestial hands;
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
At first to Peleus by the court of heav'n:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.
Him, proud in triumph, glitt'ring from afar,
The god, whose thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity; as apart he sat,
And conscious, look'd thro' all the scene of fate.
He shook the sacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the Godhead said:
Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory, and what fates attend?
In heav'nly panoply divinely bright
Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight.
As at Achilles' self! beneath thy dart
Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,
Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away.
For ah! no more Andromache shall come,
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!

Then

Then with his ſable brow he gave the nod,
That ſeals his word; the ſanction of the god.
The ſtubborn arms, (by Jove's command diſpos'd)
Conform'd ſpontaneous, and around him clos'd;
Fill'd with the god, enlarg'd his members grew,
Thro' all his veins a ſudden vigour flew,
The blood in briſker tides began to roll,
And Mars himſelf came ruſhing on his ſoul.
Exhorting loud thro' all the field he ſtrode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a god.
Now Meſthles, Glaucus, Medon he inſpires,
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothous fires;
The great Therſilochus like fury found,
Aſteropæus kindled at the ſound,
And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.
Hear, all ye hoſts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
Of neighb'ring nations, or of diſtant lands!
'Twas not for ſtate we ſummon'd you ſo far,
To boaſt our numbers, and the pomp of war;
Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chaſe,
To ſave our preſent, and our future race.
For this, our wealth, our products you enjoy,
And glean the relics of exhauſted Troy.

Ver. 260. ——— *Unnumber'd bands*
Of neighb'ring nations.———]

Euſtathius has very well explained the artifice of this ſpeech of Hector, who indirectly anſwers all Glaucus's invectives, and humbles his vanity. Glaucus had juſt ſpoken as if the Lycians were the only allies of Troy; and Hector here ſpeaks of the numerous troops of different nations, which he expreſsly deſigns by calling them borderers upon his kingdom, thereby in ſome manner to exclude the Lycians, who were of a country more remote; as if he did not vouchſafe to reckon them. He afterwards confutes what Glaucus ſaid, "that if the Lycians would take his ad-"vice, they would return home;" for he gives them to underſtand, that being hired troops, they are obliged to perform their bargain, and to fight till the war is at an end. Dacier.

Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
To die or conquer are the terms of war.
Whatever hand ſhall win Patroclus ſlain,
Who'er ſhall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's ſelf ſhall equal honours claim;
With Hector part the ſpoil, and ſhare the fame.
Fir'd by his words, the troops diſmiſs their fears,
They join, they thicken, they protend their ſpears;
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! what numbers ſhall the field o'erſpread,
What victims periſh round the mighty dead?
Great Ajax mark'd the growing ſtorm from far,
And thus beſpoke his brother of the war.
Our fatal day, alas! is come, my friend,
And all our wars and glories at an end!
'Tis not this corſe alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain;
We too muſt yield: the ſame ſad fate muſt fall
On thee, on me, perhaps, my friend, on all.
See what a tempeſt direful Hector ſpreads,
And lo! it burſts, it thunders on our heads!
Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
The braveſt Grecks: this hour demands them all.
The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
The field re-echo'd the diſtreſsful ſound.
Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whoſe hand is giv'n
The rule of men; whoſe glory is from heav'n!
Whom with true honours both Atrides grace:
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race!

Ver. 290. *Call on our Greeks.*] Euſtathius gives three reaſons why Ajax bids Menelaus call the Greeks to their aſſiſtance, inſtead of calling them himſelf. He might be aſham'd to do it, leſt it ſhould look like fear, and turn to his diſhonour: or the chiefs were more likely to obey Menelaus: or he had too much buſineſs of the war upon his hands, and wanted leiſure more than the other.

All,

All, whom this well-known voice ſhall reach from far,
All, whom I ſee not thro' this cloud of war,
Come all! let gen'rous rage your arms employ,
And ſave Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.
Oilean Ajax firſt the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;
Next him Idomeneus, more ſlow with age,
And Mérion, burning with a hero's rage.
The long ſucceeding numbers who can name?
But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
Whole Troy embodied, ruſh'd with ſhouts along.
Thus, when a mountain billow foams and raves,
Where ſome ſwoln river diſembogues his waves,
Full in the mouth is ſtopp'd the ruſhing tide,
The boiling ocean works from ſide to ſide,
The river trembles to his utmoſt ſhore,
And diſtant rocks rebellow to the roar.
Nor leſs reſolv'd, the firm Achaian band
With brazen ſhields in horrid circle ſtand:
Jove, pouring darkneſs o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warriors ſhining helms in night:
To him, the chief for whom the hoſts contend,
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
Dead he protects him with ſuperior care,
Nor dooms his carcaſe to the birds of air.
The firſt attack the Grecians ſcarce ſuſtain,
Repuls'd, they yield; the Trojans ſeize the ſlain:
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the ſwift rage of Ajax Telamon.

Ver. 302. *Oilean Ajax firſt.*] Ajax Oi'leus, ſays Euſtathius, is the firſt that comes, being brought by his love to the other Ajax, as it is natural for one friend to fly to the aſſiſtance of another: to which we may add, he might very probably come firſt, becauſe he was the ſwifteſt of all the heroes.

(Ajax to Peleus' ſon the ſecond name,
In graceful ſtature next, and next in fame.)
With headlong force the foremoſt ranks he tore;
So thro' the thicket burſts the mountain-boar,
And rudely ſcatters, far to diſtance round,
The frighted hunter and the baying hound.
The ſon of Lethus, brave Pelaſgus' heir,
Hippothous, dragg'd the carcaſe thro' the war;
The ſinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
With thongs, inſerted thro' the double wound:
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed;
Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed;
It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain;
The ſhatter'd creſt, and horſe-hair, ſtrow the plain;
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:
The brain comes guſhing thro' the ghaſtly wound;
He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him ſpread
Now lies, a ſad companion of the dead:
Far from Lariſſa lies, his native air,
And ill requites his parent's tender care.
Lamented youth! in life's firſt bloom he fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell.
Once more at Ajax, Hector's jav'lin flies;
The Grecian, marking as it cut the ſkies,
Shunn'd the deſcending death; which hiſſing on,
Stretch'd in the duſt the great Iphytus' ſon,
Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
The boldeſt warrior, and the nobleſt mind:
In little Panope for ſtrength renown'd,
He held his ſeat, and rul'd the realms around.

Plunge'd

Ver. 356 *Panope renown'd.*] Panope was a ſmall town twenty ſtadia from Chæronea, on the ſide of Mount Parnaſſus, and it is hard to know why Homer gives it the epithet of *renown'd*, and makes it the reſidence of Schedius, king of the Phocians; when *it was but nine* hundred paces in circuit, and had no palace, nor gymnaſium.

Plunge'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
And deep tranſpiercing, thro' the ſhoulder ſtood;
In clanging arms the hero fell; and all
The fields reſounded with his weighty fall.
Phorcys, as ſlain Hippothous he defends,
The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
The hollow armour burſt before the ſtroke,
And thro' the wound the ruſhing entrails broke,
In ſtrong convulſions panting on the ſands
He lies, and graſps the duſt with dying hands.
Struck at the ſight, recede the Trojan train:
The ſhouting Argives ſtrip the heroes ſlain.
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and reſign'd the field;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With Jove averſe, had turn'd the ſcale of fate;
But Phœbus urge'd Æneas to the fight;
He ſeem'd like aged Periphas to fight:
(A herald in Anchiſes' love grown old,
Rever'd for prudence, and with prudence, bold.)
Thus he — What methods yet, oh chief! remain,
To ſave your Troy, tho' heav'n its fall ordain?
There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care,
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
Have force'd the pow'rs to ſpare a ſinking ſtate,
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.
But you, when fortune ſmiles, when Jove declares
His partial favour, and aſſiſts your wars,
Your ſhameful efforts 'gainſt yourſelves employ,
And force th' unwilling god to ruin Troy.
Æneas thro' the form aſſum'd deſcries
The pow'r conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries.

gymnaſium, nor theatre, nor market, nor fountain; nothing in ſhort, that ought to have been in a town which is the reſidence of a king.

Oh laſting ſhame! to our own fears a prey,
We ſeek our ramparts, and deſert the day.
A god, nor is he leſs, my boſom warms,
And tells me, Jove aſſerts the Trojan arms.
He ſpoke, and foremoſt to the combat flew:
The bold example all his hoſts purſue.
Then firſt, Leocritus beneath him bled,
In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomede;
Who view'd his fall, and grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, ſent his angry lance:
The whirling lance, with vig'rous force addreſt,
Deſcends, and pants in Apiſaon's breaſt:
From rich Pæonia's vales the warrior came,
Next thee, Aſteropeus! in place and fame.
Aſteropeus with grief beheld the ſlain,
And ruſh'd to combat, but he ruſh'd in vain:
Indiſſolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, on buckler buckler ſpread,
And hem'd with briſtled ſpears, the Grecians ſtood;
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
Great Ajax eyes them with inceſſant care,
And in an orb contracts the crouded war,
Cloſe in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
And ſtands the centre and the ſoul of all:
Fixt on the ſpot they war, and wounded, wound;
A ſanguine torrent ſteeps the reeking ground;
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
And thick'ning round them, riſe the hills of dead.
Greece, in cloſe order, and collected might,
Yet ſuffers leaſt, and ſways the wav'ring fight;
Fierce as conflicting fires, the combat burns,
And now it riſes, now it ſinks by turns.
In one thick darkneſs all the fight was loſt;
The ſun, the moon, and all th' æthereal hoſt
Seem'd as extinct; day raviſh'd from their eyes,
And all heav'n's ſplendors blotted from the ſkies.

Such

Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
The reſt in ſunſhine fought, and open light:
Unclouded there, th' aerial azure ſpread,
No vapour reſted on the mountain's head,
The golden ſun pour'd forth a ſtronger ray,
And all the broad expanſion flam'd with day.
Diſpers'd around the plain, by fits they fight,
And here, and there, their ſcatter'd arrows light:
But death and darkneſs o'er the careaſe ſpread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.
Meanwhile the ſons of Neſtor, in the rear,
Their fellows routed, toſs the diſtant ſpear,
And ſkirmiſh wide: ſo Neſtor gave command,
When from the ſhips he ſent the Pylian band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
In thought they view'd him ſtill, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.
But round the corſe, the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:
O'erlabour'd now, with duſt, and ſweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet, are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds ariſe,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkneſs fills their eyes.
As when a ſlaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from ſide to ſide,
The brawny curriers ſtretch; and labour o'er,
Th' extended ſurface, drunk with fat and gore;
So tugging round the corſe both armies ſtood;
The mangled body bath'd in ſweat and blood:

Ver. 436. *Meanwhile the ſons of Neſtor, in the rear,* etc.] It is not without reaſon Homer in this place makes particular mention of Neſtor, it is to prepare us againſt he ſends one of them to Achilles to tell him the death of his friend.

While Greeks and Ilians equal ſtrength employ,
Now to the ſhips to force it, now to Troy.
Not Pallas' ſelf, her breaſt when fury warms,
Nor he, whoſe anger ſets the world in arms,
Could blame this ſcene; ſuch rage, ſuch horror reign'd;
Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.
Achilles in his ſhips at diſtance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;
He, yet unconſcious of Patroclus' fall,
In duſt extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wiſh'd return prepares in vain;
Tho' well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
Was more than Heav'n had deſtin'd to his friend,
Perhaps to him: this Thetis had reveal'd;
The reſt, in pity to her ſon, conceal'd.
Still rage'd the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps, by mutual wounds they bled.
Curs'd be the man (ev'n private Greeks would ſay)
Who dares deſert this well-diſputed day!
Firſt may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for ſacrifice!
Firſt periſh all, ere haughty Troy ſhall boaſt
We loſt Patroclus, and our glory loſt.
Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans ſaid,
Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!
Then claſh their ſounding arms; the clangors riſe,
And ſhake the brazen concave of the ſkies.

Ver. 471. *The reſt, in pity to her ſon, conceal'd.*] Here, ſays the ſame author, we have two rules laid down for common uſe. One, not to tell our friends all their miſchances at once, it being often neceſſary to hide part of them, as Thetis does from Achilles: the other, not to puſh men of courage upon all that is poſſible for them to do. Thus Achilles, though he thought Patroclus able to drive the Trojans back to their gates, yet he does not order him to do ſo much; but only to ſave the ſhips, and beat them *back into* the field.

Meantime

Meantime, at diſtance from the ſcene of blood,
The penſive ſteeds of great Achilles ſtood;
Their godlike maſter ſlain before their eyes,
They wept, and ſhar'd in human miſeries.
In vain Automedon now ſhakes the rein,
Now plies the laſh, and ſoothes and threats in vain;
Nor to the fight, nor Helleſpont they go,
Reſtive they ſtood, and obſtinate in woe:
Still as a tomb-ſtone, never to be mov'd,
On ſome good man, or woman unreprov'd
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as ſtands
A marble courſer by the ſculptor's hands,
Place'd on the hero's grave. Along their face,
The big round drops cours'd down with ſilent pace,
Conglobing on the duſt. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in ſtate,
Trail'd on the duſt beneath the yoke were ſpread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
Nor Jove diſdain'd to caſt a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the ſteeds he ſpoke.

Unhappy courſers of immortal ſtrain!
Exempt from age, and deathleſs now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man beſtow,
Only, alas! to ſhare in mortal woe?
For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the duſt of earth;
What wretched creature of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
A miſerable race! but ceaſe to mourn:
For not by you ſhall Priam's ſon be borne
High on the ſplendid car: one glorious prize
He raſhly boaſts; the reſt our will denies.
Ourſelf will ſwiftneſs to your nerves impart,
Ourſelf with riſing ſpirits ſwell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight ſhall bear
Safe to the navy thro' the ſtorm of war.

For yet 'tis giv'n to Troy, to ravage o'er
The field, and ſpread her ſlaughters to the ſhore;
The ſun ſhall ſee her conquer, till his fall
With ſacred darkneſs ſhades the face of all.
He ſaid; and breathing in th' immortal horſe
Exceſſive ſpirit, urge'd them to the courſe;
From their high manes they ſhake the duſt, and bear
The kindling chariot thro' the parted war:
So flies a vulture thro' the clam'rous train
Of geeſe, that ſcream, and ſcatter round the plain.
From danger now with ſwifteſt ſpeed they flew,
And now to conqueſt with like ſpeed purſue;
Sole in the ſeat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the jav'lin, now directs the reins:
Him brave Alcimedon beheld diſtreſt,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief addreſt.
What god provokes thee, raſhly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickeſt war?
Alas! thy friend is ſlain, and Hector wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.
In happy time, the charioteer relies,
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes;
No Greek like him, the heav'nly ſteeds reſtrains,
Or holds their fury in ſuſpended reins;
Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now Patroclus is an empty name!

Ver. 522. *The ſun ſhall ſee Troy conquer.*] It is worth obſerving with what art and œconomy Homer conducts his fable, to bring on the cataſtrophe. Achilles muſt hear Patroclus's death; Hector muſt fall by his hand: this cannot happen if the armies continue fighting about the body of Patroclus under the walls of Troy. Therefore, to change the face of affairs, Jupiter is going to raiſe the courage of the Trojans, and make them repulſe and chace the Greeks again as far as their fleet; this obliges Achilles to go forth, though without arms, and thereby every thing comes to an iſſue. Dacier.

To

To thee I yield the ſeat, to thee reſign
The ruling charge: the taſk of fight be mine.
He ſaid. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the ſeat.
His friend deſcends. The chief of Troy deſcry'd,
And call'd Æneas fighting near his ſide.
Lo, to my ſight beyond our hope reſtor'd,
Achilles' car, deſerted of its lord!
The glorious ſteeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them thro' the fight:
Can ſuch opponents ſtand, when we aſſail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.
The ſon of Venus to the counſel yields;
Then o'er their backs they ſpread their ſolid ſhields;
With braſs refulgent the broad ſurface ſhin'd,
And thick bull-hides the ſpacious concave lin'd.
Them Chromius follows, Aretus ſucceeds,
Each hopes the conqueſt of the lofty ſteeds;
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance! nor fated to return.
Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntleſs mind:
Oh keep the foaming courſers cloſe behind!
Full on my ſhoulders let their noſtrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
'Tis Hector comes; and when he ſeeks the prize,
War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.
Then thro' the field he ſends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring croud,
With great Atrides. Hither turn, he ſaid,
Turn, where diſtreſs demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And ſave the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we ſtand, unequal to engage
The force of *Hector*, and Æneas' rage:

Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove,
Is only mine: th' event belongs to Jove.
He ſpoke, and high the ſounding jav'lin flung,
Which paſs'd the ſhield of Aretus the young;
It pierce'd his belt, emboſs'd with curious art;
Then in the lower belly ſtuck the dart.
As when a pond'rous ax deſcending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of ſome brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he ſprings with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth; the air his ſoul receiv'd,
And the ſpear trembled as his entrails heav'd.
Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Diſcharge'd his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he ſhunn'd; the jav'lin idly fled,
And hiſs'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful ſpear
In long vibrations ſpent its fury there.
With claſhing faulchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd;
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans ſtood,
But left their ſlain companion in his blood:
His arms Automedon diveſts, and cries,
Accept, Patroclus, this mean ſacrifice.
Thus have I ſooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, ſome off'ring to thy ſhade.
So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore;
High on the chariot at one bound he ſprung,
And o'er his ſeat the bloody trophies hung.
And now Minerva, from the realms of air
Deſcends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The lord of thunders ſent the blue-ey'd maid.
As when high Jove denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,

(In

(In ſign of tempeſts from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, deſtructive war)
The drooping cattle dread th' impending ſkies,
And from his half-till'd field the lab'rer flies.
In ſuch a form the goddeſs round her drew
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
Aſſuming Phœnix' ſhape, on earth ſhe falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls.
And lies Achilles' friend belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?
What ſhame to Greece for future times to tell.
To thee the greateſt in whoſe cauſe he fell!
Oh chief! oh father! Atreus' ſon replies,
Oh full of days! by long experience wiſe!
What more deſires my ſoul, than here unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
Ah would Minerva ſend me ſtrength to rear
This weary'd arm, and ward the ſtorm of war!
But Hector, like the rage of fire we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.
Pleas'd to be firſt of all the pow'rs addreſt,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breaſt,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell deſpight,
Deſire of blood, and rage, and luſt of fight.
So burns the vengeful hornet, ſoul all o'er,
Repuls'd in vain, and thirſty ſtill of gore;
Bold ſon of Air and Heat, on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and ſtings.
Fir'd with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,
And ſent his ſoul with ev'ry lance he threw.
There ſtood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
Eetion's ſon, and Podes was his name;
With riches honour'd, and with courage bleſt,
By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his gueſt;
Through

Ver. 651. *By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his gueſt.*] Pedæus.

Through his broad belt the ſpear a paſſage found,
And pond'rous as he falls, his arms reſound.
Sudden at Hector's ſide Apollo ſtood,
Like Phænops, Aſius' ſon, appear'd the god;
(Aſius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main)
Oh prince, he cry'd, oh foremoſt once in fame!
What Grecian now ſhall tremble at thy name?
Doſt thou, at length, to Menelaus yield,
A chief once thought no terror of the field;
Yet ſingly, now, the long diſputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies.
By the ſame arm illuſtrious Podes bled,
The friend of Hector, unrevenge'd, is dead!
This heard, o'er Hector ſpreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.
But now th' Eternal ſhook his ſable ſhield,
That ſhaded Ide, and all the ſubject field
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the god:
At one regard of his all-ſeeing eye,
The vanquiſh'd triumph, and the victors fly.
Then trembled Greece: the flight Peneleus led;
For as the brave Bœotian turn'd his head
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
And raz'd his ſhoulder with a ſhorten'd ſpear:
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
Pierce'd thro' the wriſt; and raging with the pain,
Graſps his once formidable lance in vain.

the favourite and companion of Hector, being killed on this occaſion, ſeems a parallel circumſtance to the death of Achilles's favourite and companion; and was probably put in here on purpoſe to engage Hector on the like occaſion with Achilles.

As Hector follow'd, Idomen addreſt
The flaming jav'lin to his manly breaſt;
The brittle point before his corſelet yields;
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields:
High on his chariot as the Cretan ſtood,
The ſon of Priam whirl'd the miſſive wood:
But erring from its aim, th' impetuous ſpear
Strook to the duſt the 'ſquire and charioteer
Of martial Merion: Coeranus his name,
Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
On foot bold Merion fought; and now laid low,
Had grace'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe;
But the brave 'ſquire the ready courſers brought,
And with his life his maſter's ſafety bought.
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it ſhatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the ſeat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:
This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to deſert the hopeleſs war;
Idomeneus conſents; the laſh applies;
And the ſwift chariot to the navy flies.
Nor Ajax leſs the will of heav'n deſcry'd,
And conqueſt ſhifting to the Trojan ſide,
Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
To Atreus' ſeed, the godlike Telamon.
Alas! who ſees not Jove's almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band?
Whether the weak or ſtrong diſcharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:
Not ſo our ſpears: inceſſant though they rain,
He ſuffers ev'ry lance to fall in vain.
Deſerted of the God, yet let us try
What human ſtrength and prudence can ſupply;
If yet this honour'd corſe, in triumph borne,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,

Who tremble yet, ſcarce reſcu'd from their fates,
And ſtill hear Hector thund'ring at their gates.
Some hero too muſt be diſpatch'd to bear
The mournful meſſage to Pelides' ear;
For ſure he knows not, diſtant on the ſhore,
His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
But ſuch a chief I ſpy not thro' the hoſt:
The men, the ſteeds, the armies, all are loſt
In gen'ral darkneſs—Lord of earth and air!
Oh king! oh father! hear my humble pray'r:
Diſpel this cloud, the light of heav'n reſtore;
Give me to ſee, and Ajax aſks no more:
If Greece muſt periſh, we thy will obey,
But let us periſh in the face of day!
With tears the hero ſpoke, and at his pray'r
The god relenting, clear'd the clouded air;
Forth burſt the ſon with all-enlight'ning ray;
The blaze of armour flaſh'd againſt the day.
Now, now, Atrides! caſt around thy ſight,
If yet Antilochus ſurvives the fight,
Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news—Atrides haſtes away.
So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdſmen, and long vex'd by hounds,
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted ſore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrors of the blazing brands:
'Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits th' untaſted prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dang'rous place;
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admoniſh'd, much adjur'd his train:
Oh guard theſe relics to your charge conſign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;

How

How ſkill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildeſt manners, and the gentleſt heart:
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend!
So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all ſides ſent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endu'd with ſharpeſt eye
Of all that wing the mid aerial ſky,
The ſacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and ſees the diſtant thicket move:
Then ſtoops, and ſouſing on the quiv'ring hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Not with leſs quickneſs, his exerted ſight
Paſs'd this, and that way, through the ranks of fight:
'Till on the left the chief he ſought, he found;
Chearing his men, and ſpreading deaths around.
To him the king. Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
For ſadder tydings never touch'd thy ear;
Thy eyes have witneſs'd what a fatal turn!
How Ilion triumphs, and the Achaians mourn,
This is not all: Patroclus on the ſhore
Now pale and dead, ſhall ſuccour Greece no more;
Fly to the fleet, this inſtant fly, and tell
The ſad Achilles how his lov'd one fell:
He too may haſte the naked corpſe to gain;
The arms are Hector's, who diſpoil'd the ſlain.
The youthful warrior heard with ſilent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;
Big with the mighty grief, he ſtrove to ſay
What ſorrow dictates, but no word found way.

Ver. 781. *The youthful warrior heard with ſilent woe.*] Homer ever repreſents an exceſs of grief by a deep horror, ſilence, weeping, and not inquiring into the manner of the friend's death: nor could Antilochus have expreſſed his ſorrow in any manner ſo moving as ſilence. Euſtathius.

To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
Who near him wheeling, drove his steeds along,
Then ran, the mournful message to impart,
With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart.
Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaus stands,
Though sore distrest, to aid the Pylian bands;
But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain;
Himself returns to his Patroclus slain.
Gone is Antilochus, the hero said,
But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid:
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd, he fights not with the Trojan foe.
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,
'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain,
And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.
'Tis well, said Ajax, be it then thy care
With Merion's aid, the weighty corse to rear;
Myself and my bold brother will sustain
The shock of Hector and his charging train:
Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side;
What Troy can dare, we have already try'd,
Have try'd it, and have stood. The hero said.
High from the ground the warriors heave the dead.
A general clamour rises at the sight;
Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight.

Ver. 785. *To brave Laodocus his arms he flung.*] Antilochus leaves his armour, not only that he might make the more haste, but, as the ancients conjecture, that he might not be thought to be absent by the enemies; and that seeing his armour on some other person, they might think him still in the fight. Eustath.

Ver. 794. *But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid!*
Unarm'd————]
This is an ingenious way of making the valour of Achilles appear the greater; who, though without arms, goes forth in the next book, contrary to the expectation of Ajax and Menelaus. Dacier.

Not

Not fiercer ruſh along the gloomy wood,
With rage inſatiate and with thirſt of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their furious hunters, drive the wounded boar;
But if the ſavage turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the foreſt fly.
Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
Wave their thick faulchions, and their jav'lins ſhow'r;
But Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
All pale they tremble, and forſake the field.

While thus aloft the hero's corſe they bear,
Behind them rages all the ſtorm of war;
Confuſion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
Of men, ſteeds, chariots, urge'd the rout along:
Leſs fierce the winds with riſing flames conſpire,
To whelm ſome city under waves of fire;
Now ſink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
Now crack the blazing temples of the gods;
The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,
And ſheets of ſmoke mount heavy to the poles.
The heroes ſweat beneath their honour'd load:
As when two mules, along the rugged road,
From the ſteep mountain with exerted ſtrength
Drag ſome vaſt beam, or maſt's unwieldy length;
Inly they groan, big drops of ſweat diſtill,
Th' enormous timber lab'ring down the hill;
So theſe—Behind, the bulk of Ajax ſtands,
And breaks the torrent of the ruſhing bands.
Thus when a river ſwell'd with ſudden rains
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
Some interpoſing hill the ſtream divides,
And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
Still cloſe they follow, cloſe the rear engage;
Æneas ſtorms, and Hector foams with rage:
While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
Wedge'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,

That

That ſhriek inceſſant while the faulcon hung
High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.
So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry:
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay:
Such horror Jove impreſt! Yet ſtill proceeds
The work of death, and ſtill the battle bleeds.

THE

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The grief of Achilles, and new armour made him by Vulcan.

THE news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to shew himself at the head of the entrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas dissagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles's tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

THUS like the rage of fire the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
Meanwhile

Ver. 1. *Thus like the rage of fire*, etc.] This phrase is used in

Meanwhile, where Helleſpont's broad waters flow,
Stood Neſtor's ſon, the meſſenger of woe:
There ſat Achilles, ſhaded by his ſails,
On hoiſted yards extended to the gales;
Penſive he ſat; for all that fate deſign'd
Roſe in ſad proſpect to his boding mind.
Thus to his ſoul he ſaid. Ah what conſtrains
The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?
Is this the day, which heav'n ſo long ago
Ordain'd, to ſink me with the weight of woe!
So Thetis warn'd, when by a Trojan hand
The braveſt of the Myrmidonian band
Should loſe the light? Fulfill'd is that decree;
Fall'n is the warrior, and Patroclus he!
In vain I charg'd him ſoon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to ſhun Hectorean force in vain!
Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears.
Sad tidings, ſon of Peleus! thou muſt hear;
And wretched I, th' unwilling meſſenger!
Dead is Patroclus! For his corſe they fight;
His naked corſe; his arms are Hector's right.
A ſudden horror ſhot thro' all the chief,
And wrapt his ſenſes in the cloud of grief;
Caſt on the ground, with furious hands he ſpread
The ſcorching aſhes o'er his graceful head;

His

our author, to ſignify a ſharp battle fought with heat and fury on both parts; ſuch an engagement, like a flame, preying upon all ſides, and dying the ſooner the fiercer it burns. Euſtathius.

Ver. 21. *Sad tidings, ſon of Peleus!*] This ſpeech of Antilochus ought to ſerve as a model for the brevity with which ſo dreadful a piece of news ought to be delivered; for in two verſes it comprehends the whole affair of the death of Patroclus, the perſon that killed him, the conteſt of his body, and his arms in the poſſeſſion of his enemy.

Ver. 27. Caſt on the ground, etc.] This is a fine picture of the grief

His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Thoſe he deforms with duſt, and theſe he tears:
On the hard ſoil his groaning breaſt he threw,
And roll'd and grovel'd, as to earth he grew.
The virgin captives, with diſorder'd charms,
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms)
Ruſh'd from the tents with cries; and gath'ring round,
Beat their white breaſts, and fainted on the ground:
While Neſtor's ſon ſuſtains a manlier part,
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;
Hangs on his arms, amidſt his frantic woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.

Far in the deep abyſſes of the main,
With hoary Nereus, and the watry train,
The mother goddeſs from her cryſtal throne
Heard his loud cries, and anſwer'd groan for groan.
The circling Nereids with their miſtreſs weep,
And all the ſea-green ſiſters of the deep.
Thalia, Glauce, ev'ry wat'ry name,
Neſæa mild, and ſilver Spio came:
Cymothoe and Cymodoce were nigh,
And the blue languiſh of ſoft Alia's eye.

grief of Achilles: we ſee, on the one hand, the poſture in which the hero receives the news of his friend's death; he falls upon the ground, he rends his hair, he ſnatches the aſhes and caſts them on his head, according to the manner of thoſe times; (but what much enlivens it in this place, is his ſprinkling embers, inſtead of aſhes, in the violence of his paſſion.) On the other ſide, the captives are running from their tents, ranging themſelves about him, and anſwering to his groans: beſide him ſtand Antilochus, fetching deep ſighs, and hanging on the arms of the hero, for fear his deſpair and rage ſhould cauſe ſome deſperate attempt upon his own life: there is no painter but will be touched with this image.

Ver. 33. *The virgin captives.*] The captive maids lamented either in pity for their lord, or in gratitude to the memory of Patroclus, who was remarkable for his goodneſs and affability; or under theſe pretences mourned for their own misfortunes and ſlavery. Euſtathius.

Their

Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
Then Proto, Doris, Panope, appear,
Thoa, Pheruſa, Doto, Melita;
Agave gentle, and Ampithœ gay:
Next Callianira, Callianaſſa, ſhow
Their ſiſter looks; Dexamene the ſlow,
And ſwift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
Iæra now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with Apſeudes lifts the head,
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed:
Theſe Orythia, Clymene, attend,
Mæra, Amphinome, the train extend.
And black Janira, and Janaſſa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair.
All theſe, and all that deep in ocean held
Their ſacred ſeats, the glimm'ring grotto fill'd;
Each beat her iv'ry breaſt with ſilent woe,
Till Thetis' ſorrows thus began to flow.
  Hear me, and judge, ye ſiſters of the main?
How juſt a cauſe has Thetis to complain?
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
How more than wretched in th' immortal ſtate!
Sprung from my bed a godlike hero came,
The braveſt far that ever bore the name;
Like ſome fair olive, by my careful hand
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and adorn'd the land:
To Troy I ſent him; but the fates ordain
He never, never muſt return again.
So ſhort a ſpace the light of heav'n to view,
So ſhort, alas! and fill'd with anguiſh too.
Hear how his ſorrows echoe thro' the ſhore!
I cannot eaſe them, but I muſt deplore;
I go at leaſt to bear a tender part,
And mourn my lov'd one with a mother's heart.
  She ſaid, and left the caverns of the main,
All bath'd in tears, the melancholy train

Attend

Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
While the long pomp the silver wave divides.
Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
Then, two by two, ascended up the strand.
Th' immortal mother, standing close beside
Her mournful offspring, to his sighs reply'd;
Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,
And thus the silver-footed dame began.

Why mourns my son? thy late preferr'd request
The god has granted, and the Greeks distrest:
Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share,
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.

He, deeply groaning——To this cureless grief
Not ev'n the thund'rer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus——Ah!——Say, goddess, can I boast
A pleasure now? Revenge itself is lost;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain!
Lost are those arms the gods themselves bestow'd
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the pow'rs above
Thy charms submitted to a mortal love:
Oh had'st thou still, a sister of the main,
Pursu'd the pleasures of the watry reign;
And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed!
Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come.
For soon, alas! that wretched offspring slain,
New woes, new sorrows shall create again.
'Tis not in fate th' alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart;
On these conditions will I breathe: till then,
I blush to walk among the race of men.

A flood of tears, at this, the goddeſs ſhed,
Ah then, I ſee thee dying, ſee thee dead!
When Hector falls, thou dy'ſt.—Let Hector die,
And let me fall! Achilles made reply.
Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and falling, wiſh'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, ſince from this miſerable day
I caſt all hope of my return away,
Since unreveng'd, a hundred ghoſts demand
The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand;
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground,
(Others in council fam'd for nobler ſkill,
More uſeful to preſerve, than I to kill)
Let me—But oh! ye gracious pow'rs above!
Wrath and revenge from men and gods remove:
Far, far too dear to ev'ry mortal breaſt,
Sweet to the ſoul, as honey to the taſte;
Gath'ring like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and dark'ning all the mind.
Me Agamemnon urge'd to deadly hate;
'Tis paſt —I quell it; I reſign to fate.
Yes——I will meet the murd'rer of my friend;
Or, if the gods ordain it, meet my end.

Ver. 137. *Let me——But oh! ye gracious pow'rs*, etc.] Achilles's words are theſe; "Now ſince I am never to return home, "and ſince I lie here an uſeleſs perſon loſing my beſt friend, and "expoſing the Greeks to ſo many dangers by my own folly; I "who am ſuperior to them all in battle" — Here he breaks off, and ſays,——May contention periſh everlaſtingly, etc. Achilles leaves the ſentence thus ſuſpended, either becauſe in his heat he had forgot what he was ſpeaking of, or becauſe he did not know how to end it; for he ſhould have ſaid,——"Since I have done "all this, I will periſh to revenge him:" nothing can be finer than this ſudden execration againſt diſcord and revenge, which breaks from the hero in the deep ſenſe of the miſeries thoſe paſſions had occaſioned.

The

The ſtroke of fate the braveſt cannot ſhun;
The great Alcides, Jove's unequall'd ſon,
To Juno's hate at length reſign'd his breath,
And ſunk the victim of all-conqu'ring death.
So ſhall Achilles fall! ſtretch'd pale and dead,
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
Let me, this inſtant, ruſh into the fields,
And reap what glory life's ſhort harveſt yields.
Shall I not force ſome widow dame to tear
With frantic hands her long diſhevell'd hair?
Shall I not force her breaſt to heave with ſighs,
And the ſoft tears to trickle from her eyes?
Yes, I ſhall give the fair thoſe mournful charms ——
In vain you hold me——Hence! my arms, my arms!
Soon ſhall the ſanguine torrent ſpread ſo wide,
That all ſhall know, Achilles ſwells the tide.
My ſon (Cœrulean Thetis made reply,
To fate ſubmitting with a ſecret ſigh)
The hoſt to ſuccour, and thy friends to ſave,
Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.
But canſt thou, naked, iſſue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains,
Inſulting Hector bears the ſpoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet awhile, thy gen'rous ardour ſtay;
Aſſur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charg'd with refulgent arms, a glorious load,
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god.
Then turning to the daughters of the main,
The goddeſs thus diſmiſs'd her azure train.
Ye ſiſter Nereids! to your deeps deſcend,
Haſte, and our father's ſacred ſeat attend,

Ver. 153. *Let me this inſtant.*] I ſhall have time enough for inglorious reſt when I am in the grave, but now I muſt act like a living hero: I ſhall indeed lie down in death, but at the ſame time riſe higher in glory. Euſtathius.

I go to find the architect divine,
Where vaſt Olympus' ſtarry ſummits ſhine:
So tell our hoary ſire —— This charge ſhe gave:
The ſea-green ſiſters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more aſcends the bleſt abodes,
And treads the brazen threſhold of the gods.

And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's force,
Urge to broad Helleſpont their headlong courſe:
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore
Safe thro' the tempeſt to the tented ſhore.
The horſe, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd cloſe behind;
And like a flame thro' fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.
Thrice the ſlain hero by the foot he drew;
Thrice to the ſkies the Trojan clamours flew:
As oft th' Ajaces his aſſault ſuſtain;
But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again.
With fiercer ſhouts his ling'ring troops he fires,
Nor yields a ſtep, nor from his poſt retires;
So watchful ſhepherds ſtrive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcaſe ſlain.
Ev'n yet Patroclus had he born away,
And all the glories of th' extended day:
Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret, diſpatch'd her truſty meſſenger.
The various goddeſs of the ſhow'ry bow,
Shot in a whirlwind to the ſhore below,
To great Achilles at his ſhips ſhe came.
And thus began the many colour'd dame.

Riſe, ſon of Peleus! riſe divinely brave!
Aſſiſt the combat, and Patroclus ſave:
For him the ſlaughter to the fleet they ſpread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.
To drag him back to Troy the foe contends:
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:

A prey to dogs he dooms the corſe to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Riſe, and prevent, if yet you think of fame,
Thy friend's diſgrace, thy own eternal ſhame!
Who ſends thee, goddeſs! from th' ætherial ſkies?
Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies.
I come, Pelides! from the queen of Jove,
Th' immortal empreſs of the realms above.
Unknown to him who ſits remote on high,
Unknown to all the ſynod of the ſky.
Thou com'ſt in vain, he cries, with fury warm'd,
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I ſtay,
Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day
Vulcanian arms: what other can I wield?
Except the mighty Telamonian ſhield?
That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax ſpread,
While his ſtrong lance around him heaps the dead:
The gallant chief defends Menœtius' ſon,
And does, what his Achilles ſhould have done.
Thy want of arms, ſaid Iris, well we know,
But tho' unarm'd, yet, clad in terrors, go!
Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear,
Proud Troy ſhall tremble, and conſent to fear:
Greece

Ver. 230. *Except the mighty Telamonian ſhield.*] Achilles ſeems not to have been of ſo large a ſtature as Ajax: yet his ſhield it is likely might be fit enough for him, becauſe his great ſtrength was ſufficient to wield it. The paſſage, I think, might have been made uſe of by the defenders of the ſhield of Achilles againſt the critics, to ſhew that Homer intended the buckler of his hero for a very large one: and one would think he put it into this place, juſt a little before the deſcription of that ſhield, on purpoſe to obviate that objection.

Ver. 237. *Let but Achilles o'er yon' trench appear.*] There cannot be a greater inſtance, how conſtantly Homer carried his whole deſign in his head, as well as with what admirable art he raiſed

Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye,
Shall take new courage, and diſdain to fly.
She ſpoke, and paſt in air. The hero roſe;
Her ægis, Pallas o'er his ſhoulder throws;
Around his brows a golden cloud ſhe ſpread;
A ſtream of glory flam'd above his head.
As when from ſome beleaguer'd town ariſe
The ſmokes, high curling to the ſhaded ſkies;
(Seen from ſome iſland, o'er the main afar,
When men diſtreſt hang out the ſign of war)
Soon as the ſun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
With long-projected beams the ſeas are bright,
And heav'n's high arch reflects the ruddy light:
So from Achilles' head the ſplendours riſe,
Reflecting blaze on blaze againſt the ſkies.
Forth march'd the chief, and diſtant from the croud,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud;
With her own ſhout Minerva ſwells the ſound;
Troy ſtarts aſtoniſh'd, and the ſhores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With ſhrilling clangor ſounds th' alarm of war,

one great idea upon another, to the higheſt ſublime, than this paſſage of Achiles's appearance to the army, and the preparations by which we are led to it. In the thirteenth book, when the Trojans have the victory, they check their purſuit of it in the mere thought that *Achilles ſees them*: In the ſixteenth, they are put into the utmoſt conſternation at the ſight of his armour and chariot: In the ſeventeenth, Menelaus and Ajax are in deſpair, on the conſideration that Achilles cannot ſuccour them for want of armour: In the preſent book, beyond all expectation, he does but ſhew himſelf unarmed, and the very ſight of him gives the victory to Greece! How extremely noble is this gradation!

Ver. 247. *Seen from ſome iſland.*] Homer make choice of a town placed in an iſland, becauſe ſuch a place being beſieged has no other means of making its diſtreſs known than by ſignals of fire: whereas a town upon the continent has other means to make known to its neighbours the neceſſity it is in. Dacier.

With

Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick tow'rs reply;
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:
Hoſts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard;
And back the chariots roll, and courſers bound,
And ſteeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
Aghaſt they ſee the living light'nings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flaſhing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd;
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.
Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely ruſh'd
On their own ſpears, by their own chariots cruſh'd:
While ſhielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended careaſe of the ſlain.
A lofty bier the breathleſs warrior bears:
Around, his ſad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead.
Whom late triumphant with his ſteeds and car,
He ſent refulgent to the field of war,
Unhappy change! now ſenſeleſs, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gaſh'd with many a gaping wound.
Meantime unweary'd with his heav'nly way,
In Ocean's waves th' unwilling Light of day
Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
And from their labours eas'd th' Achaian band.
The frighted Trojans (panting from the war,
Their ſteeds unharneſs'd from the weary car)
A ſudden council call'd; each chief appear'd
In haſte, and ſtanding, for to ſit they fear'd.
'Twas now no ſeaſon for prolong'd debate;
They ſaw Achilles, and in him their fate.
Silent they ſtood: Polydamas, at laſt,
Skill'd to diſcern the future by the paſt,
The ſon of Panthus, thus expreſs'd his fears;
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years:

The ſelf-ſame night to both a being gave,
One wiſe in council, one in action brave.)
In free debate, my friends, your ſentence ſpeak;
For me, I move, before the morning break,
To raiſe our camp: too dang'rous here our poſt,
Far from Troy's walls, and on a naked coaſt.
I deem'd not Greece ſo dreadful, while engage'd
In mutual feuds, her king and hero rage'd;
Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beſide a thouſand ſail.
I dread Pelides now: his rage of mind
Not long continues to the ſhores confin'd,
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending nations won and loſt the day;
For Troy, for Troy ſhall henceforth be the ſtrife,
And the hard conteſt not for fame, but life.
Haſte then to Ilion, while the fav'ring night
Detains thoſe terrors, keeps that arm from fight;
If but the morrow's ſun behold us here,
That arm, thoſe terrors, we ſhall feel, not fear;
And hearts that now diſdain, ſhall leap with joy,
If heav'n permits them then to enter Troy.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, enſue.
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought and reaſon can ſupply;
Let us on counſel for our guard depend;
The town, her gates and bulwarks ſhall defend.
When morning dawns, our well-appointed pow'rs,
Array'd in arms, ſhall line the lofty tow'rs.
Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
Or fetch a thouſand circles round the plain,
Till his ſpent courſers ſeek the fleet again:
So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
And dogs ſhall tear him ere he ſack the town.

Return!

Return! (ſaid Hector, fir'd with ſtern diſdain)
What coop whole armies in our walls again?
Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors, ſay,
Nine years impriſon'd in thoſe tow'rs ye lay?
Wide o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old
For braſs exhauſtleſs, and for mines of gold:
But while inglorious in her walls we ſtay'd,
Sunk were her treaſures, and her ſtores decay'd;
The Phrygians now her ſcatter'd ſpoils enjoy,
And proud Mæonia waſtes the fruits of Troy.
Great Jove at length my arms to conqueſt calls,
And ſhuts the Grecians in their wooden walls:
Dar'ſt thou deſpirit whom the Gods incite?
Flies any Trojan? I ſhall ſtop his flight.
To better counſel then attention lend;
Take due refreſhment, and the watch attend.
If there be one whoſe riches coſt him care,
Forth let him bring them for the troops to ſhare;
'Tis better gen'rouſly beſtow'd on thoſe,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.
Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,
Fierce on yon navy will we pour our arms.

Ver. 340. *Sunk were her treaſures, and her ſtores decay'd.*] As well by reaſon of the convoys, which were neceſſarily to be ſent for with ready money; as by reaſon of the great allowances which were to be given to the auxiliary troops, who came from Phrygia and Mæonia. Hector's meaning is, that ſince all the riches of Troy are exhauſted, it is no longer neceſſary to ſpare themſelves or ſhut themſelves up within their walls. Dacier.

Ver. 349. *If there be one*, etc.] This noble and generous propoſal is worthy of Hector, and at the ſame time very artful to ingratiate himſelf with the ſoldiers. Euſtath. has farther obſerves, that it is ſaid with an eye to Polydamas, as accuſing him of being rich, and of not opening the advice he had given, for any other end than to preſerve his great wealth: for riches commonly make men cowards, and the deſire of ſaving them has often occaſioned men to give advice contrary to the public welfare.

If great Achilles riſe in all his might,
His be the danger: I ſhall ſtand the fight.
Honour, ye gods! or let me gain, or give;
And live he glorious, whoſoe'er ſhall live!
Mars is our common lord, alike to all;
And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall.

The ſhouting hoſt in loud applauſes join'd;
So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind,
To their own ſenſe condemn'd! and left to chuſe
The worſt advice, the better to refuſe.

While the long Night extends her ſable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in ſuperior grief Pelides ſtood;
Thoſe ſlaught'ring arms, ſo us'd to bathe in blood,
Now claſp his clay-cold limbs: then guſhing ſtart
The tears, and ſighs burſt from his ſwelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguiſh ſtung,
Roars thro' the deſart, and demands his young:
When the grim ſavage to his rifled den
Too late returning, ſnuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the foreſt bounds;
His clam'rous grief the bellowing wood reſounds.
So grieves Achilles; and, impetuous, vents,
To all his Myrmidons, his loud laments.

In what vain promiſe, gods! did I engage?
When to conſole Menœtius' feeble age,
I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to reſtore,
Charg'd with rich ſpoils to fair Opuntia's ſhore!
But mighty Jove cuts ſhort, with juſt diſdain,
The long, long views of poor deſigning man!

Ver. 379. *In what vain promiſe.*] The lamentation of Achilles over the body of Patroclus is exquiſitely touched: it is ſorrow in the extreme, but it is the ſorrow of Achilles. It is nobly uſhered in by that ſimile of the grief of the lion. An idea which is fully anſwered in the ſavage and bloody concluſion of this ſpeech.

One

One fate the warrior and the friend ſhall ſtrike,
And Troy's black ſands muſt drink our blood alike:
Me too a wretched mother ſhall deplore,
An aged father never ſee me more!
Yet, my Patroclus! yet a ſpace I ſtay,
Then ſwift purſue thee on the darkſome way.
Ere thy dear relics in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy ſhade;
That, with his arms, ſhall hang before thy ſhrine;
And twelve the nobleſt of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
Thus let me lie till then! thus, cloſely preſt,
Bathe thy cold face, and ſob upon thy breaſt!
While Trojan captives here thy mourners ſtay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day:
Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, waſting wide,
Our ſwords kept time, and conquer'd ſide by ſide.
He ſpoke, and bid the ſad attendants round
Cleanſe the pale corſe, and waſh each honour'd wound,
A maſſy caldron of ſtupendous frame
They brought, and place'd it o'er the riſing flame:
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vaſe, and climbs around the ſides:
In its wide womb they pour the riſing ſtream;
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
High on a bed of ſtate extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen ſhade;

Ver. 404. *Cleanſe the pale corſe*, etc.] This cuſtom of waſhing the dead, is continued among the Greeks to this day; and it is a pious duty performed by the neareſt friend or relation, to ſee it waſhed and anointed with a perfume, after which they cover it with linen exactly in the manner here related.

Laſt

Laſt o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their ſorrows and their ſighs renew.
Meanwhile to Juno in the realms above,
His wife and ſiſter, ſpoke almighty Jove.
At laſt thy will prevails: great Peleus' ſon
Riſes in arms: ſuch grace thy Greeks have won.
Say, for I know not, is their race divine,
And thou the mother of the martial line?
What words are theſe (th' imperial dame replies,
While anger flaſh'd from her majeſtic eyes)
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And ſuch ſucceſs mere human wit attend:
And ſhall not I, the ſecond pow'r above,
Heav'n's queen, and conſort of the thund'ring Jove,
Say, ſhall not I, one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?
So they. Meanwhile the ſilver footed dame,
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
High-eminent amid the works divine,
Where heav'n's far-beaming brazen manſions ſhine.
There the lame architect the goddeſs found,
Obſcure in ſmoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in ſweat from fire to fire he flew,
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew
That day no common taſk his labour claim'd:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd,
That place'd on living wheels of maſſy gold,
Wond'rous to tell, inſtinct with ſpirit roll'd
From place to place, around the bleſt abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of gods:
For their fair handles now, o'er-wrought with flow'rs,
In molds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
Juſt as reſponſive to his thought the frame
Stood prompt to move, the azure goddeſs came:
Charis, his ſpouſe, a grace divinely fair,
(*With purple* fillets round her braided hair)

Obſerv'd

Obſerv'd her ent'ring; her ſoft hand ſhe preſs'd,
And ſmiling, thus the watry queen addreſs'd.
What, goddeſs! this unuſual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatſoe'er the cauſe:
Till now a ſtranger, in a happy hour,
Approach, and taſte the dainties of the bow'r.
High on a throne, with ſtars of ſilver grace'd,
And various artifice, the queen ſhe place'd;
A footſtool at her feet: then calling, ſaid,
Vulcan, draw near, 'tis Thetis aſks your aid.
Thetis, reply'd the god, our pow'rs may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!
When my proud mother hurl'd me from the ſky,
(My aukward form, it ſeems, diſpleas'd her eye)
She, and Eurynome, my griefs redreſt,
And ſoft receiv'd me on their ſilver breaſt.
Ev'n then, theſe arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys I wrought.
Nine years kept ſecret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay conceal'd from man and god:
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The ruſhing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
Now ſince her preſence glads our manſion, ſay,
For ſuch deſert what ſervice can I pay?
Vouchſafe, O Thetis! at our board to ſhare
The genial rites, and hoſpitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows ceaſe to blow.
Then from his anvil the lame artiſt roſe;
Wide with diſtorted legs oblique he goes,

Ver. 461. *Thetis, reply'd the god, our pow'rs may claim,* etc.] Vulcan throws by his work to perform Thetis's requeſt, who had laid former obligations upon him; the poet in this example giving us an excellent precept, that gratitude ſhould take place of all other concerns.

And ſtills the bellows, and, in order laid,
Locks in their cheſts his inſtruments of trade.
Then with a ſponge the ſooty wokman dreſt
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breaſt.
With his huge ſceptre grace'd, and red attire,
Came halting forth the ſov'reign of the fire;
The monarch's ſteps two female forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold:
To whom was voice, and ſenſe, and ſcience giv'n
Of works divine (ſuch wonders are in heav'n!)
On theſe ſupported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where penſive Thetis ſat;
There place'd beſide her on the ſhining frame,
He thus addreſs'd the ſilver-footed dame.
Thee, welcome goddeſs! what occaſion calls,
So long a ſtranger, to theſe honour'd walls?
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.
To whom the mournful mother thus replies,
(The cryſtal drops ſtood trembling in her eyes)
O Vulcan! ſay, was ever breaſt divine
So pierce'd with ſorrows, ſo o'erwhelm'd as mine?
Of all the goddeſſes, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only ſuch a weight of care?
I, only I, of all the watry race,
By force ſubjected to a man's embrace,
Who, ſinking now with age and ſorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.
Sprung from my bed, a godlike hero came,
The braveſt ſure that ever bore the name;
Like ſome fair plant beneath my careful hand
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and he grace'd the land:
To Troy I ſent him! but his native ſhore
Never, ah never, ſhall receive him more;
(Ev'n while he lives, he waſtes with ſecret woe)
Nor I, a goddeſs, can retard the blow!

Robb'd of the prize, the Grecian ſuffrage gave;
The king of nations force'd his royal ſlave:
For this he griev'd; and till the Greeks oppreſt,
Requir'd his arm, he ſorrow'd unredreſt.
Large gifts they promiſe, and their elders ſend;
In vain——He arms not, but permits his friend
His arms, his ſteeds, his forces, to employ;
He marches, combates, almoſt conquers Troy:
Then ſlain by Phœbus, Hector had the name,
At once reſigns his armour, life, and fame.
But thou, in pity, by my pray'r be won:
Grace with immortal arms this ſhort-liv'd ſon,
And to the field in martial pomp reſtore,
To ſhine with glory, till he ſhines no more!
To her the artiſt-god. Thy griefs reſign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.
O could I hide him from the fates as well,
Or with theſe hands the cruel ſtroke repel,
As I ſhall forge moſt envy'd arms, the gaze,
Of wond'ring ages, and the world's amaze!
Thus having ſaid, the father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd,

Ver. 517. *Robb'd of the prize*, etc.] Thetis, to compaſs her deſign, recounts every thing to the advantage of her ſon; ſhe therefore ſuppreſſes the epiſode of the embaſſy, the prayers that had been made uſe of to move him, and all that the Greeks had ſuffered after the return of the ambaſſadors, and artfully put together two very diſtinct things, as if they had followed each other in the ſame moment. He declined, ſays ſhe, to ſuccour the Greeks, but he ſent Patroclus. Now, between his refuſing to help the Greeks, and his ſending Patroclus, terrible things had fallen out; but ſhe ſuppreſſes them, for fear of offending Vulcan with the recital of Achilles's inflexible obduracy, and thereby create in that god an averſion to her ſon. Euſtathius.

Reſounding breath'd: at once the blaſt expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Juſt as the god directs, now loud, now low,
They raiſe a tempeſt, or they gently blow.
In hiſſing flames huge ſilver bars are roll'd,
And ſtubborn braſs, and tin, and ſolid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils ſtand;
The pond'rous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, ſtrong ſtrokes, the doubling vaults rebound.
Then firſt he form'd th' immenſe and ſolid ſhield;
Rich, various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its outmoſt verge a threefold circle bound;
A ſilver chain ſuſpends the maſſy round,
Five ample plates the broad expanſe compoſe,
And godlike labours on the ſurface roſe.
There ſhone the image of the maſter mind:
There earth, there heav'n, there ocean he deſign'd;
Th' unweary'd ſun, the moon completely round;
The ſtarry lights that heav'n's high convex crown'd;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the ſky,
The Bear revolving, points his golden eye,
Still ſhines exalted on th' æthereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Two cities radiant on the ſhield appear,
The image one of Peace, and one of War;

Here

Ver. 567. *Two cities*, etc.] In one of theſe cities are repreſented all the advantages of peace: and it was impoſſible to have choſen two better emblems of peace, than Marriages and Juſtice. It is ſaid this city was Athens, for marriages were firſt inſtituted there by Cecrops; and judgement upon murder was firſt founded there. The ancient ſtate of Attica ſeems repreſented in the neighbouring fields, where the ploughers and reapers are at work, and a king is overlooking them: for Triptolemus who reigned there,

is

was

Here ſacred pomp, and genial feaſt delight,
And ſolemn dance, and Hymeneal rite;
Along the ſtreet the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming to the nuptial bed;
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the ſoft flute, and cittern's ſilver ſound:
Thro' the fair ſtreets, the matrons in a row,
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the ſhow.
There, in the forum ſwarm a num'rous train,
The ſubject of debate, a townſman ſlain:
One pleads the fine diſcharge'd, which one deny'd,
And bade the public and the laws decide:
The witneſs is produce'd on either hand;
For this, or that, the partial people ſtand:
Th' appointed heralds ſtill the noiſy hands,
And form a ring, with ſceptres in their hands;
On ſeats of ſtone, within the ſacred place,
The rev'rend elders nodded o'er the caſe;
Alternate, each th' atteſting ſceptre took,
And riſing ſolemn, each his ſentence ſpoke.
Two golden talents lay amidſt, in ſight,
The prize of him who beſt adjudg'd the right.
Another part, a proſpect diff'ring far,
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.
Two mighty hoſts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.

was the firſt who ſowed corn: this was the imagination of Agallias Cercyreus, as we find him cited by Euſtathius.

Ver. 591. *Another part, a proſpect diff'ring far*, etc.] The ſame Agallias cited above, would have this city in war to be meant of Eleuſina, but upon very ſlight reaſons. What is wonderful, is, that all the accidents and events of war are ſet before our eyes in this ſhort compaſs. The ſeveral ſcenes are excellently diſpoſed to repreſent the whole affair. Here is, in the ſpace of thirty lines, a ſiege, a ſally, an ambuſh, the ſurprize of a convoy, and a battle; with ſcarce a ſingle circumſtance proper to any of theſe, omitted.

Meantime the townſmen, arm'd with ſilent care,
A ſecret ambuſh on the foe prepare:
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents on the turrets ſtand.
They march; by Pallas and by Mars made bold:
Gold were the gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour: theſe the ſquadron led,
Auguſt, divine, ſuperior by the head!
A place for ambuſh fit, they found, and ſtood,
Cover'd with ſhields, beſide a ſilver flood.
Two ſpies at diſtance lurk, and watchful ſeem
If ſheep or oxen ſeek the winding ſtream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And ſteers ſlow-moving, and two ſhepherd ſwains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambuſh, nor ſuſpect a foe.
In arms the glitt'ring ſquadron riſing round,
Ruſh ſudden; hills of ſlaughter heap the ground,
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And all, amidſt them, dead, the ſhepherd ſwains!
The bellowing oxen the beſiegers hear;
They riſe, take horſe, approach, and meet the war;
They fight, they fall, beſide the ſilver flood;
The waving ſilver ſeem'd to bluſh with blood.
There Tumult, there Contention, ſtood confeſt;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breaſt,
One held a living foe, that freſhly bled
With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead;
Now here, now there, the carcaſes they tore:
Fate ſtalk'd amidſt them, grim with human gore.

Ver. 619. *There tumult*, etc.] This is the firſt place in the whole deſcription of the buckler, where Homer riſes in his ſtile, and uſes the allegorical ornaments of poetry; ſo natural it was for his imagination, (now heated with the fighting ſcenes of the Iliad) to take fire when the image of a battle was preſented to it.

And

And the whole war came out, and met the eye ;
And each bold figure ſeem'd to live, or die.
A field deep furrow'd, next the god deſign'd,
The third time labour'd by the ſweating hind ;
The ſhining ſhares full many plowmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on ev'ry ſide.
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The maſter meets them with his goblet crown'd ;
The hearty draught rewards, renews the toil,
Then back the turning plow-ſhares cleave the ſoil :
Behind, the riſing earth in ridges roll'd,
And fable look'd, tho' form'd of molten gold.
Another field roſe high with waving grain ;
With bended ſickles ſtand the reaper-train :
Here ſtretch'd in ranks the levell'd ſwarths are found,
Sheaves heap'd on ſheaves, here thicken up the ground.
With ſweeping ſtroke the mowers ſtrow the lands ;
The gath'rers follow, and collect in bands ;
And laſt the children, in whoſe arms are borne
(Too ſhort to grip them) the brown ſheaves of corn.
The ruſtic monarch of the field deſcries
With ſilent glee, the heaps around him riſe.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded ſhade.
The victim-ox the ſturdy youth prepare ;
The reaper's due repaſt, the women's care.
Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard ſhines,
Bent with the pond'rous harveſt of its vines ;

Ver. 645. *The ruſtic monarch of the field.*] Dacier takes this to be a piece of ground given to a hero in reward of his ſervices. It was in no reſpect unworthy ſuch a perſon, in thoſe days, to ſee his harveſt got in, and to overlook his reapers : it is very conformable to the manners of the ancient patriarchs, ſuch as they are deſcribed to us in the holy ſcriptures.

A deeper dye the dangling cluſters ſhow,
And curl'd on ſilver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place;
And pales of glitt'ring tin th' incloſure grace.
To this, one path-way gently winding leads,
Where march a train with baſkets on their heads,
(Fair maids, and blooming youths) that ſmiling bear
The purple product of th' autumnal year.
To theſe a youth awakes the warbling ſtrings,
Whoſe tender lay the fate of Linus ſings;
In meaſur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune ſoft the voice, and anſwer to the ſtrain.
Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold
Rear high their horns, and ſeem to lowe in gold,
And ſpeed to meadows on whoſe ſounding ſhores
A rapid torrent thro' the ruſhes roars:
Four golden herdſmen as their guardian ſtand,
And nine four dogs complete the ruſtic band.
Two lions ruſhing from the wood appear'd;
And ſeiz'd a bull, the maſter of the herd;
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men withſtood,
They tore his fleſh, and drank the ſable blood.
The dogs, oft chear'd in vain, deſert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at diſtance bay.
Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep thro' fair foreſts, and a length of meads:
And ſtalls, and folds, and ſcatter'd cotts between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the ſcene.

A

Ver. 681. *A figur'd dance.*] There were two ſorts of dances, the Pyrrhic and the common dance: Homer has joined both in this deſcription. We ſee the Pyrric, or military, is performed by the youths who have ſwords on, the other by virgins crowned with garlands.

It is worth obſerving, that the Grecian dance is ſtill performed in

A figur'd dance ſucceeds; ſuch one was ſeen
In lofty Gnoſſus, for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Dædalean art. A comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand;
The maids in ſoft cymarrs of linen dreſt;
The youths all graceful in the gloſſy veſt;
Of thoſe the locks with flow'ry wreath inroll'd,
Of theſe the ſides adorn'd with ſwords of gold,
That glitt'ring gay, from ſilver belts depend.
Now all at once they riſe, at once deſcend,
With well-taught feet: now ſhape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too ſwift for ſight they ſpring,
And undiſtinguiſh'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle toſt,
And, rapid as it runs, the ſingle ſpokes are loſt:
The gazing multitudes admire around;
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend,
And gen'ral ſongs the ſprightly revel end.

Thus the broad ſhield complete the artiſt crown'd
With his laſt hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
In living ſilver ſeem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

in this manner in the oriental nations: the youths and maids dance in a ring, beginning ſlowly: by degrees the muſic plays a quicker time, till at laſt they dance with the utmoſt ſwiftneſs: and towards the concluſion, they ſing, as it is ſaid here, in a general chorus.

Ver. 702. ——— *And pour'd the ocean round.*] Vulcan was the god of fire, paſſes over this part of the deſcription negligently; for which reaſon Virgil, to take a different walk, makes half his deſcription of Æneas's buckler conſiſt in a ſea-fight. For the ſame reaſon he has laboured the ſea-piece among his games, more than any other, becauſe Homer had deſcribed nothing of this kind in the funeral of Patroclus.

The

This done, whate'er a warrior's uſe requires
He forge'd; the cuiraſs that outſhone the fires,
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impreſt
With various ſculpture, and the golden creſt,
At Thetis' feet the finiſh'd labour lay;
She, as a falcon, cuts th' aereal way,
Swift from Olympus' ſnowy ſummit flies,
And bears the blazing preſent thro' the ſkies.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SHIELD of *ACHILLES*.

IN which the words of Homer being firſt tranſlated, an attempt will be made to ſhew with what exact order all that he deſcribes may enter into the compoſition, according to the rules of painting.

THE SHIELD of *ACHILLES*.

Divided into ſeveral parts.

The BOSS of the SHIELD.

VERSE 483. Ἐν μὲν γαῖαν, etc.] "Here Vulcan repreſented the earth, the heaven, the ſea, the indefatigable courſe of the ſun, the moon in her full, all the celeſtial ſigns that crown Olympus, the Pleiads, the Hyades, the great Orion, and the Bear, commonly called the Wain, the only conſtellation which, never bathing itſelf in the ocean, turns about the pole, and obſerves the courſe of Orion."

The ſculpture of theſe reſembled ſomewhat of our terreſtrial and celeſtial globes, and took up the centre of the ſhield: it is plain, by the huddle in which Homer expreſſes this, that he did not deſcribe it as a picture for a point of ſight.

The circumference is divided into twelve compartiments, each being a ſeparate picture, as follow:

First Compartiment. A TOWN IN PEACE.

Ἐν δὲ δύω πόλιες πόλυσιν, etc.] "He ingraved two cities; in one of them were repreſented nuptials and feſtivals. The ſpouſes from their bridal chambers, were conducted thro' the town

" by the light of torches. Every mouth ſung the hymenæal ſong: " the youths turned rapidly about a circular dance: the flute and " the lyre reſounded: the women, every one in the ſtreet, ſtand- " ing in the porches, beheld and admired."

In this picture, the brides preceded by torch-bearers, are on the fore-ground: the dance in circles, and muſicians behind them: the ſtreet in perſpective on either ſide, the women and ſpectators in the porches, etc. diſperſed through all the architecture.

Second Compartiment. AN ASSEMBLY of PEOPLE.

Λαοὶ δ' ἐν ἀγορῇ, etc.] " There was ſeen a number of " people in the market-place, and two men diſputing warmly: " the occaſion was the payment of a fine for a murder, which one " affirmed before the people he had paid, the other denied to have " received: both demanded, that the affair ſhould be determined " by the judgment of an arbiter: the acclamations of the multi- " tude favoured ſometimes the one party, and ſometimes the other."

Here is a fine plan for a maſter-piece of expreſſion, any judge of painting will ſee our author has choſen that cauſe which, of all others, would give occaſion to the greateſt variety of expreſſion: the father, the murderer, the witneſſes, and the different paſſions of the aſſembly, would afford an ample field for this talent even to Raphael himſelf.

Third Compartiment. THE SENATE.

Κήρυκες δ' ἄρα λαὸν ἐρήτυον, etc.] " The heralds ranged " the people in order: the reverend elders were ſeated on ſeats of " poliſhed ſtone, in the ſacred circle; they roſe up and declared " their judgment, each in his turn, with the ſceptre in his hand: " two talents of gold were laid in the middle of the circle, to be " given to him who ſhould pronounce the moſt equitable judg- " ment."

The judges are ſeated in the centre of the picture; one who is the principal figure, ſtanding up as ſpeaking, another in an action of riſing, as in order to ſpeak: the ground about them a proſpect of the forum, filled with auditors and ſpectators.

Fourth Compartiment. A TOWN IN WAR.

Τὴν δ' ἑτέρην πόλιν, etc.] " The other city was beſieged " by two glittering armies; they were not agreed whether to ſack " the town, or divide all the booty of it into two equal parts, to " be ſhared between them: meantime the beſieged ſecretly armed " themſelves for an ambuſcade. Their wives, children, and old

" men

" men were posted to defend their walls: the warriors marched " from the town with Pallas and Mars at their head: the deities " were of gold, and had golden armours, by the glory of which " they were distinguished above the men, as well as by their su- " perior stature, and more elegant proportions."

This subject may be thus disposed: the town pretty near the eye, across the whole picture, with the old men on the walls: the chiefs of each army on the fore ground: their different opinions for putting the town to the sword, or sparing it on account of the booty, may be expressed by some having their hands on their swords, and looking up to the city, others stopping them, or in an action of persuading against it. Behind, in prospect, the townsmen may be seen going out from the back gates, with the two deities at their head.

Homer here gives a clear instance of what the ancients always practised; the distinguishing the gods and goddesses by characters of majesty or beauty somewhat superior to nature; we constantly find this in their statues, and to this the modern masters owe the grand taste in the perfection of their figures.

Fifth Compartiment. AN AMBUSCADE.

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἵκανον, etc.] "Being arrived at the river where " they designed their ambush, the place where the cattle were " watered, they disposed themselves along the bank, covered with " their arms: two spies lay at a distance from them observing " when the oxen and sheep should come to drink. They came " immediately, followed by two shepherds, who were playing on " their pipes, without any apprehension of their danger."

This quiet picture is a kind of repose between the last and the following active pieces. Here is a scene of a river and trees, under which lie the soldiers, next the eye of the spectator; on the farther bank are placed the two spies on one hand, and the flocks and shepherds appear coming at a greater distance on the other.

Sixth Compartiment. THE BATTLE.

Οἱ μὲν τὰ προϊδόντες, etc.] " The people of the town " rushed upon them, carried off the oxen and sheep, and killed " the shepherds. The besiegers sitting before the town, heard the " outcry, and mounting their horses, arrived at the bank of the " river; where they stopped, and encountered each other with their " spears. Discord, tumult, and fate raged in the midst of them. " There might you see cruel Destiny dragging a dead soldier [illegible]

" the battle; two others ſhe ſeized alive; one of which was mor-
" tally wounded; the other not yet hurt: the garment on her
" ſhoulders was ſtained with human blood: the figures appeared
" as if they lived, moved, and fought, you would think they
" really dragged off their dead."

The ſheep and two ſhepherds lying dead upon the fore-ground. A battle-piece fills the picture. The allegorical figure of the Parca or Deſtiny is the principal. This had been a noble occaſion for ſuch a painter as Rubens, who has, with moſt happineſs and learning, imitated the ancients in theſe fictitious and ſymbolical perſons.

Seventh Compartiment. TILLAGE.

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει νειὸν μαλακὴν, etc.] " The next piece repre-
" ſented a large field, a deep and fruitful ſoil, which ſeemed to
" have been three times plowed; the labourers appeared turning
" their plows on every ſide. As ſoon as they came to a land's
" end, a man preſented them a bowl of wine; cheared with this,
" they turned, and worked down a new furrow, deſirous to haſten
" to the next land's end. The field was of gold, but looked
" black behind the plows, as if it had really been turned up; the
" ſurpriſing effect of the art of Vulcan."

The plowmen muſt be repreſented on the fore-ground, in the the action of turning at the end of the furrow. The invention of Homer is not content with barely putting down the figures, but enlivens them prodigiouſly with ſome remarkable circumſtance: the giving a cup of wine to the plowmen muſt occaſion a fine expreſſion in the faces.

Eight Compartiment. THE HARVEST.

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει τέμενος, etc.] " Next he repreſented a field
" of corn, in which the reapers worked with ſharp ſickles in their
" hands; the corn fell thick along the furrows in equal rows:
" three binders were employed in making up the ſheaves: the
" boys attending them, gathered up the looſe ſwarths, and car-
" ried them in their arms to be bound: the lord of the field ſtanding
" in the midſt of the heaps, with a ſceptre in his hand, rejoices
" in ſilence: his officers, at a diſtance, prepare a feaſt under the
" the ſhade of an oak, and hold an ox ready to be ſacrificed;
" while the women mix the flower of wheat for the reapers ſup-
" per."

The reapers on the fore-ground, with their faces towards the ſpectators; the gatherers behind, and the children on the farther ground. The maſter of the field, who is the chief figure, may

be

be ſet in the middle of the picture with a ſtrong light upon him, in the action of directing and pointing with his ſceptre: the oak, with the ſervants under it, the ſacrifice, etc. on a diſtant ground, would altogether make a beautiful groupe of great variety.

Ninth Compartiment. THE VINTAGE.

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει σταφυλῇσιν etc.] "He then engraved a vine-"yard loaden with its grapes: the vineyard was gold, but the "grapes black, and the props of them ſilver. A trench of a dark-"metal, and a paliſade of tin encompaſſed the whole vineyard. "There was one path in it, by which the labourers in the vine-"yard paſſed: young men and maids carried the fruit in woven "baſkets: in the middle of them a youth played on the lyre, and "charmed them with his tender voice, as he ſung to the ſtrings "(or as he ſung the ſong of Linus:) the reſt ſtriking the ground "with their feet in exact time, followed him in a dance, and ac-"companied his voice with their own."

The vintage ſcarce needs to be painted in any colours but Homer's. The youths and maids towards the eye, as coming out of the vineyard: the incloſure, pales, gate, etc. on the fore-ground. There is ſomething inexpreſſibly *riant* in this piece, above all the reſt.

Tenth Compartiment. ANIMALS.

Ἐν δ' ἀγέλην ποίησε βοῶν, etc.] "He graved a herd of "oxen marching with their heads erected; theſe oxen, inlaid "with gold and tin, ſeemed to bellow as they quitted their ſtall, "and ran in haſte to the meadows, through which a rapid river "rolled with reſounding ſtreams amongſt the ruſhes: four herdſmen "of gold attended them, followed by nine large dogs. Two ter-"rible lions ſeized a bull by the throat, who roared as they drag-"him along; the dogs and the herdſmen ran to his reſcue, but "the lions having torn the bull, devoured his entrails, and drank "his blood. The herdſmen came up with their dogs, and hear-"tened them in vain; they durſt not attack the lions, but ſtanding "at ſome diſtance, barked at them, and ſhunned them."

We have next a fine piece of animals, tame and ſavage: but what is remarkable, is, that theſe animals are not coldly brought in to be gazed upon: the herds, dogs, and lions are put into action enough to exerciſe the warmth and ſpirit of Rubens, or the [illegible] taſte of Julio Romano.

The lions may be next the eye, one holding the bull by the th[illegible] the other tearing out his entrails: a herdſman or two be[illegible]

the dogs: all these on the fore-grond. On the second ground another group of oxen, that seem to have been gone before, tossing their heads, and running; other herdsmen and dogs after them: and beyond them, a prospect of the river.

Eleventh Compartiment. SHEEP.

Ἐν δὲ νομὸν, etc.] "The divine artist then engraved a large "flock of white sheep feeding along a beautiful valley. Innume- "rable folds, cottages, and inclosed shelters, were scattered thro' "the prospect."

This is an entire landscape without human figures, an image of nature solitary and undisturbed: the deepest repose and tranquillity is that which distinguishes it from the others.

Twelfth Compartiment. THE DANCE.

Ἐν δὲ χορὸν, etc.] "The skilful Vulcan then designed the "figure and various motions of a dance, like that which Dæda- "lus of old contrived in Gnossus for the fair Ariadne. There the "young men and maidens danced hand in hand; the maidens "were dressed in linen garments, the men in rich and shining "stuffs: the maids had flowery crowns on their heads; the "men had swords of gold hanging from their sides in belts of sil- "ver. Here they seem to run in a ring with active feet, as swift- "ly as a wheel runs round when tried by the hand of the potter. "There, they appeared to move in many figures, and sometimes "to meet, sometimes to wind from each other. A multitude of "spectators stood round, delighted with the dance. In the middle "two nimble tumblers exercised themselves in feats of activity, "while the song was carried on by the whole circle."

This picture includes the greatest number of persons: Homer himself has grouped them and marked the manner of the composition. This piece would excel in the different airs of beauty which might be given to the young men and women, and the graceful attitudes in the various manners of dancing: on which account the subject might be fit for Guido, or perhaps could be no where better executed than in our own country.

The BORDER of the SHIELD.

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει ποταμοῖο, etc.] "Then lastly, he represented "the rapid course of the great ocean, which he made to roll its "waves round the extremity of the whole circumference."

This, as has been said before, was only the frame to the whole shield,

ſhield, and is therefore but ſlightly touched upon, without any mention of particular objects.

I ought not to end this eſſay, without vindicating myſelf from the vanity of treating of an art, which I love ſo much better than I underſtand: but I have been very careful to conſult both the beſt performers and judges in painting. I cannot neglect this occaſion of ſaying, how happy I think myſelf in the favour of the moſt diſtinguiſhed maſters of that art. Sir Godfrey Kneller in particular allows me to tell the world, that he entirely agrees with my ſentiments on this ſubject: and I cannot help wiſhing that he who gives this teſtimony to Homer, would ennoble ſo great a deſign by his own execution of it. Vulcan never wrought for Thetis with more readineſs and affection, than Sir Godfrey has done for me; and ſo admirable a picture of the whole univerſe could not be a more agreeable preſent than he has obliged me with, in the portraits of ſome of thoſe perſons, who are to me the deareſt objects in it.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon.

THETIS brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

SOON as Aurora heav'd her orient head
Above the waves, that blush'd with early red,
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light,)
Th' immortal arms the goddess-mother bears
Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears
Stretch'd

Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corſe; while all the reſt
Their ſov'reign's ſorrows in their own expreſt.
A ray divine her heav'nly preſence ſhed,
And thus, his hand ſoft-touching, Thetis ſaid.
Suppreſs (my ſon) this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but heav'n that gave the blow;
Behold what arms by Vulcan are beſtow'd,
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a god.
Then drops the radiant burden on the ground;
Clang the ſtrong arms, and ring the ſhores around:
Back ſhrink the Myrmidons with dread ſurprize,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.
Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the ſhow,
And feels with rage divine his boſom glow;
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flaſh inceſſant like a ſtream of fire:
He turns the radiant gift, and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artiſt had deſign'd.
Goddeſs (he cry'd) theſe glorious arms that ſhine
With matchleſs art, confeſs the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
But ah! the relics of my ſlaughter'd friend!
In thoſe wide wounds thro' which his ſpirit fled,
Shall flies, and worms obſcene, pollute the dead?
That unavailing care be laid aſide,
(The azure Goddeſs to her ſon reply'd)
Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd ſhall remain
Freſh as in life, the carcaſe of the ſlain.

Ver. 30. *Shall flies, and worms obſcene, pollute the dead?*] The care which Achilles takes in this place to drive away the flies from the dead body of Patroclus, ſeems to us a mean employment, and a care unworthy of a hero. But that office was regarded by Homer, and by all the Greeks of his time, as a pious duty conſecrated by cuſtom and religion; which obliged the kindred and friends of the deceaſed to watch his corps, and prevent any corruption before the ſolemn day of his funerals.

But go, Achilles, (as affairs require)
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire:
Then uncontroll'd in boundleſs war engage,
And heav'n with ſtrength ſupply the mighty rage!
Then in the noſtrils of the ſlain ſhe pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich ambroſia ſhower'd
O'er all the corſe. The flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it reſts, and ſacred from decay.
Achilles to the ſtrand obedient went:
The ſhores reſounded with the voice he ſent.
The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ſhips, or guide them o'er the main,
Alarm'd, tranſported, at the well known ſound,
Frequent and full, the great aſſembly crown'd;
Studious to ſee that terror of the plain,
Long loſt to battle, ſhine in arms again.
Tydides and Ulyſſes firſt appear,
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the ſpear;
Theſe on the ſacred ſeats of council place'd,
The king of men, Atrides came the laſt:
He too ſore wounded by Agenor's ſon.
Achilles (riſing in the midſt) begun.
O monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian ſtate,
If (ere the day when by mad paſſion ſway'd,
Raſh we contended for the black-ey'd maid)
Preventing Dian had diſpatch'd her dart,
And ſhot the ſhining miſchief to the heart!
Then many a hero had not preſs'd the ſhore,
Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
Long, long, ſhall Greece the woes we caus'd, bewail,
And ſad poſterity repeat the tale.
But this, no more the ſubject of debate,
Is paſt, forgotten, and reſign'd to fate:
Why ſhould (alas) a mortal man, as I,
Burn with a fury that can never die?

Here

Here then my anger ends: let war ſucceed,
And ev'n as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed,
Now call the hoſts, and try, if, in our ſight,
Troy yet ſhall dare to camp a ſecond night?
I deem, their mightieſt, when this arm he knows,
Shall 'ſcape with tranſport, and with joy repoſe.
He ſaid: his finiſh'd wrath with loud acclaim
The Greeks accept, and ſhout Pelides' name.
When thus, not riſing from his lofty throne,
In ſtate unmov'd, the king of men begun.
Hear me, ye ſons of Greece! with ſilence hear!
And grant your monarch an impartial ear;
A while your loud, untimely joy ſuſpend,
And let your raſh, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applauſe,
Wrong the beſt ſpeaker, and the juſteſt cauſe.
Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate:
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
With fell Erinnys, urge'd my wrath that day
When from Achilles' arms I force'd the prey.
What then could I, againſt the will of heav'n?
Not by myſelf, but vengeful Ate driv'n;
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infeſt
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breaſt.
Not on the ground that haughty fury treads,
But prints her lofty footſteps on the heads
Of mighty men; inflicting as ſhe goes
Long feſt'ring wounds, inextricable woes!
Of old, ſhe ſtalk'd amid the bright abodes;
And Jove himſelf, the ſire of men and gods,
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art;
For when Alcmena's nine long months were run,
And Jove expected his immortal ſon;
To gods and goddeſſes th' unruly joy
He ſhow'd, and vaunted of his matchleſs boy:

From us (he ſaid) this day an infant ſprings,
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.
Saturnia aſk'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix dominion on the favour'd youth.
The Thund'rer, unſuſpicious of the fraud,
Pronounce'd thoſe ſolemn words that bind a god.
The joyful Goddeſs, from Olympus' height,
Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight;
Scarce ſev'n moons gone, lay Sthenelus his wife;
She puſh'd her ling'ring infant into life:
Her charms Alcmena's coming labours ſtay,
And ſtop the babe, juſt iſſuing to the day.
Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
"A youth (ſaid ſhe) of Jove's immortal kind
"Is this day born: from Sthenelus he ſprings,
"And claims thy promiſe to be king of kings."
Grief ſeiz'd the Thund'rer, by his oath engage'd;
Stung to the ſoul, he ſorrow'd, and he rage'd.
From his ambroſial head, where perch'd ſhe ſat,
He ſnatch'd the fury-goddeſs of Debate,
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he ſwore,
Th' immortal ſeats ſhould ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driv'n
From bright Olympus and the ſtarry heav'n:
Thence on the nether world the fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft the God his ſon's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire fury, and in ſecret groan'd.
Ev'n thus, like Jove himſelf, was I miſled,
While raging Hector heap'd our camps with dead.
What can the errors of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treaſures are thy own:
This inſtant from the navy ſhall be ſent
Whate'er Ulyſſes promis'd at thy tent:
But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our pray'r,
Reſume thy arms, and ſhine again in war.

O

O king of nations! whoſe ſuperior ſway
(Returns Achilles) all our hoſts obey!
To keep or ſend the preſents, be thy care;
To us, 'tis equal: all we aſk is war.
While yet we talk, or but an inſtant ſhun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let ev'ry Greek, who ſees my ſpear confound
The Trojan ranks, and deal deſtruction round,
With emulation, what I act, ſurvey,
And learn from thence the buſineſs of the day.

The ſon of Peleus thus: and thus replies
The great in councils, Ithacus the wiſe.
Tho' godlike thou art by no toils oppreſt,
At leaſt our armies claim repaſt and reſt:
Long and laborious muſt the combat be,
When by the gods inſpir'd, and led by thee.
Strength is deriv'd from ſpirits and from blood,
And thoſe augment by gen'rous wine and food;
What boaſtful ſon of war, without that ſtay,
Can laſt a hero thro' a ſingle day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his ſtrength,
Mere unſupported man muſt yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The dropping body will deſert the mind.

Ver. 145. *To keep or ſend the preſents be thy care.*] Achilles neither refuſes nor demands Agamemnon's preſents: the firſt would be too contemptuous, and the other would look too ſelfiſh. It would ſeem as if Achilles fought only for pay like a mercenary, which would be utterly unbecoming a hero, and diſhonourable to that character.

Ver. 159. *Strength is deriv'd from ſpirits,* etc.] This advice of Ulyſſes, that the troops ſhould refreſh themſelves with eating and drinking, was extremely neceſſary after a battle of ſo long continuance as that of the day before: and Achilles's deſire, that they ſhould charge the enemy immediately, without any reflection on the neceſſity of that refreſhment, was alſo highly natural to his violent character.

But

But built anew with ſtrength-conferring fare,
With limbs and ſoul untam'd, he tires a war.
Diſmiſs the people then, and give command,
With ſtrong repaſt to hearten every band;
But let the preſents to Achilles made,
In full aſſembly of all Greece be laid.
The king of men ſhall riſe in public ſight,
And ſolemn ſwear (obſervant of the rite)
That ſpotleſs as ſhe came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.
That done, a ſumptuous banquet ſhall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy ſov'reign might,
Beyond the bounds of reaſon and of right;
'Tis the chief praiſe that e'er to kings belong'd
To right with juſtice whom with power they wrong'd.
To him the monarch. Juſt is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wiſdom breathes in thee.
Each due atonement gladly I prepare,
And heav'n regard me as I juſtly ſwear!
Here then a while let Greece aſſembled ſtay,
Nor great Achilles grudge this ſhort delay;
'Till from the fleet our preſents be convey'd,
And, Jove atteſting, the firm compact made.
A train of noble youth the charge ſhall bear;
Theſe to ſelect, Ulyſſes, be thy care:
In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
And the fair train of captives cloſe the rear:
Talthybius ſhall the victim boar convey,
Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day.
For this (the ſtern Æacides replies)
Some leſs important ſeaſon may ſuffice,
When the ſtern fury of the war is o'er,
And wrath extinguiſh'd burns my breaſt no more.
By Hector ſlain, their faces to the ſky,
All grim with gaping wounds, our heroes lie:

Thoſe

Thoſe call to war! and might my voice incite,
Now, now, this inſtant ſhould commence the fight.
Then, when the day's complete, let gen'rous bowls,
And copious banquets, glad your weary ſouls.
Let not my palate know the taſte of food,
'Till my inſatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.
Revenge is all my ſoul! no meaner care,
Int'reſt, or thought, has room to harbour there;
Deſtruction be my feaſt, and mortal wounds,
And ſcenes of blood, and agonizing ſounds.
O firſt of Greeks (Ulyſſes thus rejoin'd)
The beſt and braveſt of the warrior kind!
Thy praiſe it is in dreadful camps to ſhine,
But old experience and calm wiſdom, mine.
Then hear my counſel, and to reaſon yield,
The braveſt ſoon are ſatiate of the field;
Tho' vaſt the heaps that ſtrow the crimſon plain,
The bloody harveſt brings but little gain:
The ſcale of conqueſt ever wav'ring lies,
Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!
The great, the bold, by thouſands daily fall,
And endleſs were the grief, to weep for all.
Eternal ſorrows what avails to ſhed?
Greece honours not with ſolemn faſts the dead:
Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
The tribute of a melancholy day.
One chief with patience to the grave reſign'd,
Our care devolves on others left behind.
Let gen'rous food ſupplies of ſtrength produce,
Let riſing ſpirits flow from ſprightly juice,
Let their warm heads with ſcenes of battle glow,
And pour new furies on the feebler foe.

Yet a ſhort interval, and none ſhall dare
Expect a ſecond ſummons to the war;
Who waits for that, the dire effect ſhall find,
If trembling in the ſhips he lags behind.
Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
And all at once on haughty Troy deſcend.
And now the delegates Ulyſſes ſent,
To bear the preſents from the royal tent.
The ſons of Neſtor, Phyleus' valiant heir,
Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
With Lycomedes of Creiontian ſtrain,
And Melonnipus, form'd the choſen train.
Swift as the word was giv'n, the youths obey'd;
Twice ten bright vaſes in the midſt they laid;
A row of ſix fair tripods then ſucceeds;
And twice the number of high-bounding ſteeds;
Sev'n captives next a lovely line compoſe;
The eighth Briſeis, like the blooming roſe,
Clos'd the bright band: great Ithacus, before,
Firſt of the train, the golden talents bore;
The reſt in public view the chiefs diſpoſe,
A ſplendid ſcene! then Agamemnon roſe:
The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
Drew the broad cutlace ſheath'd beſide his ſword:
The ſtubborn briſtles from the victim's brow
He crops, and off'ring meditates his vow.
His hands uplifted to th' atteſting ſkies,
On heav'n's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes,

Ver. 237. ——— *None ſhall dare*
Expect a ſecond ſummons to the war.]

This is very artful; Ulyſſes, to prevail upon Achilles to let the troops take repaſt, and yet in ſome ſort to ſecond his impatience, gives with the ſame breath orders for battle, by commanding the troops to march, and expect no farther orders. Thus though the troops go to take repaſt, it looks as if they do not loſe a moment's time, but are going to put themſelves in array of battle. Dacier.

The

The ſolemn words, a deep attention draw,
And Greece around ſat thrill'd with ſacred awe.
Witneſs thou firſt! thou greateſt pow'r above!
All-good, all-wiſe, and all-ſurveying Jove!
And mother Earth, and heav'n's revolving light,
And ye, fell furies of the realms of night,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falſely ſwear!
The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
Pure and unconſcious of my manly loves.
If this be falſe, heav'n all its vengeance ſhed,
And level'd thunder ſtrike my guilty head!
With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
The bleeding ſavage tumbles to the ground,
The ſacred herald rolls the victim ſlain
(A feaſt for fiſh) into the foaming main.
Then thus Achilles. Hear, ye Greeks! and know
Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe:
Not elſe Atrides could our rage inflame,
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'er-ruling all,
That doom'd our ſtrife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall.
Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite;
Achilles waits ye, and expects the fight.
The ſpeedy council at his word adjourn'd:
To their black veſſels all the Greeks return'd.
Achilles ſought his tent. His train before
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.
Thoſe in the tents the ſquires induſtrious ſpread:
The foaming courſers to the ſtalls they led.

Ver. 281. *Hear, ye Greeks,* etc.] Achilles, to let them ſee that he is entirely appeaſed, juſtifies Agamemnon himſelf, and enters into the reaſons with which that prince had coloured his fault. But in that juſtification he perfectly well preſerves his character, and illuſtrates the advantage he has over that king who offended him. Dacier.

To their new ſeats the female captives move;
Briſeis, radiant as the queen of love,
Slow as ſhe paſt, beheld with ſad ſurvey
Where, gaſh'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay.
Prone on the body fell the heav'nly fair,
Beat her ſad breaſt, and tore her golden hair;
All beauteous in grief, her humid eyes
Shining with tears, ſhe lifts, and thus ſhe cries.
Ah youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender friend of my diſtracted mind!
I left thee freſh in life, in beauty gay;
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!
What woes my wretched race of life attend?
Sorrows on ſorrows, never doom'd to end!
The firſt lov'd conſort of my virgin bed
Before theſe eyes in fatal battle bled:
My three brave brothers in one mournful day
All trod the dark, irremeable way:
Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
And dry'd my ſorrows for a huſband ſlain;
Achilles' care you promis'd I ſhould prove,
The firſt, the deareſt partner of his love,
That rites divine ſhould ratify the band,
And make me empreſs in his native land.
Accept theſe grateful tears! for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's woe!
Her ſiſter captives echo'd groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.

The

Ver. 303. etc. *The lamentation of Briſeis over Patroclus.*] This ſpeech (ſays Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus) is not without its artifice: while Briſeis ſeems only to be deploring Patroclus, ſhe repreſents to Achilles, who ſtands by, the breach of the promiſes he had made her, and upbraids him with the neglect he had been guilty of, in reſigning her up to Agamemnon.

Ver. 322. *Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.*] Homer adds this touch to heighten the character of Briſeis, and to ſhew

the

The leaders preſs'd the chief on every ſide;
Unmov'd, he hear'd them, and with ſighs deny'd.
If yet Achilles have a friend, whoſe care
Is bent to pleaſe him, this requeſt forbear:
Till yonder ſun deſcend, ah let me pay
To grief and anguiſh one abſtemious day.
He ſpoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face:
Yet ſtill the brother-kings of Atreus' race,
Neſtor, Idomeneus, Ulyſſes ſage,
And Phœnix, ſtrive to calm his grief and rage:
His rage they calm not, nor his grief controll;
He groans, he raves, he ſorrows from his ſoul.
Thou too, Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents)
Once ſpread th' inviting banquet in our tents:
Thy ſweet ſociety, thy winning care,
Once ſtay'd Achilles, ruſhing to the war.
But now alas! to death's cold arms reſign'd,
What banquet but revenge can glad my mind?
What greater ſorrow could afflict my breaſt,
What more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd?
Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
His ſon's ſad fate, and drops a tender tear.
What more, ſhould Neoptolemus the brave
(My only offſpring) ſink into the grave?
If yet that offſpring lives, (I diſtant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war).

the difference there was between her and the other captives. Briſeis, as a well-born princeſs, really bewailed Patroclus out of gratitude; but the others, by pretending to bewail him, wept only out of intereſt. Dacier.

Ver. 335. *Thou too, Patroclus!* etc.] This lamentation is finely introduced: while the generals are perſuading him to take ſome refreſhment, it naturally awakens in his mind the remembrance of Patroclus, who had ſo often brought him food every morning before they went to battle: this is very natural, and admirably well conceals the art of drawing the ſubject of his diſcourſe from the things that preſent themſelves.

I could not this, this cruel ſtroke attend;
Fate claim'd Achilles, but might ſpare his friend.
I hop'd Patroclus might ſurvive, to rear
My tender orphan with a parent's care,
From Scyros iſle conduct him o'er the main,
And glad his eyes with his parental reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain.
For Peleus breathes no more the vital air;
Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
But till the news of my ſad fate invades
His haſt'ning ſoul, and ſinks him to the ſhades.
Sighing he ſaid: his grief the heroes join'd,
Each ſtole a tear for what he left behind.
Their mingled grief the ſire of heav'n ſurvey'd,
And thus, with pity, to his blue-ey'd maid.
Is then Achilles now no more thy care,
And doſt thou thus deſert the great in war?
Lo, where yon ſails their canvas wings extend,
All comfortleſs he ſits, and wails his friend:
Ere thirſt and want his forces have oppreſt,
Haſte and infuſe ambroſia in his breaſt.
He ſpoke, and ſudden as the word of Jove,
Shot the deſcending goddeſs from above.
So ſwift thro' æther the ſhrill Harpy ſprings,
The wide air floating to her ample wings,
To great Achilles ſhe her flight addreſt,
And pour'd divine ambroſia in his breaſt,
With Nectar ſweet, (refection of the Gods!)
Then, ſwift, aſcending, ſought the bright abodes.

Ver. 351. *I hop'd Patroclus might ſurvive*, etc.] Patroclus was young, and Achilles, who had but a ſhort time to live, hoped that after his death his dear friend would be as a father to his ſon, and put him into the poſſeſſion of his kingdom: Neoptolemus would in Patroclus find Peleus and Achilles; whereas, when Patroclus was dead, he muſt be an orphan indeed. Homer is particularly admirable for the ſentiments, and always follows nature.

Now

Now iſſued from the ſhips the warrior train,
And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blaſts of Boreas blow,
And ſcatter o'er the fields the driving ſnow;
From duſky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whoſe dazling luſtre whitens all the ſkies:
So helms ſucceeding helms, ſo ſhields from ſhields
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;
Broad glitt'ring breaſt-plates, ſpears with pointed rays
Mix in one ſtream, reflecting blaze on blaze:
Thick beats the centre as the courſers bound,
With ſplendour flame the ſkies, and laugh the fields around.
Full in the midſt, high tow'ring o'er the reſt,
His limbs in arms divine Achilles dreſt;
Arms which the father of the fire beſtow'd,
Forge'd on th' eternal anvils of the god.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inſpire,
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire;
He grinds his teeth, and furious with delay
O'erlooks th' embattled hoſt, and hopes the bloody day.
The ſilver cuiſhes firſt his thigh infold:
Then o'er his breaſt was brace'd the hollow gold:
The brazen ſword a various baldric ty'd,
That, ſtarr'd with gems, hung glitt'ring at his ſide;

Ver. 390. *Achilles arming himſelf,* etc.] There is a wonderful pomp in this deſcription of Achilles's arming himſelf; every reader without being pointed to it, will ſee the extreme grandeur of all theſe images; but what is particular, is, in what a noble ſcale they riſe one above another, and how the hero is ſet ſtill in a ſtronger point of light than before; till he is at laſt in a manner covered over with glories: he is at firſt likened to the moon-light, then to the flames of a beacon, then to a comet, and laſtly to the ſun itſelf.

And

And like the moon, the broad refulgent ſhield
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.
So to night-wand'ring ſailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the wat'ry waſte, a light appears,
Which on the far-ſeen mountain blazing high,
Streams from ſome lonely watch-tow'r to the ſky:
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
Loud howls the ſtorm, and drives them o'er the main.
Next, his high head the helmet grace'd; behind
The ſweepy creſt hung floating in the wind:
Like the red ſtar, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diſeaſes, peſtilence and war;
So ſtream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the ſparkling plumes, and the looſe glories ſhed.
The chief beholds himſelf with wond'ring eyes;
His arms he poiſes, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by ſome inward force, he ſeems to ſwim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
And now he ſhakes his great paternal ſpear,
Pond'rous and huge! which not a Greek could rear.
From Pelion's cloudy top an aſh entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
A ſpear which ſtern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields:
Automedon and Alcimus prepare
Th' immortal courſers, and the radiant car,
(The ſilver traces ſweeping at their ſide)
Their fiery mouths reſplendent bridles ty'd,
The iv'ry-ſtudded reins, return behind,
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whirl'd the laſh around,
And ſwift aſcended at one active bound.

All

All bright in heav'nly arms, above his ſquire
Achilles mounts, and ſets the field on fire ;
Not brighter Phœbus in th' ethereal way,
Flames from his chariot, and reſtores the day,
High o'er the hoſt, all terrible he ſtands,
And thunders to his ſteeds theſe dread commands.
Xanthus and Balius ! of Podarges' ſtrain,
(Unleſs ye boaſt that heav'nly race in vain)
Be ſwift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your maſter more your care :
Thro' falling ſquadrons bear my ſlaught'ring ſword,
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord.
The gen'rous Xanthus, as the words he ſaid,
Seem'd ſenſible of woe, and droop'd his head,
Trembling he ſtood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to duſt the honours of his mane,
When, ſtrange to tell ! (ſo Juno will'd) he broke
Eternal ſilence, and portentous ſpoke.
Achilles ! yes ! this day at leaſt we bear
Thy rage in ſafety thro' the files of war ;
But come it will, the fatal time muſt come,
Nor ours the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
Not thro' our crime, or ſlowneſs in the courſe,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heav'nly force ;
The bright far-ſhooting God who gilds the day,
(Confeſt we ſaw him) tore his arms away.
No—could our ſwiftneſs o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the weſtern gale,
All were in vain——the fates they death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.
Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies ty'd,
His fateful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd
With

Ver. 464. *Then ceas'd for ever, by the furies ty'd,*
His fateful voice——
The poet had offended againſt probability, if he had made Juno take

With unabated rage——So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are loſt on me.
I know my fates: to die, to ſee no more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native ſhore——
Enough—when heav'n ordains, I ſink in night; 470.
Now periſh Troy! he ſaid and ruſh'd to fight.

take away the voice; for Juno (which ſignifies the air) is the cauſe of the voice. Beſides, the poet was willing to intimate, that the privation of the voice is a thing ſo diſmal and melancholy, that none but the [illegible] would chuſe ſo cruel an employment.

THE

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The battle of the Gods, and the acts of Achilles.

JUPITER upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the combat described, when the deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

THUS round Pelides breathing war and blood,
Greece sheath'd in arms, beside her vessels stood;
While near impending from a neighb'ring height,
Troy's black battalions wait the shock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command to call
The Gods to council in the starry hall:

Swift

Ver. 5. *Then Jove to Themis gives command*, etc.] The poet is now to bring his hero again into action, and he introduces him with the utmost *pomp* and grandeur: the gods are assembled only upon this account,

Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills ſhe flies,
And ſummons all the ſenate of the ſkies,
Theſe ſhining on, in long proceſſion come
To Jove's eternal adamantine dome.
Not one was abſent, not a rural pow'r,
That haunts the verdant gloom, or roſy bow'r,
Each fair-hair'd dryad of the ſhady wood,
Each azure ſiſter of the ſilver flood;
All but old Ocean, hoary ſire! who keeps
His ancient ſeat beneath the ſacred deeps.
On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd,
(The work of Vulcan) ſate the pow'rs around,
Ev'n * he whoſe trident ſways the wat'ry reign,
Heard the loud ſummons, and forſook the main,
Aſſum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
And queſtion'd thus the ſire of men and gods.

What moves the God who heav'n and earth commands,
And graſps the thunder in his awful hands,
Thus to convene the whole æthereal ſtate?
Is Greece and Troy the ſubject in debate?
Already met, the low'ring hoſts appear,
And death ſtands ardent on the edge of war.

'Tis true, (the cloud-compelling Pow'r replies)
This day we call the council of the ſkies
In care of human race; ev'n Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on Olympus' top in ſecret ſtate
Ourſelf will ſit, and ſee the hand of fate

account, and Jupiter permits ſeveral deities to join with the Trojans, and hinder Achilles from over-ruling deſtiny itſelf.

The circumſtance of ſending Themis to aſſemble the gods is very beautiful; ſhe is the goddeſs of juſtice; the Trojans, by the rape of Helen, and by repeated perjuries, having broken her laws, ſhe is the propereſt meſſenger to ſummon a ſynod to bring them to puniſhment.

* Neptune.

Work

Work out our will. Celeſtial pow'rs! deſcend,
And as your minds direct, your ſuccour lend
To either hoſt. Troy ſoon muſt lie o'erthrown,
If uncontroll'd Achilles fights alone:
Their troops but lately durſt not meet his eyes;
What can they now, if in his rage he riſe?
Aſſiſt them, Gods! or Ilion's ſacred wall
May fall this day, tho' fate forbids the fall.
He ſaid, and fir'd their heav'nly breaſts with rage:
On adverſe parts the warring gods engage.
Heav'n's awful queen; and he whoſe azure round
Girds the vaſt globe; the maid in arms renown'd;
Hermes, of profitable arts the ſire,
And Vulcan, the black ſov'reign of the fire:
Theſe to the fleet repair with inſtant flight;
The veſſels tremble as the gods alight.
In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus, came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving dame,
Xanthus whoſe ſtreams in golden currents flow,
And the chaſte huntreſs of the ſilver bow.
Ere yet the gods their various aid employ,
Each Argive boſom ſwell'd with manly joy,
While great Achilles, (terror of the plain)
Long loſt to battle, ſhone in arms again.
Dreadful he ſtood in front of all his hoſt;
Pale Troy beheld, and ſeem'd already loſt;

Ver. 52. *Mars, fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving dame.*] The reaſons why Mars and Venus engage for the Trojans, are very obvious; the point in hand was to favour raviſhers and debauchees. But the ſame reaſon, you will ſay, does not ſerve for Apollo, Diana, and Latona. It is urged, that Apollo is for the Trojans, becauſe of the darts and arrows which were the principal ſtrength of the Barbarians; and Diana, becauſe ſhe preſided over dancing, and thoſe Barbarians were great dancers: and Latona, as influenced by her children. Xanthus, being a Trojan river, is intereſted for his country. Euſtathius.

Her braveſt heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling ſee another god of war.
But when the pow'rs deſcending ſwell'd the fight,
Then tumult roſe; fierce rage and pale affright
Vary'd each face; then Diſcord ſounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations ruſh to arms.
Now thro' the trembling ſhores Minerva calls,
And now ſhe thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars hov'ring o'er his Troy, his terror ſhrouds
In gloomy tempeſts, and a night of clouds:
Now thro' each Trojan heart he fury pours
With voice divine from Ilion's topmoſt tow'rs,
Now ſhouts to Simois, from her beauteous hill;
The mountain ſhook, the rapid ſtream ſtood ſtill.
Above, the ſire of gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath, ſtern Neptune ſhakes the ſolid ground;
The foreſts wave, the mountains nod around;
Thro' all their ſummits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their ſources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the toſs'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the diſmal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,
Leap'd from his throne, left Neptune's arm ſhould lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to gods.
Such war th' immortals wage: ſuch horrors rend
The world's vaſt concave, when the gods contend.
Firſt ſilver-ſhafted Phœbus took the plain
Againſt blue Neptune, monarch of the main:

The

Ver. 91. *Firſt ſilver-ſhafted Phœbus took the plain*, etc.] With what art does the poet engage the gods in this conflict! Neptune *oppoſes Apollo*, which implies, that things moiſt and dry are in

continual

The god of arms his giant bulk diſplay'd,
Oppos'd to Pallas, war's triumphant maid.
Againſt Latona march'd the ſon of May;
The quiver'd Dian, ſiſter of the day,
(Her golden arrows ſounding at her ſide)
Saturnia, majeſty of heav'n, defy'd.
With fiery Vulcan laſt in battle ſtands
The ſacred flood that rolls on golden ſands;
Xanthus his name with thoſe of heav'nly birth,
But call'd Scamander by the ſons of Earth.
While thus the gods in various league engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
Hector he ſought; in ſearch of Hector turn'd
His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd;
And burſt like light'ning thro' the ranks, and vow'd
To glut the god of battles with his blood.
Æneas was the firſt who dar'd to ſtay;
Apollo wedg'd him in the warrior's way,
But ſwell'd his boſom with undaunted might,
Half-force'd, and half-perſuaded to the fight.
Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,
In voice and aſpect ſeem'd the pow'r divine;
And bade the chief reflect, how late with ſcorn
In diſtant threats he brav'd the goddeſs-born.
Then thus the hero of Anchiſes' ſtrain.
To meet Pelides you perſuade in vain:
Already have I met, nor void of fear,
Obſerv'd the fury of his flying ſpear;

continual diſcord: Pallas fights with Mars, which ſignifies, that raſhneſs and wiſdom always diſagree: Juno is againſt Diana, that is, nothing more differs from a marriage-ſtate, than celibacy: Vulcan engages Xanthus, that is, fire and water are in perpetual variance. Thus we have a fine allegory concealed under the veil of excellent poetry, and the reader receives a double ſatisfaction at the ſame time from beautiful verſes, and an inſtructive moral. Euſtathius.

From Ida's woods he chas'd us to the field,
Our force he ſcatter'd, and our herds he kill'd:
Lyrneſſus, Pedaſus, in aſhes lay;
But (Jove aſſiſting) I ſurviv'd the day.
Elſe had I ſunk oppreſt in fatal fight,
By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.
Where'er he mov'd, the goddeſs ſhone before,
And bath'd his brazen lance in hoſtile gore.
What mortal man Achilles can ſuſtain?
Th'immortals guard him thro'the dreadful plain,
And ſuffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were God my aid, this arm ſhould check his pow'r,
Tho' ſtrong in battle as a brazen tow'r.
To whom the ſon of Jove. That God implore,
And be, what great Achilles was before.
From heav'nly Venus thou deriv'ſt thy ſtrain,
And he, but from a ſiſter of the main;
An aged ſea-god, father of his line,
But Jove himſelf the ſacred ſource of thine.
Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.
This ſaid, and ſpirit breath'd into his breaſt,
Thro' the thick troops th' embolden'd hero preſt:
His vent'rous act the white-arm'd queen ſurvey'd,
And thus, aſſembling all the pow'rs, ſhe ſaid.
Behold an action, gods! that claims your care,
Lo great Æneas ruſhing to the war;
Againſt Pelides he directs his courſe,
Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
Reſtrain his bold career; at leaſt, t' attend
Our favour'd hero, let ſome pow'r deſcend.
To guard his life, and add to his renown,
We, the great armament of heav'n, came down.
Hereafter let him fall, as fates deſign,
That ſpun ſo ſhort his life's illuſtrious line:

But

But leſt ſome adverſe god now croſs his way,
Give him to know, what pow'rs aſſiſt this day:
For how ſhall mortal ſtand the dire alarms,
When heav'n's refulgent hoſt appear in arms?
Thus ſhe, and thus the god whoſe force can make
The ſolid globe's eternal baſis ſhake.
Againſt the might of man, ſo feeble known,
Why ſhould celeſtial pow'rs exert their own?
Suffice, from yonder mount to view the ſcene;
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.
But if th' armipotent, or god of light,
Obſtruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
Thence on the gods of Troy we ſwift deſcend:
Full ſoon, I doubt not, ſhall the conflict end,
And theſe, in ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
Yield to our conq'ring arms the lower world.
Thus having ſaid, the tyrant of the ſea,
Cærulean Neptune, roſe, and led the way.
Advance'd upon the field there ſtood a mound
Of earth congeſted, wall'd, and trench'd around;
In elder times to guard Alcides made,
(The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid)
What time, a vengeful monſter of the main
Swept the wide ſhore, and drove him to the plain.
Here Neptune, and the gods of Greece repair,
With clouds encompaſs'd, and a veil of air:
The adverſe pow'rs, around Apollo laid,
Crown the fair hills that ſilver Simois ſhade.
In circle cloſs each heav'nly party ſat,
Intent to form the future ſcheme of fate;
But mix not yet in fight, tho' Jove on high
Gives the loud ſignal, and the heav'ns reply.
Meanwhile the ruſhing armies hide the ground;
The trampled centre yields a hollow ſound:
Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.

Amid both hoſts (a dreadful ſpace) appear,
There, great Achilles; bold Æneas here.
With tow'ring ſtrides Æneas firſt advance'd;
The nodding plumage on his helmet dance'd,
Spread o'er his breaſt the fencing ſhield he bore,
And, as he mov'd, his jav'lin flam'd before.
Not ſo Pelides; furious to engage,
He ruſh'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
Who viewing firſt his foes with ſcornful eyes,
Tho' all in arms the peopled city riſe,
Stalks careleſs on, with unregarding pride;
Till at the length, by ſome brave youth defy'd,
To his bold ſpear the ſavage turns alone,
He murmurs fury with an hollow groan;
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
Laſh'd by his tail his heaving ſides reſound;
He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
Reſolv'd on vengeance, or reſolv'd on death.
So fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
So ſtands Æneas, and his force defies.
Ere yet the ſtern encounter join'd, begun
The ſeed of Thetis thus to Venus' ſon.
Why comes Æneas thro' the ranks ſo far?
Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,

Ver. 214, etc. *The converſation of Achilles and Æneas.*] I ſhall lay before the reader the words of Euſtathius in defence of this paſſage, which I confeſs ſeems to me to be faulty in the poet. The reader (ſays he) would naturally expect ſome great and terrible atchievements ſhould enſue from Achilles on his firſt entrance upon action. The poet ſeems to prepare us for it, by his magnificent introduction of him into the field: but inſtead of a ſtorm, we have a calm; he follows the ſame method in this book as he did in the third, where when both armies were ready to engage in a general conflict, he ends the day in a ſingle combat between two heroes: thus he always agreeably ſurpriſes his readers. Beſides, the admirers of Homer reap a farther advantage from this converſation of the heroes: there is a chain of ancient hiſtory as well as a ſeries of poetical beauties.

In

In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
The partial monarch may refuſe the prize;
Sons he has many; thoſe thy pride may quell;
And 'tis his fault to love thoſe ſons too well.
Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
Has Troy propos'd ſome ſpacious tract of land?
An ample foreſt, or a fair domain,
Of hills for vines, and arable for grain?
Ev'n this, perhaps will hardly prove thy lot.
But can Achilles be ſo ſoon forgot?
Once (as I think) you ſaw this brandiſh'd ſpear,
And then the great Æneas ſeem'd to fear.
With hearty haſte from Ida's mount he fled,
Nor, till he reach'd Lyrneſſus, turn'd his head.
Her lofty walls not long our progreſs ſtay'd;
Thoſe, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:
In Grecian chains her captive race were caſt;
'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too faſt.
Defrauded of my conqueſt once before,
What then I loſt, the Gods this day reſtore.
Go; while thou may'ſt, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.
To this Anchiſes' ſon. Such words employ
To one that fears thee, ſome unwarlike boy;
Such we diſdain; the beſt may be defy'd
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride:
Unworthy the high race from which we came,
Proclaim'd ſo loudly by the voice of fame;
Each from illuſtrious fathers draws his line;
Each goddeſs-born; half human, half divine.
Thetis' this day, or Venus' offspring dies,
And tears ſhall trickle from celeſtial eyes:
For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,
'Tis not in words the glorious ſtrife can end.

If yet thou farther ſeek to learn my birth,
(A tale reſounded thro' the ſpacious earth)
Hear how the glorious origin we prove
From ancient Dardanus, the firſt from Jove:
Dardania's walls he rais'd; for Ilion then,
(The city ſince of many-languag'd men)
Was not. The natives were content to till
The ſhady foot of Ida's fount-full hill.
From Dardanus, great Erichthonius ſprings,
The richeſt, once, of Aſia's wealthy kings;
Three thouſand mares his ſpacious paſtures bred,
Three thouſand foals beſide their mothers fed.
Boreas, enamour'd of the ſprightly train,
Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,
With voice diſſembled to his loves he neigh'd,
And cours'd the dapled beauties o'er the mead:
Hence ſprung twelve others of unrival'd kind,
Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.
Theſe lightly ſkimming, when they ſwept the plain,
Nor ply'd the graſs, nor bent the tender grain;
And when along the level ſeas they flew,
Scarce on the ſurface curl'd the briny dew.
Such Erichthonius was: from him there came
The ſacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.
Three ſons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
Ilus, Aſſaracus, and Ganymede:
The matchleſs Ganymed, divinely fair,
Whom heav'n enamour'd ſnatch'd to upper air,

Ver. 262. *Three thouſand mares*, etc.] The number of the horſes and mares of Erichthonius may ſeem incredible, were we not aſſured by Herodotus, that there were in the ſtud of Cyrus at one time (beſides thoſe for the ſervice of war) eight hundred horſes and ſix thouſand ſix hundred mares.

Ver. 270. *Theſe lightly ſkimming, when they ſwept the plain.*] The poet illuſtrates the ſwiftneſs of theſe horſes by deſcribing them as running over the ſtanding corn, and ſurface of waters, without making any impreſſion.

To

To bear the cup of Jove, (æthereal gueſt)
The grace and glory of th' ambroſial feaſt.
The two remaining ſons the line divide:
Firſt roſe Laomedon from Ilus' ſide;
From him Tithonus, now in cares grown old,
And Priam, (bleſt with Hector, brave and bold:)
Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair;
And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
From great Aſſaracus ſprung Capys: He
Begat Anchiſes, and Anchiſes me.
Such is our race: 'tis fortune gives us birth,
But Jove alone endues the ſoul with worth:
He, ſource of pow'r and might! with boundleſs ſway,
All human courage gives, or takes away.
Long in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
Arm'd or with truth or falſhood, right or wrong,
So voluble a weapon is the tongue;
Wounded, we wound; and neither ſide can fail,
For every man has equal ſtrength to rail:
Women alone, when in the ſtreets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
Like us they ſtand, encompaſs'd with the croud,
And vent their anger impotent and loud.
Ceaſe then—Our buſineſs in the field of fight
Is not to queſtion, but to prove our might.

Ver. 280. *To bear the cup of Jove.*] To be a cupbearer has in all ages and nations been reckoned an honourable employment: Sappho mentions it in honour of her brother Labichus, that he was cupbearer to the nobles of Mitylene: the ſon of Menelaus executed the ſame office; Hebe and Mercury ſerved the gods in the ſame ſtation.

It was the cuſtom in the Pagan worſhip to employ noble youths to pour the wine upon the ſacrifice: in this office, Ganymede might probably attend upon the altar of Jupiter, and from thence was fabled to be his cupbearer. Euſtathius.

To

To all thoſe inſults thou haſt offer'd here,
Receive this anſwer: 'tis my flying ſpear.
He ſpoke. With all his force the jav'lin flung,
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
Far on his out-ſtretch'd arm, Pelides held
(To meet the thund'ring lance) his dreadful ſhield,
That trembled as it ſtuck; nor, void of fear,
Saw, ere it fell, th' immeaſurable ſpear.
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
Secur'd the temper of th' æthereal arms.
Thro' two ſtrong plates the point its paſſage held,
But ſtopp'd, and reſted, by the third repell'd;
Five plates of various metal, various mold,
Compos'd the ſhield, of braſs each outward fold,
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:
There ſtuck the lance. Then riſing ere he threw,
The forceful ſpear of great Achilles flew,
And pierce'd the Dardan's ſhield's extremeſt bound,
Where the ſhrill braſs return'd a ſharper ſound:
Thro' the thin verge the Pelian weapon glides,
And the ſlight cov'ring of expanded hides.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees thro' its parting plates, the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quiv'ring ſpear:
A fate, ſo near him, chills his ſoul with fright,
And ſwims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
Achilles, ruſhing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:
Æneas rouzing as the foe came on,
(With force collected) heaves a mighty ſtone:
A maſs enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degen'rate ſons could raiſe.
But Ocean's god, whoſe earthquakes rock the ground,
Saw the diſtreſs, and mov'd the pow'rs around.

Lo!

Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas ſtands,
An inſtant victim to Achilles' hands:
By Phœbus urge'd; but Phœbus has beſtow'd
His aid in vain: the man o'erpow'rs the god.
And can ye ſee this righteous chief atone
With guiltleſs blood, for vices not his own?
To all the gods his conſtant vows were paid:
Sure, tho' he wars for Troy, he claims our aid.
Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove reſign
The future father of the Dardan line:
The firſt great anceſtor obtain'd his grace,
And ſtill his love deſcends on all the race.
For Priam now, and Priam's faithleſs kind,
At length are odious to th' all-ſeeing mind;
On great Æneas ſhall devolve the reign,
And ſons ſucceeding ſons the laſting line ſuſtain.
The great Earth-ſhaker thus: to whom replies
Th' imperial goddeſs with the radiant eyes.
Good as he is, to immolate or ſpare
The Dardan prince, O Neptune, be thy care;
Pallas and I, by all that gods can bind,
Have ſworn deſtruction to the Trojan kind;
Not ev'n an inſtant to protract their fate,
Or ſave one member of the ſinking ſtate;
Till her laſt flame be quench'd with her laſt gore,
And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.
The King of Ocean to the fight deſcends,
Thro' all the whiſtling darts his courſe he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
And caſts thick darkneſs o'er Achilles' eyes.

Ver. 345. *And can ye ſee this righteous chief*, etc.] Though Æneas is repreſented as a man of great courage, yet his piety is his moſt ſhining character: this is the reaſon why he is always the care of the gods; and they favour him conſtantly through the whole poem with their immediate protection.

From great Æneas' ſhield the ſpear he drew,
And at its maſter's feet the weapon threw.
That done, with force divine he ſnatch'd on high
The Dardan prince, and bore him thro' the ſky,
Smooth gliding without ſtep, above the heads
Of warring heroes, and of bounding ſteeds.
Till at the battle's utmoſt verge they light,
Where the ſlow Caucans cloſe the rear of fight:
The Godhead there (his heav'nly form confeſs'd)
With words like theſe the panting chief addreſs'd.
What pow'r, O prince, with force inferior far
Urge'd thee to meet Achilles' arm in war!
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding fate of all thy fame to come.
But when thy day decreed (for come it muſt)
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the duſt,
Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no Grecian force tranſcends thy own.
With that, he left him wond'ring as he lay,
Then from Achilles chas'd the miſt away:
Sudden, returning with the ſtream of light,
The ſcene of war came ruſhing on his ſight.
Then thus, amaz'd: What wonders ſtrike my mind!
My ſpear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord
That fell this inſtant, vaniſh'd from my ſword!
I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But pow'rs celeſtial ſure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he ſcarce will try,
Content for once, with all his gods, to fly.
Now then let others bleed——This ſaid, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the croud:

Ver. 378. *Where the ſlow Caucans cloſe the rear.*] The Caucans (ſays Euſtathius) were of Paphlagonian extract: and this perhaps was the reaſon why they are not diſtinctly mentioned in the catalogue, they being included under the general name of Paphlagonians.

O Greeks (he cries, and ev'ry rank alarms)
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
'Tis not in me, tho' favour'd by the ſky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:
No god can ſingly ſuch a hoſt engage,
Not Mars himſelf, nor great Minerva's rage.
But whatſoe'er Achilles can inſpire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire;
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
All, all Achilles, Greeks! is yours to-day.
Thro' yon wide hoſt this arm ſhall ſcatter fear,
And thin the ſquadrons with my ſingle ſpear.
He ſaid: nor leſs elate with martial joy,
The godlike Hector warm'd the troops of Troy.
Trojans, to war! Think Hector leads you on;
Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty ſon.
Deeds muſt decide our fate. Ev'n thoſe with words
Inſult the brave, who tremble at their ſwords:
The weakeſt atheiſt-wretch all heav'n defies,
But ſhrinks and ſhudders, when the thunder flies.
Nor from yon boaſter ſhall your chief retire,
Not tho' his heart were ſteel, his hands were fire;
That fire, that ſteel, your Hector ſhould withſtand,
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.
Thus (breathing rage thro' all) the hero ſaid;
A wood of lances riſes round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempeſt all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.
But Phœbus warns him from high heav'n to ſhun
The ſingle fight with Thetis' godlike ſon;
More ſafe to combate in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.
He hears, obedient to the god of light,
And, plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.
Then fierce Achilles, ſhouting to the ſkies,
On Troy's whole force with boundleſs fury flies.

First falls Iphytion, at his army's head;
Brave was the chief, and brave the host he led;
From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
His mother was a Nais of the flood;
Beneath the shades of Tmolus, crown'd with snow,
From Hyde's walls he rul'd the lands below,
Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides;
The parted visage falls on equal sides:
With loud-resounding arms he strikes the plain;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the slain.
Lie there, Otryntides! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, tho' Gygæ boast thy birth;
Those beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,
And plenteous Hermus swells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more—— Th' insulting hero said,
And left him sleeping in eternal shade.
The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,
And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.
Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.
Th' impatient steel with full descending sway
Force'd thro' his brazen helm its furious way;
Resistless drove the batter'd skull before,
And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This sees Hippodamas, and seiz'd with fright,
Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight:
The lance arrests him: an ignoble wound
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his soul: not louder roars
At Neptune's shrine on Helice's high shores

Ver. 467. ——— *Not louder roars*
At Neptune's shrine on Helice's high shore, etc.]

In Helice, a town of Achaia, three quarters of a league from the gulf of Corinth, Neptune had a magnificent temple, where the Ionians offered every year to him a sacrifice of a bull; and it was with these people an auspicious sign, and a certain mark, that the sacrifice would be accepted, if the bull bellowed as he was led to the altar.

The

The victim bull; the rocks rebellow round,
And Ocean liſtens to the grateful ſound.
Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
The youngeſt hope of Priam's ſtooping age:
(Whoſe feet for ſwiftneſs in the race ſurpaſt)
Of all his ſons, the deareſt, and the laſt.
To the forbidden field he takes his flight
In the firſt folly of a youthful knight,
To vaunt his ſwiftneſs wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long, with all his ſwiftneſs ſlain.
Struck where the croſſing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd:
Forth thro' the navel burſt the thrilling ſteel;
And on his knees with piercing ſhrieks he fell;
The ruſhing entrails pour'd upon the ground
His hands collect; and darkneſs wraps him round.
When Hector view'd, all ghaſtly in his gore
Thus ſadly ſlain, th' unhappy Polydore;
A cloud of ſorrow overcaſt his ſight,
His ſoul no longer brook'd the diſtant fight,
Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
And ſhook his jav'lin like a waving flame.

The

Ver. 471. *Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage.*] Euripides in his Hecuba has followed another tradition, when he makes Polydorus the ſon of Priam and of Hecuba, and ſlain by Polymneſtor king of Thrace, after the taking of Troy; for, according to Homer, he is not the ſon of Hecuba, but of Laothoe, as he ſays in the following book, and is ſlain by Achilles. Virgil too has rather choſen to follow Euripides than Homer.

Ver. 489. *Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came.*] The great judgment of the poet in keeping the character of this hero, is in this place very evident: When Achilles was to engage Æneas, he holds a long conference with him, and with patience bears the reply of Æneas: had he purſued the ſame method with Hector, he had

The ſon of Peleus ſees, with joy poſſeſt,
His heart high bounding in his riſing breaſt:
And, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;
The man, that ſlew Achilles, in his friend!
No more ſhall Hector's and Pelides' ſpear
Turn from each other in the walks of war——
Then with revengeful eyes he ſcann'd him o'er:
Come, and receive thy fate! he ſpake no more.
Hector, undaunted, thus. Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, ſome unwarlike boy:
Such we could give, defying and defy'd,
Mean intercourſe of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine ſuperior far;
But Heav'n alone confers ſucceſs in war:
Mean as I am, the gods may guide my dart,
And give it entrance in a braver heart.
Then parts the lance: but Pallas' heavenly breath
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death:
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great maſter lies.
Achilles cloſes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow;
But preſent to his aid, Apollo ſhrouds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice ſtruck Pelides with indignant heart,
Thrice in impaſſive air he plung'd the dart:
The ſpear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud;
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud.

departed from his character. Anger is the prevailing paſſion in Achilles: he left the field in a rage againſt Agamemnon, and entered it again to be revenged of Hector: the poet therefore judiciouſly makes him take fire at the ſight of his enemy: he deſcribes him as impatient to kill him; he gives him a haughty challenge, and that challenge is comprehended in a ſingle line: his impatience to be revenged, would not ſuffer him to delay it by a length of words.

Wretch! thou haſt ſcap'd again, once more thy flight
Has ſav'd thee, and the partial god of light.
But long thou ſhalt not thy juſt fate withſtand,
If any power aſſiſt Achilles' hand.
Fly then inglorious! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghoſts ſhall pay.
With that, he gluts his rage on numbers ſlain:
Then Dryops tumbled to th' enſanguin'd plain,
Pierce'd thro' the neck: he left him panting there,
And ſtopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir,
Gigantic chief! deep guſh'd th' enormous blade,
And for the ſoul an ample paſſage made.
Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant ſons of an unhappy ſire;
Both in one inſtant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one inſtant to the nether world;
This diff'rence only their ſad fates afford,
That one the ſpear deſtroy'd, and one the ſword.
Nor leſs unpity'd, young Alaſtor bleeds;
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty pleads:
In vain he begs thee with a ſuppliant's moan,
To ſpare a form, an age ſo like thy own!
Unhappy boy! no pray'r, no moving art,
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!

Ver. 541. ——— *No pray'r, no moving art,*
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!]

I confeſs it is a ſatisfaction to me, to obſerve with what art the poet purſues his ſubject: the opening of the poem profeſſes to treat of the anger of Achilles; that anger draws on all the great events of the ſtory: and Homer, at every opportunity, awakens the reader to an attention to it, by mentioning the effects of it: ſo that when we ſee in this place the hero deaf to youth and compaſſion, it is what we expect: mercy in him would offend, becauſe it is contrary to his character. Homer propoſes him not as a pattern for imitation; but the moral of the poem, which he deſigned the reader ſhould draw from it, is, that we ſhould avoid anger, ſince it is ever pernicious in the event.

While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,
The ruthleſs faulchion ope'd his tender ſide;
The panting liver pours a flood of gore
That drowns his boſom till he pants no more.
Thro' Mulius' head then drove th' impetuous ſpear,
The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear.
Thy life, Echeclus! next the ſword bereaves,
Deep thro' the front the pond'rous faulchion cleaves;
Warm'd in the brain the ſmoking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave Deucalion dy'd: the dart was flung
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow ſtrung;
He dropt his arm, an unaſſiſting weight,
And ſtood, all-impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling faulchion ſped,
From his broad ſhoulders hew'd his creſted head;
Forth from the bone the ſpinal marrow flies,
And, ſunk in duſt, the corps extended lies.
Rhigmus, whoſe race from fruitful Thracia came,
(The ſon of Pireus, an illuſtrious name,)
Succeeds to fate: the ſpear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thund'ring chief deſcends:
The ſquire, who ſaw expiring on the ground
His proſtrate maſter, rein'd the ſteeds around:
His back ſcarce turn'd the Pelian jav'lin gor'd;
And ſtretch'd the ſervant o'er his dying lord.
As when a flame the winding valley fills,
And runs on crackling ſhrubs between the hills;
Then o'er the ſtubble up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the ſkies,
This way and that, the ſpreading torrent roars;
So ſweeps the hero thro' the waſted ſhores;
Around him wide, immenſe deſtruction pours,
And earth is deluge'd with the ſanguine ſhow'rs.
As with autumnal harveſts cover'd o'er,
And thick beſtrown, lies Ceres' ſacred floor,

When

When round and round, with never weary'd pain,
The trampling ſteers beat out th' un-number'd grain:
So the fierce courſers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and cruſh out heroes ſouls.
Daſh'd from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they fly,
Black, bloody drops the ſmoking chariot die:
The ſpiky wheels thro' heaps of carnage tore;
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the ſcene of death Achilles ſtood,
All grim with duſt, all horrible in blood:
Yet ſtill inſatiate, ſtill with rage on flame;
Such is the luſt of never-dying fame!

Ver. 580, *The trampling ſteers beat out th' un-number'd grain.*] In Greece, inſtead of threſhing the corn as we do, they cauſed it to be trod out by oxen; this was likewiſe practiſed in Judæa, as is ſeen by the law of God, who forbade the Jews to muzzle the ox who trod out the corn.

THE

THE ILIAD.

* BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The battle in the river Scamander.

THE Trojans fly before Achilles; some towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great slaughter; takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy: Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and, while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.

AND now to Xanthus' gliding stream they drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.
The river here divides the flying train.
Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,

Where

* This book is entirely different from all the foregoing: though it be a battle, it is intirely of a new and surprising kind, diversified with

Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight,
Now chas'd, and trembling in ignoble flight:
(Theſe with a gather'd miſt Saturnia ſhrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds):
Part plunge into the ſtream: old Xanthus roars,
The flaſhing billows beat the whiten'd ſhores:
With cries promiſcuous all the banks reſound,
And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,
The flouncing ſteeds and ſhrieking warriors drown'd.
As the ſcorch'd locuſts from their fields retire,
While faſt behind them runs the blaze of fire;
Driv'n from the land before the ſmoky cloud,
The cluſt'ring legions ruſh into the flood:
So plung'd in Xanthus by Achilles' force,
Roars the reſounding ſurge with men and horſe.
His bloody lance the hero caſts aſide,
(Which ſpreading tam'riſks on the margin hide)
Then, like a god, the rapid billows braves,
Arm'd with his ſword, high-brandiſh'd o'er the waves:
Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
Deep groan'd the waters with the dying ſound;
Repeated wounds the red'ning river dy'd,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.

with a vaſt variety of imagery and deſcription. The ſcene is totally changed: he paints the combat of his hero with the rivers, and deſcribes a battle amidſt an inundation. It is obſervable, that though the whole war of the Iliad was upon the banks of theſe rivers, Homer has artfully left out the machinery of river-gods in all the other battles, to aggrandize this of his hero. There is no book of the poem that has more force of imagination, or in which the great and inexhauſted invention of our author is more powerfully exerted. After this deſcription of an inundation, there follows a very beautiful contraſt in that of the drought: The part of Achilles is admirably ſuſtained, and the new ſtrokes which Homer gives to his picture are ſuch, as are derived from the very ſource of his character, and finiſh the intire draught of this hero.

Swift.

Swift thro' the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
And clofs in rocks or winding caverns lie.
So the huge dolphin tempefting the main,
In fhoals before him fly the fcaly train;
Confus'dly heap'd they feek their inmoft caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
Now tir'd with flaughter, from the Trojan band
Twelve chofen youths he drags alive to land;
With their rich belts their captive arms conftrains,
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains.)
Thefe his attendants to the fhips convey'd,
Sad victims! deftin'd to Patroclus' fhade.
Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,
The young Lycaon in his paffage ftood;

The

Ver. 34. *Now tir'd with flaughter.*] This is admirably well fuited to the character of Achilles; his rage bears him headlong on the enemy; he kills all that oppofe him, and ftops not, until nature itfelf could not keep pace with his anger; he had determined to referve twelve noble youths to facrifice them to the manes of Patroclus, but his refentment gives him no time to think of them, until the hurry of his paffion abates, and he is tired with flaughter: without this circumftance, I think an objection might naturally be raifed, that in the time of a purfuit, Achilles gave the enemy too much leifure to efcape, while he bufied himfelf with tying thefe prifoners: though it is not abfolutely neceffary to fuppofe he tied them with his own hands.

Ver. 35. *Twelve chofen youths.*] This piece of cruelty in Achilles has appeared fhocking to many, and indeed is what I think can only be excufed by confidering the ferocious and vindictive fpirit of this hero. It is however certain, that the cruelties exerifed on enemies in war, were authorifed by the military laws of thofe times; nay, religion itfelf became a fanction to them.

Ver. 41. *The young Lycaon*, etc.] Homer has a wonderful art and judgement in contriving fuch incidents as fet the characteriftic qualities of his heroes in the higheft point of light. There is hardly any in the whole Iliad more proper to move pity than this circumftance of Lycaon; or to raife terror, than this view of Achilles. It is alfo the fineft picture of them both imaginable: We fee

the

The ſon of Priam, whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land,
(As from a ſycamore, his ſounding ſteel
Lopp'd the green arms to ſpoke a chariot-wheel)
To Lemnos iſle he ſold the royal ſlave,
Where Jaſon's ſon the price demanded gave;
But kind Eetion touching on the ſhore,
The ranſom'd prince to fair Ariſbe bore.
Ten days were paſt, ſince in his father's reign
He felt the ſweets of liberty again;
The next, that god whom men in vain withſtand,
Gives the ſame youth to the ſame conqu'ring hand;
Now never to return! and doom'd to go
A ſadder journey to the ſhades below.
His well known face when great Achilles ey'd,
(The helm and viſor he had caſt aſide
With wild affright, and drop'd upon the field
His uſeleſs lance and unavailing ſhield,)
As trembling, panting, from the ſtream he fled,
And knock'd his fault'ring knees, the hero ſaid.

Ye mighty gods! what wonders ſtrike my view!
Is it in vain our conqu'ring arms ſubdue?
Sure I ſhall ſee yon heaps of Trojans kill'd,
Riſe from the ſhades, and brave me on the field:
As now the captive, whom ſo late I bound
And ſold to Lemnos, ſtalks on Trojan ground!

the different attitude of their perſons, and the different paſſions which appeared in their countenances: At firſt Achilles ſtands erect, with ſurpriſe in his looks at the ſight of one whom he thought it impoſſible to find there; while Lycaon is in the poſture of a ſuppliant, with looks that plead for compaſſion; with one hand holding the hero's lance, and his knee with the other: afterwards, when at his death he let go the ſpear, and places himſelf on his knees with his arms extended, to receive the mortal wound, how lively and how ſtrongly is this painted! I believe every one perceives the beauty of this paſſage, and allows that poetry (at leaſt in Homer) is truly a ſpeaking picture.

Not him the ſea's unmeaſur'd deeps detain,
That barr ſuch numbers from their native plain:
Lo! he returns. Try, then, my flying ſpear!
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;
If earth at length this active prince can ſeize,
Earth, whoſe ſtrong graſp has held down Hercules.
Thus while he ſpake, the Trojan, pale with fears,
Approach'd, and ſought his knees with ſuppliant tears;
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,
And his ſoul ſhiv'ring at th' approach of death.
Achilles rais'd the ſpear, prepar'd to wound;
He kiſs'd his feet; extended on the ground:
And while above the ſpear ſuſpended ſtood,
Longing to dip its thirſty point in blood,
One hand embrace'd them cloſe, one ſtopt the dart;
While thus theſe melting words attempt his heart.
Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! ſee,
Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee.
Some pity to a ſuppliant's name afford,
Who ſhar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
Whom late thy conqu'ring arm to Lemnos bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native ſhore;

Ver. 84. *The ſpeeches of Lycaon and Achilles.*] It is impoſſible for any thing to be better imagined than theſe two ſpeeches: That of Lycaon is moving and compaſſionate; that of Achilles haughty and dreadful; the one pleads with the utmoſt tenderneſs, the other denies with the utmoſt ſternneſs: one would think it impoſſible to amaſs ſo many moving arguments in ſo few words as thoſe of Lycaon: he forgets no circumſtance to ſoften his enemy's anger, he flatters the memory of Patroclus, is afraid of being thought too nearly related to Hector, and would willingly put himſelf upon him as a ſuppliant, and conſequently as an inviolable perſon: but Achilles is immoveable, his reſentment makes him deaf to intreaties, and it muſt be remembered that anger, not mercy, is his character.

I muſt confeſs I could have wiſhed Achilles had ſpared him: there are ſo many circumſtances that peak in his favour, that he *deſerved his life*, had he not aſked it in terms a little too abject.

A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now ſums immenſe thy mercy ſhall repay.
Scarce reſpited from woes I yet appear,
And ſcarce twelve morning ſons have ſeen me here;
Lo! Jove again ſubmits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel fate demands!
I ſprung from Priam, and Laothœ fair,
(Old Alte's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
Who held in Pedaſus his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where ſilver Satnio flow'd)
Two ſons (alas! unhappy ſons) ſhe bore;
For ah! one ſpear ſhall drink each brother's gore,
And I ſucceed to ſlaughter'd Polydore.
How from that arm of terror ſhall I fly?
Some dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet ſoft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
Not the ſame mother gave thy ſuppliant breath,
With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death.
Theſe words, attended with a ſhow'r of tears,
The youth addreſt to unrelenting ears:
Talk not of life, or ranſom, (he replies,)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies:
In vain a ſingle Trojan ſues for grace;
But leaſt, the ſons of Priam's hateful race,
Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
"And thou, doſt thou, bewail mortality?"
Seeſt thou not me, whom Nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a hero, from a goddeſs born;
The day ſhall come, (which nothing can avert,)
When by the ſpear, the arrow, or the dart,

By

Ver. 121. *The day ſhall come*——
When by the ſpear, the arrow, or the dart.]
This is *not* ſpoken at random, but with an air of ſuperiority; wh

By night, or day, by force, or by deſign,
Impending death and certain fate are mine.
Die then —— He ſaid; and, as the word he ſpoke,
The fainting ſtripling ſunk before the ſtroke:
His hand forgot its graſp, and left the ſpear;
While all his trembling frame confeſt his fear.
Sudden, Achilles his broad ſword diſplay'd,
And buried in his neck the reeking blade.
Prone fell the youth; and, panting on the land,
The guſhing purple dy'd the thirſty ſand:
The victor to the ſtream the carcaſe gave,
And thus inſults him, floating on the wave.
Lie there, Lycaon! let the fiſh ſurround
Thy bloated corſe, and ſuck thy goary wound:
There no ſad mother ſhall thy fun'rals weep,
But ſwift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
Whoſe ev'ry wave ſome wat'ry monſter brings,
To feaſt unpuniſh'd on the fat of kings.
So periſh Troy, and all the Trojan line!
Such ruin theirs, and ſuch compaſſion mine.
What boots ye now Scamander's worſhipp'd ſtream,
His earthly honours, and immortal name!
In vain your immolated bulls are ſlain,
Your living courſers glut his gulfs in vain:
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is compleat;
Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd ſhade,
And the ſhort abſence of Achilles paid.
Theſe boaſtful words provoke the raging god;
With fury ſwells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the pow'r employ,
To check Achilles, and to reſcue Troy?

Achilles ſays he ſhall fall by an arrow, a dart, or a ſpear, he inſinuates, that no man will have the courage to approach him in a cloſe fight, or engage him hand to hand. Euſtathius.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile the hero ſprings in arms, to dare
The great Aſteropeus to mortal war;
The ſon of Pelagon, whoſe lofty line
Flows from the ſource of Axius, ſtream divine!
(Fair Peribœa's love the god had crown'd,
With all his refluent waters circled round)
On him Achilles ruſh'd: he fearleſs ſtood,
And ſhook two ſpears, advancing from the flood;
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head,
T' avenge his waters choak'd with heaps of dead,
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began.

What art thou, boldeſt of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the ſire,
Whoſe ſon encounters our reſiſtleſs ire.

O ſon of Peleus! what avails to trace
(Reply'd the warrior) our illuſtrious race?
From rich Pæonia's valleys I command
Arms with protended ſpears, my native band;
Now ſhines the tenth bright morning ſince I came
In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame:
Axius, who ſwells with all the neighb'ring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my ſire, whoſe ſpear ſuch glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's ſon!

Threat'ning he ſaid: the hoſtile chiefs advance:
At once Aſteropeus diſcharge'd each lance,
(For both his dext'rous hands the lance could wield)
One ſtruck, but pierce'd not the Vulcanian ſhield;
One raz'd Achilles' hand; the ſpouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the faſten'd weapon ſtood.
Like lightning next the Pelian jav'lin flies:
Its erring fury hiſs'd along the ſkies:
Deep in the ſwelling bank was driv'n the ſpear,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.

Ver. 187. *Deep in the ſwelling bank was driv'n the ſpear,*
Ev'n to the middle earth'd,———]
It was impoſſible for the poet to give us a greater idea of the ſtren

Then from his ſide the ſword Pelides drew,
And on his foe with doubled fury flew.
The foe thrice tugg'd, and ſhook the rooted wood;
Repulſive of his might the weapon ſtood:
The fourth, he tries to break the ſpear in vain;
Bent as he ſtands, he tumbles to the plain;
His belly open'd with a ghaſtly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his ſpirit flies:
While the proud victor thus triumphing ſaid,
His radiant armour tearing from the dead:
So ends thy glory! ſuch the fate they prove,
Who ſtrive preſumptuous with the ſons of Jove.
Sprung from a river didſt thou boaſt thy line,
But great Saturnius is the ſource of mine.
How durſt thou vaunt thy watry progeny?
Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
The race of theſe ſuperior far to thoſe,
As he that thunders to the ſtream that flows.
What rivers can, Scamander might have ſhown;
But Jove he dreads, nor wars againſt his ſon.
Ev'n Achelöus might contend in vain,
And all the roaring billows of the main.
Th' eternal Ocean, from whoſe fountains flow
The ſeas, the rivers, and the ſprings below,
The thund'ring voice of Jove abhors to hear,
And in his deep abyſſes ſhakes with fear.
He ſaid; then from the bank his jav'lin tore,
And left the breathleſs warrior in his gore.

of Achilles, than he has by this circumſtance: his ſpear pierced ſo deep into the ground, that another hero of great ſtrength could no diſengage it by repeated efforts; but, immediately after, Achilles draws it with the utmoſt eaſe: how prodigious was the force of that arm, that could drive at one throw a ſpear half way into the earth, and then with a touch releaſe it?

The

The floating tides the bloody carcaſe lave,
And beat againſt it, wave ſucceeding wave;
Till roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
Of curling eels, and fiſhes of the flood.
All ſcatter'd round the ſtream, (their mightieſt ſlain,)
Th' amaz'd Pæonians ſcour along the plain:
He vents his fury on the flying crew,
Thraſius, Aſtypylus, and Mneſus ſlew;
Mydon, Therſilochus, with Ænius fell;
And numbers more his lance had plunge'd to hell;
But from the bottom of his gulfs profound,
Scamander ſpoke; the ſhores return'd the ſound.
O firſt of mortals! (for the gods are thine,)
In valour matchleſs, and in force divine!
If Jove have giv'n thee ev'ry Trojan head,
'Tis not on me thy rage ſhould heap the dead.
See! my choak'd ſtreams no more their courſe can keep,
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
Turn then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood:
Content, thy ſlaughters could amaze a god.
In human form confeſs'd, before his eyes,
The river thus; and thus the chief replies.
O ſacred ſtream! thy word we ſhall obey;
But not till Troy the deſtin'd vengeance pay,
Not till within her tow'rs the perjur'd train
Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again;
Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall,
Or ſtain this lance, or ſee Achilles fall.
He ſaid; and drove with fury on the foe.
Then to the godhead of the ſilver bow
The yellow flood began: O ſon of Jove!
Was not the mandate of the ſire above
Full and expreſs? that Phœbus ſhould employ
His ſacred arrows in defence of Troy,
And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall
In awful darkneſs hide the face of all?

He ſpoke in vain—The chief without diſmay
Ploughs thro' the boiling ſurge his deſp'rate way.
Then riſing in his rage above the ſhores,
From all his deep the bellowing river roars,
Huge heaps of ſlain diſgorges on the coaſt,
And round the banks the ghaſtly dead are toſt.
While all before, the billows rang'd on high,
(A wat'ry bulwark,) ſkreen the bands who fly.
Now burſting on his head with thund'ring ſound,
The falling deluge whelms the hero round:
His loaded ſhield bends to the ruſhing tide;
His feet, upborn, ſcarce the ſtrong flood divide,
Slidd'ring, and ſtagg'ring. On the border ſtood
A ſpreading elm, that overhung the flood;
He ſeiz'd a bending bough, his ſteps to ſtay;
The plant uprooted to his weight gave way,
Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
Loud flaſh the waters to the ruſhing fall
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk diſplay'd
Bridg'd the rough flood acroſs: the hero ſtay'd
On this his weight, and rais'd upon his hand,
Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the land.
Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur roſe;
The god purſues, a huger billow throws,
And burſts the bank, ambitious to deſtroy
The man whoſe fury is the fate of Troy.
He, like the warlike eagle, ſpeeds his pace,
(Swifteſt and ſtrongeſt of th' aerial race)
Far as a ſpear can fly, Achilles ſprings
At ev'ry bound; his clanging armour rings:

Ver. 274. *Bridg'd the rough flood acroſs*———] If we had no other account of the river Xanthus but this, it were alone ſufficient to ſhew, that the current could not be very wide; for the poet here ſays, that the elm ſtretched from bank to bank, and, as it were, made a bridge over it: the ſuddenneſs of this inundation perfectly well agrees with a narrow river.

Now

Now here, now there, he turns on ev'ry ſide,
And winds his courſe before the following tide;
The waves flow after, whereſoe'er he wheels,
And gather faſt, and murmur at his heels.
So when a peaſant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling ſprings,
And calls the floods from high, to bleſs his bow'rs,
And feed with pregnant ſtreams the plants and flow'rs;
Soon as he clears whate'er their paſſage ſtaid,
And marks the future current with his ſpade,
Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills
Louder and louder purl the falling rills,
Before him ſcatt'ring, they prevent his pains,
And ſhine in mazy wand'rings o'er the plains.
Still flies Achilles, but, before his eyes,
Still ſwift Scamander rolls where'er he flies:
Not all his ſpeed eſcapes the rapid floods;
The firſt of men, but not a match for gods.
Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppoſe,
And bravely try if all the pow'rs were foes;
So oft the ſurge, in watry mountains ſpread,
Beat on his back, or burſts upon his head.
Yet dauntleſs ſtill the adverſe flood he braves,
And ſtill indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Waſh'd from beneath him ſlides the ſlimy ſoil;
When thus (his eyes on heav'n's expanſion thrown,)
Forth burſts the hero with an angry groan.
Is there no god, Achilles, to befriend,
No pow'r t' avert his miſerable end?
Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date,
And make my future life the ſport of fate.
Of all heav'n's oracles believ'd in vain,
But moſt of Thetis, muſt her ſon complain;
By Phœbus' darts ſhe propheſy'd my fall,
In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.

Oh! had I dy'd in fields of battle warm,
Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!
Might Hector's ſpear this dauntleſs boſom rend,
And my ſwift ſoul o'ertake my ſlaughter'd friend!
Ah no! Achilles meets a ſhameful fate,
Oh how unworthy of the brave and great!
Like ſome vile ſwain, whom, on a rainy day,
Croſſing a ford, the torrent ſweeps away,
An unregarded carcaſe to the ſea.
Neptune and Pallas haſte to his relief,
And thus in human form addreſs the chief:
The pow'r of Ocean firſt. Forbear thy fear,
Oh ſon of Peleus! Lo thy Gods appear!
Behold! from Jove deſcending to thy aid,
Propitious Neptune, and the blue-ey'd maid.
Stay, and the furious flood ſhall ceaſe to rave:
'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
But thou, the counſel heav'n ſuggeſts, attend!
Nor breathe from combat, nor thy ſword ſuſpend,
Till Troy receive her flying ſons, till all
Her routed ſquadrons pant behind their wall:
Hector alone ſhall ſtand his fatal chance.
And Hector's blood ſhall ſmoke upon thy lance.
Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus ſpake the gods:
Then ſwift aſcended to the bright abodes.
Stung with new ardour, thus by heav'n impell'd,
He ſprings impetuous, and invades the field:
O'er all th' expanded plain the waters ſpread;
Heav'd on the bounding billows dance'd the dead,
Floating 'midſt ſcatter'd arms; while caſques of gold
And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.
High o'er the ſurging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades, and mounts; the parted wave reſounds.

Ver. 321. *Oh had I dy'd in fields of battle warm!* etc.] Nothing is more agreeable than this wiſh to the heroic character of Achilles: glory is his prevailing paſſion; he grieves not that he muſt die, but that he ſhould die unlike a man of honour.

Not

Not a whole river ſtops the hero's courſe,
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.
With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his ſhores.
Then thus to Simois: haſte, my brother flood!
And check this mortal that controlls a god:
Our braveſt heroes elſe ſhall quit the fight,
And Ilion tumble from her tow'ry height.
Call then thy ſubject ſtreams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains ſwell thy wat'ry ſtore,
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead
Charge the black ſurge, and pour it on his head.
Mark how reſiſtleſs thro' the flood he goes,
And boldly bids the warring gods be foes!
But nor that force, nor form divine to fight,
Shall ought avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulfs thoſe arms ſhall lie,
That blaze ſo dreadful in each Trojan eye;
And deep beneath a ſandy mountain hurl'd,
Immers'd remain this terror of the world.
Such pond'rous ruin ſhall confound the place,
No Greek ſhall e'er his periſh'd relics grace,
No hand his bones ſhall gather, or inhume,
Theſe his cold rites, and this his watry tomb.
He ſaid; and on the chief deſcends amain,
Increas'd with gore, and ſwelling with the ſlain.
Then, murm'ring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
And a foam whitens on the purple waves:
At ev'ry ſtep, before Achilles ſtood
The crimſon ſurge, and deluge'd him with blood.
Fear touch'd the queen of heav'n: ſhe ſaw diſmay'd,
She call'd aloud, and ſummon'd Vulcan's aid.
Riſe to the war! th' inſulting flood requires
Thy waſteful arm: aſſemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Ruſh the ſwift eaſtern and the weſtern wind:

Theſe from old Ocean at my word ſhall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the watry foe,
Corſes and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hiſſing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! diſplay thy pow'r,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour,
Scorch all the banks! and, (till our voice reclaim,)
Exert th' unweary'd furies of the flame!
The pow'r ignipotent her word obeys:
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundleſs blaze;
At once conſumes the dead, and dries the ſoil;
And the ſhrunk waters in their channel boil:
As when autumnal Boreas ſweeps the ſky,
And inſtant blows the water'd gardens dry:
So look'd the field, ſo whiten'd was the ground,
While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blaſt around.
Swift on the ſedgy reeds the ruin preys;
Along the margin winds the running blaze:
The trees in flaming rows to aſhes turn,
The flow'ry Lotos, and the tam'riſk, burn.
Broad elm, and cypreſs riſing in a ſpire;
The wat'ry willows hiſs before the fire.
Now glow the waves, the fiſhes pant for breath,
The eels lie twiſting in the pangs of death:
Now flounce aloft, now dive the ſcaly fry,
Or, gaſping, turn their bellies to the ſky.
At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, ſhort-panting, to the god he ſaid.
Oh Vulcan! oh! what pow'r reſiſts thy might?
I faint, I ſink, unequal to the fight———
I yield——Let Ilion fall; if fate decree——
Ah——Bend no more thy fiery arms on me!
He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;
The bubling waters yield a hiſſing ſound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron riſe,
To melt the fat of ſome rich ſacrifice,

Amid the fierce embrace of circling firs,
The waters foam, the heavy ſmoke aſpires:
So boils th' impriſon'd flood, forbid to flow,
And, choak'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
To Juno then, imperial queen of air,
The burning river ſends his earneſt pray'r.
Ah why, Saturnia! muſt thy ſon engage
Me, only me, with all his waſteful rage?
On other gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier gods aſſert the cauſe of Troy.
Submiſſive I deſiſt, if thou command,
But ah! withdraw this all-deſtroying hand.
Hear then my ſolemn oath, to yield to fate
Unaided Ilion, and her deſtin'd ſtate,
Till Greece ſhall gird her with deſtructive flame,
And in one ruin ſink the Trojan name.
His warm intreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear:
She bade th' ignipotent his rage forbear,
Recall the flame, nor, in a mortal cauſe,
Infeſt a god: Th' obedient flame withdraws:
Again, the branching ſtreams begin to ſpread,
And ſoft re-murmur in their wonted bed.
While theſe by Juno's will the ſtrife reſign,
The warring gods in fierce contention join:
Re-kindling rage each heav'nly breaſt alarms;
With horrid clangor ſhock'd th' æthereal arms:
Heav'n in loud thunder bids the trumpet ſound;
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Jove, as his ſport, the dreadful ſcene deſcries,
And views contending gods with careleſs eyes.
The pow'r of battles lifts his brazen ſpear,
And firſt aſſaults the radiant queen of war.
What mov'd thy madneſs, thus to diſ-unite
Æthereal minds, and mix all heav'n in fight?
What wonder this, when, in thy frantic mood,
Thou drov'ſt a mortal to inſult a god;

Thy impious hand Tydides' jav'lin bore,
And madly bath'd it in celeſtial gore.
He ſpoke, and ſmote the loud-reſounding ſhield,
Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field;
The adamantine ægis of her ſire,
That turns the glancing bolt, and forked fire.
Then heav'd the goddeſs in her mighty hand
A ſtone, the limit of the neighb'ring land,
There fix'd from eldeſt times; black, craggy, vaſt:
This, at the heav'nly homicide, ſhe caſt.
Thund'ring he falls; a maſs of monſtrous ſize,
And ſev'n broad acres covers as he lies.
The ſtunning ſtroke his ſtubborn nerves unbound;
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms reſound:
The ſcornful dame her conqueſt views with ſmiles,
And, glorying thus, the proſtrate god reviles.
Haſt thou not yet, inſatiate fury! known,
How far Minerva's force tranſcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'ſt withſtand,
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand;
Thus meets thy broken faith with juſt diſgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.
The goddeſs ſpoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
That, beaming round, diffus'd celeſtial day.
Jove's Cyprian daughter, ſtooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded god her tender hand:
Slowly he riſes, ſcarcely breathes with pain,
And, propt on her fair arm, forſakes the plain.

Ver. 468. *Then heav'd the goddeſs in her mighty hand*
A ſtone, etc.]

The poet has deſcribed many of his heroes, in former parts of his poem, as throwing ſtones of enormous bulk and weight; but here he riſes in his image: he is deſcribing a goddeſs, and has found a way to make that action excel all human ſtrength, and be equal to a deity.

This

This the bright Empreſs of the heav'ns ſurvey'd,
And ſcoffing, thus, to war's victorious maid.
Lo! what an aid on Mars's ſide is ſeen!
The Smiles' and Loves' unconquerable Queen!
Mark with what inſolence, in open view,
She moves: Let Pallas, if ſhe dares, purſue.
Minerva, ſmiling, heard, the pair o'ertook,
And ſlightly on her breaſt the wanton ſtrook:
She, unreſiſting, fell; (her ſpirits fled;)
On earth together lay the lovers ſpread.
And, like theſe heroes, be the fate of all,
(Minerva cries,) who guard the Trojan wall!
To Grecian gods ſuch let the Phrygian be,
So dread, ſo fierce, as Venus is to me;
Then from the loweſt ſtone ſhall Troy be mov'd ——
Thus ſhe, and Juno, with a ſmile, approv'd.
Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,
The God of Ocean dares the God of Light.
What ſloth has ſeiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting pow'rs, and heav'n returns the ſound?
Shall ignominious, we, with ſhame retire,
No deed perform'd, to our Olympian ſire?
Come, prove thy arm! for firſt the war to wage,
Suits not my greatneſs, or ſuperior age.
Raſh as thou art to prop the Trojan throne,
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own,)
And guard the race of proud Laomedon!
Haſt thou forgot, how at the monarch's pray'r,
We ſhar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year!
Troy walls I rais'd, (for ſuch were Jove's commands,)
And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
Thy taſk it was to feed the bellowing droves
Along fair Ida's vales, and pendent groves.
But when the circling ſeaſons, in their train,
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain;

With menace ſtern the fraudful king defy'd
Our latent godhead, and the prize deny'd:
Mad as he was, he threaten'd ſervile bands,
And doom'd us exiles far in barb'rous lands.
Incens'd, we heav'nward fled with ſwifteſt wing,
And deſtin'd vengeance on the perjur'd king.
Doſt thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,
And not, like us, infeſt the faithleſs race?
Like us, their preſent, future, ſons deſtroy,
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?
Apollo thus: To combat for mankind
Ill ſuits the wiſdom of celeſtial mind:
For what is man? calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nouriſhment to earth;
Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the ſun; now, wither on the ground:
To their own hands commit the frantic ſcene,
Nor mix immortals in a cauſe ſo mean.
Then turns his face, far-beaming heav'nly fires,
And from the ſenior pow'r, ſubmiſs retires;
Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids,
The quiver'd huntreſs of the Sylvan ſhades.
And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to Ocean's hoary ſire, the prize?
How vain that martial pomp, and dreadful ſhow
Of pointed arrows, and the ſilver bow!

Ver 537. *For what is man?* etc.] The poet is very happy in interſperſing his poem with moral ſentences; in this place he ſteals away his reader from war and horror, and gives him a beautiful admonition of his own frailty. "Shall I (ſays Apollo,) contend with "thee for the ſake of man? man, who is no more than a leaf of "a tree, now green and flouriſhing, but ſoon withered away and "gone?" The ſon of Sirach has an expreſſion, which very much reſembles this, Eccius. xiv. 18. *As the green leaves upon a thick tree, ſome fall, and ſome grow, ſo is the generation of fleſh and blood, one cometh to an end, and one is born.*

Now

Now boaſt no more in yon celeſtial bow'r,
Thy force can match the great earth-ſhaking pow'r.
Silent, he heard the queen of woods upbraid:
Not ſo Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus. What inſolence has driv'n
Thy pride to face the majeſty of heav'n?
What tho' by Jove the female plague deſign'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy ſex's tyrant, with a tyger's heart?
What tho' tremendous in the woodland chaſe,
Thy certain arrows pierce the ſavage race?
How dares thy raſhneſs, on the pow'rs divine,
Employ thoſe arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage——
She ſaid, and ſeiz'd her wriſts with eager rage;
Theſe in her left hand lock'd, her right unty'd
The bow, the quiver, and its plumy pride.
About her temples flies the buſy bow;
Now here, now there, ſhe winds her from the blow;
The ſcatt'ring arrows rattling from the caſe,
Drop round, and idly mark the duſty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntreſs flies,
And ſcarce reſtrains the torrent in her eyes:
So, when the falcon wings her way above,
To the cleft cavern ſpeeds the gentle dove,
(Not fated yet to die,) there ſafe retreats,
Yet ſtill her heart againſt the marble beats.

Ver. 557. *The female plague——*
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind, etc.]
The words in the original are, *Though Jupiter has made you a lion to women.* The meaning of this is, that Diana was terrible to that ſex, as being the ſame with the moon, and bringing on the pangs of child-birth; or elſe, that the ancients attributed all ſudden deaths of women to the darts of Diana, as of men to thoſe of Apollo: which opinion is frequently alluded to in Homer. Euſtathius.

To her, Latona haſtes with tender care;
Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war.
How ſhall I face the dame, who gives delight
To him whoſe thunders blacken heav'n with night?
Go, matchleſs goddeſs! triumph in the ſkies,
And boaſt my conqueſt, while I yield the prize.
He ſpoke; and paſt: Latona, ſtooping low,
Collects the ſcatter'd ſhafts, and fallen bow,
That glitt'ring in the duſt, lay here and there;
Diſhonour'd relics of Diana's war.
Then ſwift purſu'd her to her bleſt abode,
Where, all confus'd, ſhe ſought the ſov'reign god;
Weeping, ſhe graſp'd his knees: th' ambroſial veſt
Shook with her ſighs, and panted on her breaſt.
The Sire, ſuperior, ſmil'd; and bade her ſhow,
What heav'nly hand had caus'd his daughter's woe?
Abaſh'd, ſhe names his own imperial ſpouſe;
And the pale creſcent fades upon her brows.
Thus they above: while, ſwiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Ilion's ſacred town:
The guardian god now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, tho' fate forbade her fall.
Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,
Return the ſhining bands of gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, ſome with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' æthereal Sire:
Thro' blood, thro' death, Achilles ſtill proceeds,
O'er ſlaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling ſteeds.
As when avenging flames, with fury driv'n,
On guilty towns exert the wrath of heav'n;

Ver. 589. *Whom Hermes, viewing, thus declines the war.*] It is impoſſible, that Mercury ſhould encounter Latona: ſuch a fiction would be unnatural, he being a planet, and ſhe repreſenting the night; for the planets owe all their luſtre to the ſhades of the night, and then only become viſible to the world. Euſtathius.

The

The pale inhabitants, ſome fall, ſome fly;
And the red vapours purple all the ſky.
So rage'd Achilles: death and dire diſmay,
And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.
High on a turret hoary Priam ſtands,
And marks the waſte of his deſtructive hands;
Views, from his arm, the Trojans ſcatter'd flight,
And the near hero riſing on his ſight!
No ſtop, no check, no aid! with feeble pace,
And ſettled ſorrow on his aged face,
Faſt as he could, he ſighing quits the walls;
And thus, deſcending on the guards, he calls.
You, to whoſe care our city-gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng.
For lo! he comes, with unreſiſted ſway;
He comes, and deſolation marks his way!
But when within the walls our troops take breath,
Lock faſt the brazen bars, and ſhut out death.
Thus charg'd the rev'rend monarch: wide were flung
The op'ning folds; the ſounding hinges rung.
Phœbus ruſh'd forth, the flying bands to meet,
Strook ſlaughter back, and cover'd the retreat.
On heaps the Trojans croud to gain the gate,
And gladſome ſee their laſt eſcape from fate:
Thither, all parch'd with thirſt, a heartleſs train,
Hoary with duſt, they beat the hollow plain:
And gaſping, panting, fainting, labour on
With heavier ſtride, that lengthen tow'rd the town.
Enrage'd Achilles follows with his ſpear;
Wild with revenge, inſatiable of war.

Ver. 613. *High on a turret hoary Priam*, etc.] The poet ſtill raiſes the idea of the courage and ſtrength of his hero, by making Priam in a terror, that he ſhould enter the town after the routed troops: for, if he had not ſurpaſſed all mortals, what could have been more deſirable for an enemy, than to have let him in, and then deſtroyed him?

Then had the Greeks eternal praiſe acquir'd,
And Troy, inglorious, to her walls retir'd;
But * he, the God, who darts æthereal flame,
Shot down to ſave her, and redeem her fame.
To young Agenor force divine he gave,
(Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold, and brave,)
In aid of him, beſide the beech he ſat,
And, wrapt in clouds, reſtrain'd the hand of fate.
When now the gen'rous youth Achilles ſpies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions riſe,
(So, ere a ſtorm, the waters heave and roll,)
He ſtops, and queſtions thus his mighty ſoul.
What, ſhall I fly this terror of the plain?
Like others fly, and be like others ſlain?
Vain hope! to ſhun him by the ſelf-ſame road,
Yon line of ſlaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
No: with the common heap I ſcorn to fall——
What if they paſs'd me to the Trojan wall,
While I decline to yonder path, that leads
To Ida's foreſts and ſurrounding ſhades?
So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
From my tir'd body waſh the dirt and blood,
As ſoon as night her duſky veil extends,
Return in ſafety to my Trojan friends,
What if?—But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of fate?

* Apollo.

Ver. 651. *What, ſhall I fly?* etc.] This is a very beautiful ſoliloquy of Agenor, ſuch a one as would naturally riſe in the ſoul of a brave man, going upon a deſperate enterprize: he weighs every thing in the balance of reaſon; he ſets before himſelf the baſeneſs of flight, and the courage of his enemy, until at laſt the thirſt of glory preponderates all other conſiderations. From the concluſion of this ſpeech, it is evident, that the ſtory of Achilles's being invulnerable except in the heel, is an invention of latter ages; for had he been ſo, there had been nothing wonderful in his character.

Ev'n

Ev'n now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,
The fierce Achilles ſees me, and I fall:
Such is his ſwiftneſs, 'tis in vain to fly,
And ſuch his valour, that who ſtands muſt die.
Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the ſtate,
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.
Yet ſure he too is mortal; he may feel
(Like all the ſons of earth,) the force of ſteel;
One only ſoul informs that dreadful frame;
And Jove's ſole favour gives him all his fame.
He ſaid, and ſtood, collected in his might;
And all his beating boſom claim'd the fight.
So from ſome deep grown wood the panther ſtarts,
Rous'd from his thicket by a ſtorm of darts:
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the ſounds
Of ſhouting hunters, and of clam'rous hounds;
Tho' ſtruck, tho' wounded, ſcarce perceives the pain,
And the barb'd jav'lin ſtings his breaſt in vain.
On their whole war, untam'd the ſavage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not leſs reſolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Diſdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His ſhield (a broad circumference,) he bore;
Then graceful as he ſtood, in act to throw
The lifted jav'lin, thus beſpoke the foe.
How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes, this day, to ſink the Trojan name
Beneath her ruins! know, that hope is vain;
A thouſand woes, a thouſand toils remain.
Parents and children our juſt arms employ,
And ſtrong, and many, are the ſons of Troy.
Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'ſt ſtain with gore
Theſe Phrygian fields, and preſs a foreign ſhore.
He ſaid: with matchleſs force the jav'lin flung
Smote on his knee; the hollow cuiſhes rung.

Beneath

Beneath the pointed ſteel; but, ſafe from harms,
He ſtands impaſſive in th' æthereal arms.
Then, fiercely ruſhing on the daring foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow.
But, jealous of his fame, Apollo ſhrouds
The godlike Trojan in a veil of clouds:
Safe from purſuit, and ſhut from mortal view,
Diſmiſs'd with fame, the favour'd youth withdrew.
Meanwhile the God, to cover their eſcape,
Aſſumes Agenor's habit, voice, and ſhape,
Flies from the furious chief in this diſguiſe,
The furious chief ſtill follows where he flies:
Now o'er the fields they ſtretch with lengthen'd ſtrides,
Now urge the courſe where ſwift Scamander glides:
The God now diſtant ſcarce a ſtride before,
Tempts his purſuit, and wheels about the ſhore:
While all the flying troops their ſpeed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy.
No ſtop, no ſtay; no thought to aſk, or tell,
Who 'ſcap'd by flight, or who by battle fell.
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
And ſudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
Pale Troy againſt Achilles ſhuts her gate;
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

Ver. 709. *Meanwhile the God, to cover their eſcape,* etc.] The poet makes a double uſe of this fiction of Apollo's deceiving Achilles in the ſhape of Agenor; by theſe means he draws him from the purſuit, and gives the Trojans time to enter into the city; and at the ſame time brings Agenor handſomely off from the combat. The moral of this fable is, that Deſtiny would not yet ſuffer Troy to fall.

THE

THE ILIAD.

* BOOK XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Death of Hector.

THE Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her intreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take: but, at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies; Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace: She mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.

THUS to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilians rush like driven deer;
There

* It is impossible, but the whole attention of the reader must be awakened in this book: The heroes of the two armies are now to encoun-

There ſafe, they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Cloſe to the walls advancing o'er the fields,
Beneath one roof of well compacted ſhields,
March, bending on, the Greeks embody'd pow'rs,
Far-ſtretching in the ſhade of Trojan tow'rs.
Great Hector ſingly ſtay'd; chain'd down by fate,
There fixt he ſtood before the Scæan gate;
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian ſtill of long-defended Troy.
Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns;
(The pow'r confeſt in all his glory burns,)
And what (he cries) has Peleus' ſon in view,
With mortal ſpeed a godhead to purſue?
For not to thee to know the gods is giv'n,
Unſkill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.
What boots thee now, that Troy forſook the plain?
Vain thy paſt labour, and thy preſent vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops beſtow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a god.
The chief incens'd——Too partial God of day!
To check my conqueſts in the middle way:
How few in Ilion elſe had refuge found?
What gaſping numbers now had bit the ground?
Thou robb'ſt me of a glory juſtly mine,
Pow'rful of godhead, and of fraud divine:

ter; all the foregoing battles have been but ſo many preludes and under-actions, in order to this great event, wherein the whole fate of Greece and Troy is to be decided by the ſword of Achilles and Hector.

This is the book, which of the whole Iliad appears to me the moſt charming. It aſſembles in it all that can be imagined of great and important on the one hand, and of tender and melancholy on the other: Terror and Pity are here wrought up in perfection; and if the reader is not ſenſible of both in a high degree, either he is utterly void of all taſte, or the tranſlators of all ſkill in poetry.

Mean

Mean fame, alas! for one of heav'nly ſtrain,
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain.
Then to the city terrible and ſtrong,
With high and haughty ſteps he tow'rd along.
So the proud courſer, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies.
Him, as he blazing ſhot acroſs the field,
The careful eyes of Priam firſt beheld.
Not half ſo dreadful riſes to the ſight,
Thro' the thick gloom of ſome tempeſtuous night,
Orion's dog, (the year when Autumn weighs,)
And o'er the feebler ſtars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the ſage;
He ſtrikes his rev'rend head now white with age:
He lifts his wither'd arms; obteſts the ſkies;
He calls his much-lov'd ſon with feeble cries;
The ſon, reſolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war:
While the ſad father on the rampart ſtands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands.
Ah ſtay not, ſtay not! guardleſs and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my deareſt, braveſt ſon!

Methinks

Ver. 37. *Not half ſo dreadful riſes*, etc.] With how much dreadful pomp is Achilles here introduced! how noble, and in what bold colours hath he drawn the blazing of his arms, the rapidity of his advance, the terror of his appearance, the deſolation round him; but, above all, the certain death attending all his motions, and his very looks; what a croud of terrible ideas in this one ſimile!

Ver. 51. *The ſpeech of Priam to Hector.*] The poet has entertained us all along with various ſcenes of ſlaughter and horror: he now changes to the pathetic, and fills the mind of the reader with tender ſorrows. Euſtathius obſerves, that Priam preludes to his words by action expreſſive of miſery: the unhappy orator introduces his ſpeech to Hector with groans and tears, and rending his hoary hair.

The

Methinks already I behold thee ſlain,
And ſtretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'ſt thou be
To all the gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild ſhould ſcatter round the ſhore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant ſons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curſt arm deſtroy'd:
Or, worſe than ſlaughter'd, ſold in diſtant iſles
To ſhameful bondage and unworthy toils.
Two, while I ſpeak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother ſprung, my Polydore,
And lov'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more!
Oh! if in yonder hoſtile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treaſures would I give?
(Their grandſire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
Conſign'd his daughter, with Lelegia's throne,)
But if, (which Heav'n forbid,) already loſt,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coaſt;
What ſorrows then muſt their ſad mother know,
What anguiſh I, unutterable woe!
Yet leſs that anguiſh, leſs to her, to me,
Leſs to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
Yet ſhun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And ſpare thyſelf, thy father, ſpare us all!

The father and the king plead with Hector to preſerve his life and his country. He repreſents his own age, and the loſs of many of his children; and adds that, if Hector falls, he ſhould then be inconſolable, and the empire of Troy at an end.

Ver. 76. *Enter yet the wall, And ſpare*, etc.] The argument that Priam uſes, (ſays Euſtathius,) to induce Hector to ſecure himſelf in Troy, is remarkable: he draws it not from Hector's fears, nor does he tell him, that he is to ſave his own life: but he inſiſts upon ſtronger motives: he tells him, he may preſerve his fellow-citizens, his country, and his father; and farther perſuades him, not to add glory to his mortal enemy by his fall.

Save

Save thy dear life; or, if a ſoul ſo brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory ſave.
Pity, while yet I live, theſe ſilver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curſt with ſenſe! a wretch, whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpleſs age,)
Great Jove has place'd, ſad ſpectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with ſcenes of death his cloſing eyes,
And number all his days by miſeries!
My heroe ſlain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters raviſh'd, and my city burn'd,
My bleeding infants daſh'd againſt the floor;
Theſe I have yet to ſee, perhaps, yet more!
Perhaps ev'n I, reſerv'd by angry fate,
The laſt ſad relic of my ruin'd ſtate,
(Dire pomp of ſov'reign wretchedneſs!) muſt fall,
And ſtain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famiſh'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled maſter's ſpatter'd gore.
Yet for my ſons I thank ye gods! 'twas well;
Well have they periſh'd, for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth, and vigour, dies the beſt,
Struck thro' with wounds, all honeſt on the breaſt.
But when the fates, in fulneſs of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unreſiſting age,
In duſt the rev'rend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood ſcarcely warm!
This, this is miſery! the laſt, the worſt,
That man can feel; man, fated to be curſt!
He ſaid; and, acting what no words could ſay,
Rent from his head the ſilver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all their ſorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbrace'd, her boſom ſhe diſplay'd;
And thus, faſt-falling the ſalt tears, ſhe ſaid.

Have mercy on me, O my ſon! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's pray'r!
If ever thee in theſe fond arms I preſt,
Or ſtill'd thy infant clamours at this breaſt;
Ah do not thus our helpleſs years forego,
But by our walls ſecur'd, repel the foe.
Againſt his rage if ſingly thou proceed,
Should'ſt thou (but Heav'n avert it!) ſhould'ſt thou bleed,
Nor muſt thy corps lie honour'd on the bier,
Nor ſpouſe, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, thoſe dear remains
Muſt feaſt the vultures on the naked plains.
So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll;
But fix'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul:
Reſolv'd he ſtands, and, with a fiery glance,
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So roll'd up in his den, the ſwelling ſnake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poiſons of the plains;
He burns, he ſtiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his ſhield reclin'd,
He ſtood, and queſtion'd thus his mighty mind.
Where lies my way! to enter in the wall?
Honour and ſhame th' ungen'rous thought recall:
Shall

Ver. 114. *The ſpeech of Hecuba.*] The ſpeech of Hecuba opens with as much tenderneſs as that of Priam: The circumſtance in particular of her ſhewing that breaſt to her ſon, which had ſuſtained his infancy, is highly moving: it is a ſilent kind of oratory, and prepares the heart to liſten, by prepoſſeſſing the eye in favour of the ſpeaker.

Ver. 138. *The ſoliloquy of Hector.*] There is much greatneſs in the ſentiments of this whole ſoliloquy. Hector prefers death to an ignominious life: he knows how to die with glory, but not how to

Shall proud Polydamas, before the gate,
Proclaim, his counſels are obey'd too late,
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been ſav'd by Hector's ſlight?
That wiſe advice rejected with diſdain,
I feel my folly in my people ſlain.
Methinks my ſuff'ring country's voice I hear,
But moſt, her worthleſs ſons inſult my ear,
On my raſh courage charge the chance of war,
And blame thoſe virtues which they cannot ſhare.
No — If I e'er return, return I muſt
Glorious, my country's terror laid in duſt:
Or if I periſh, let her ſee me fall
In field at leaſt, and fighting for her wall.
And yet ſuppoſe theſe meaſures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warrior-ſhield, the helm, and lance lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to ſave the town:
The wife with-held, the treaſure ill detain'd,
(Cauſe of the war, and grievance of the land,)
With honourable juſtice to reſtore;
And add half Ilion's yet remaining ſtore,
Which Troy ſhall, ſworn, produce; that injur'd Greece
May ſhare our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
But why this thought? unarm'd if I ſhould go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman like to fall, and fall without a blow?

to live with diſhonour. The reproach of Polydamas affects him; the ſcandals of the meaneſt people have an influence on his thoughts.

It is remarkable, that he does not ſay, he fears the inſults of the braver Trojans, but of the moſt worthleſs only. Men of merit are always the moſt candid; but others are ever for bringing all men to a level with themſelves. They cannot bear, that any one ſhould be ſo bold as to excel, and are ready to pull him down to them, upon the leaſt miſcarriage. This ſentiment is perfectly fine, and agreeable to the way of thinking, natural to a great and ſenſible mind.

We greet not here, as man converſing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain:
No ſeaſon now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk:
War is our buſineſs, but to whom is giv'n
To die, or triumph, that, determine heav'n!
Thus pond'ring, like a god the Greek drew nigh;
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The Pelian jav'lin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breaſt the beamy ſplendours ſhone,
Like Jove's own light'ning, or the riſing ſun.
As Hector ſees, unuſual terrors riſe,
Struck by ſome god, he fears, recedes, and flies.
He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind;
Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies,
(The ſwifteſt racer of the liquid ſkies,)
Juſt when he holds, or thinks he holds his prey,
Obliquely wheeling thro' th' aerial way;
With open beak and ſhrilling cries he ſprings,
And aims his claws, and ſhoots upon his wings:

Ver. 180. *Struck by ſome god, he fears, recedes, and flies.*] I doubt not moſt readers are ſhocked at the flight of Hector: It is indeed a high exaltation of Achilles, (who was the poet's chief hero,) that ſo brave a man as Hector durſt not ſtand him. While Achilles was at a diſtance, he had fortified his heart with noble reſolutions, but, at his approach, they all vaniſh, and he flies. This (as exceptionable as ſome may think it,) may yet be allowed to be a true portrait of human nature; for diſtance, as it leſſens all objects, ſo it does our fears: but, where inevitable danger approaches, the ſtouteſt hearts will feel ſome apprehenſions at certain fate. It was the ſaying of one of the braveſt men in this age, to one who told him he feared nothing, *Shew me but a certain danger, and I ſhall be as much afraid as any of you.* I do not abſolutely pretend to juſtify this paſſage in every point, but only to have this much granted me, that Hector was in this deſperate circumſtance.

No

No leſs fore-right the rapid chace they held,
One urge'd by fury, one by fear impell'd:
Now circling round the walls their courſe maintain,
Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees ſpread their umbrage broad,
(A wider compaſs,) ſmoke along the road.
Next by Scamander's double ſource they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burſt the parted ground;
This hot thro' ſcorching clefts is ſeen to riſe,
With exhalations ſteaming to the ſkies;
That the green banks in ſummer's heart o'erflows,
Like cryſtal clear, and gold as winter-ſnows.
Each guſhing fount a marble ciſtern fills,
Whoſe poliſh'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece,)
Waſh'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
By theſe they paſt, one chaſing, one in flight,
(The mighty fled, purſu'd by ſtronger might,)
Swift was the courſe; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim muſt reward the day,
Such as in races crown the ſpeedy ſtrife,)
The prize contended was great Hector's life.
As when ſome hero's fun'rals are decreed,
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame,
(Some golden tripod, or ſome lovely dame,)
The panting courſers ſwiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd ſpectator's ſoul.
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
The gazing gods lean forward from the ſky:

To

Ver. 218. *The gazing Gods lean forward from the ſky.*] We have here an inſtance of the great judgment of Homer. The death of Hector being the chief action of the poem, he aſſembles the gods, and calls a council in heaven concerning it: it is for the ſame reaſon, that he repreſents Jupiter, with the greateſt ſolemnity, weig[h]

To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
The Sire of mortals and immortals ſpoke.
Unworthy ſight! the man, belov'd of heav'n,
Behold, inglorious round yon city driv'n!
My heart partakes the gen'rous Hector's pain;
Hector, whoſe zeal whole hecatombs has ſlain,
Whoſe grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy,
From Ida's ſummits, and the tow'rs of Troy:
Now ſee him flying! to his fears reſign'd,
And fate, and fierce Achilles, cloſe behind.
Conſult, ye pow'rs! ('tis worthy your debate,)
Whether to ſnatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by ſtern Pelides ſlain,
(Good as he is,) the lot impos'd on man?
Then Pallas thus: ſhall he whoſe vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blackens heav'n with ſtorms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath!
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No gods indignant blame their partial Jove?
Go then (return'd the Sire,) without delay,
Exert thy will: I give the fates their way.
Swift at the mandate pleas'd Tritonia flies,
And ſtoops impetuous from the cleaving ſkies.
As thro' the foreſt, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket ſhakes;
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze purſues.
Thus ſtep by ſtep, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There ſwift Achilles compaſs'd round the field.

ing in his ſcales the fates of the two heroes: I have before obſerved at large upon the laſt circumſtance in a preceding note, ſo that there is no occaſion to repeat it.

Oft

Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes th' aſſiſtance of his pitying friends,
(Whoſe ſhow'ring arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppreſs the foe,)
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in ſlumbers ſeem, with ſpeedy pace,
One to purſue, and one to lead the chace,
Their ſinking limbs the fancy'd courſe forſake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake.
No leſs the lab'ring heroes pant and ſtrain;
While that but flies, and this purſues in vain.
What god, O muſe! aſſiſted Hector's force,
With fate itſelf ſo long to hold the courſe?
Phœbus it was; who, in his lateſt hour,
Endu'd his knees with ſtrength, his nerves with pow'r:
And great Achilles, leſt ſome Greek's advance
Should ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.
Jove lifts the golden balances, that ſhow
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their deſtinies.
Low ſinks the ſcale ſurcharge'd with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it ſinks, and hell receives the weight.
Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To ſtern Pelides, and triumphing, cries:

Oh

Ver. 269. *Sign'd to the troops*, etc.] The difference, which Homer here makes between Hector and Achilles, deſerves to be taken notice of; Hector is running away toward the walls, to the end that the Trojans, who are upon them, may overwhelm Achilles with their darts; and Achilles, in turning Hector towards the plain, makes a ſign to his troops not to attack him. This ſhews the great courage of Achilles.

Ver. 277. *Then Phœbus left him*——] This is a very beautiful and

Oh lov'd of Jove! this day our labours ceaſe,
And conqueſt blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector, fam'd ſo far,
Drunk with renown, inſatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! not force, nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his god of light.
See, where in vain he ſupplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
Reſt here: myſelf will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot ſhun.
Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and reſted, on his lance reclin'd.
While like Deiphobus, the martial dame,
(Her face, her geſture, and her arms the ſame,)
In ſhow an aid, by hapleſs Hector's ſide
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice bely'd.
Too long, O Hector! have I born the fight
Of this diſtreſs, and ſorrow'd in thy flight;
It fits us now a noble ſtand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.
Then he. O prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;

and poetical manner of deſcribing a plain circumſtance: The hour of Hector's death was now come; and the poet expreſſes it, by ſaying, that Apollo, or Deſtiny, forſakes him: that is, the Fates no longer protect him. Euſtathius.

Ver. 290. *Obey'd; and reſted.*] The whole paſſage, where Pallas deceives Hector, is evidently an allegory: Achilles, perceiving that he cannot overtake Hector, pretends to be quite ſpent and wearied in the purſuit; the ſtratagem takes effect, and recalls his enemy: This the poet expreſſes, by ſaying, that Pallas, or Wiſdom, came to aſſiſt Achilles. Hector, obſerving his enemy ſtay to reſt, concludes that he is quite fatigued, and immediately takes courage, and advances upon him; he thinks he has him at an advantage, but at laſt finds himſelf deceived: thus making a wrong judgment, he is betrayed into his death; ſo that his own falſe judgment is the treacherous Pallas that deceives him. Euſtathius.

Of

Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more!
Since you of all our num'rous race, alone
Defend my life, regardless of your own.
Again the Goddess. Much my father's pray'r,
And much my mother's, prest me to forbear:
My friends embrace'd my knees, adjur'd my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle, and the jav'lin fly;
Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.
Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;
The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke.
Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursu'd.
But

Ver. 317. *The speeches of Hector and Achilles.*] There is an opposition between these speeches, excellently adapted to the characters of both the heroes: That of Hector is full of courage, but mixt with humanity: that of Achilles, of resentment and arrogance: We see the great Hector disposing of his own remains; and that third of glory, which has made him live with honour, now bids him provide, as Eustathius observes, that what once was Hector may not be dishonoured: thus we see a sedate, calm courage, with a contempt of death, in the speech of Hector. But in that of Achilles, there is a *fierte*, and an insolent air of superiority; his magnanimity makes him scorn to steal a victory; he bids him prepare to defend himself with all his forces: and that valour and resentment, which made him desirous, that he might revenge himself upon Hector with his own hand, and forbade the Greeks to interpose, now directs him not to take any advantage over a brave enemy. I think both their characters are admirably sustained, and though Achilles be drawn with a great violence of features, yet the picture is undoubtedly like him; and it had been the utmost absurdity

But now ſome god within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us ſtay,
And for a moment's ſpace ſuſpend the day;
Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
The juſt conditions of this ſtern debate,
(Eternal witneſſes of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treaſur'd vow!)
To them I ſwear; if, victor in the ſtrife,
Jove by theſe hands ſhall ſhed thy noble life,
No vile diſhonour ſhall thy corps purſue;
Stript of its arms alone (the conqu'ror's due,)
The reſt to Greece uninjur'd I'll reſtore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I aſk no more.
Talk not of oaths, (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes)
Deteſted as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
Such pacts, as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,
To ſuch I call the Gods! one conſtant ſtate
Of laſting rancour and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never-ceaſing ſtrife,
Till death extinguiſh rage, and thought, and life.
Rouze then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy ſoul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
No farther ſubterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghoſt, by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.

ſurdity to have ſoftened one line upon this occaſion, when the ſoul of Achilles was all on fire to revenge the death of his friend Patroclus. I muſt deſire the reader to carry this obſervation in his memory, and particularly in that place, where Achilles ſays he could eat the very fleſh of Hector; (though I have a little ſoftened it in the tranſlation,) ver. 437.

He

He ſpoke, and lance'd his jav'lin at the foe;
But Hector ſhunn'd the meditated blow:
He ſtoop'd, while o'er his head the flying ſpear,
Sung innocent, and ſpent its force in air,
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unſeen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now ſhakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.
The life you boaſted to that jav'lin giv'n,
Prince! you have miſt. My fate depends on heav'n.
To thee (preſumptuous as thou art,) unknown,
Or what muſt prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boaſting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with falſe terrors ſink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no diſhoneſt wound ſhall Hector die;
I ſhall not fall a fugitive at leaſt,
My ſoul ſhall bravely iſſue from my breaſt.
But firſt, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!
The weapon flew, its courſe unerring held,
Unerring, but the heav'nly ſhield repell'd
The mortal dart; refulting with a bound,
From off the ringing orb, it ſtruck the ground.
Hector beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;
He calls Deiphobus, demands a ſpear,
In vain, for no Deiphobus was there.
All comfortleſs he ſtands: then, with a ſigh,
'Tis ſo——Heav'n wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deiphobus had heard my call,
But he ſecure lies guarded in the wall.
A god deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed,
Death, and black fate approach! 'Tis I muſt bleed.
No refuge now, no ſuccour from above,
Great Jove deſerts me, and the ſon of Jove,

Propitious

Propitious once, and kind! then welcome fate!
'Tis true I periſh, yet I periſh great:
Yet in a mighty deed I ſhall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!
Fierce, at the word, his weighty ſword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high balance'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truſs the quiv'ring hare,
Nor leſs Achilles his fierce ſoul prepares,
Before his breaſt the flaming ſhield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horſe-hair ſparkled in the ſun,
Nodding at ev'ry ſtep: (Vulcanian frame!)
And as he mov'd, his figure ſeem'd on flame.
As radiant Heſper ſhines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the ſilver hoſt of night,
When all the ſtarry train emblaze the ſphere:
So ſhone the point of great Achilles' ſpear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and medidates the wound;
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.
One place at length he ſpies, to let in fate,
Where, 'twixt the neck and throat, the jointed plate
Gave entrance: thro' that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:

Ver. 409. *Thro' that penetrable part — Furious he drove,* etc.] It was neceſſary, that the poet ſhould be very particular in this point, becauſe the arms that Hector wore, were the arms of Achilles, taken from Patroclus; and conſequently, as they were the work of Vulcan, they would preſerve Hector from the poſſibility of a wound: the poet therefore, to give an air of probability to his ſtory, tells us, that they were Patroclus's arms, and, as they were not made for Hector, they might not exactly fit his body: ſo that, it is not improbable, but there might be ſome place about the neck of Hector ſo open, as to admit the ſpear of Achilles. Euſtathius.

Nor

Nor pierce'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the pow'r
Of ſpeech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While thus triumphing, ſtern Achilles cries.
At laſt is Hector ſtretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus ſlain;
Then, prince! you ſhould have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles abſent was Achilles ſtill
Yet a ſhort ſpace the great avenger ſtay'd,
Then low in duſt thy ſtrength and glory lay'd.
Peaceful he ſleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While, caſt to all the rage of hoſtile pow'r,
Thee, birds ſhall mangle, and the dogs devour.
Then Hector fainting at th' approach of death.
By thy own ſoul! by thoſe who gave thee breath!
By all the ſacred prevalence of pray'r;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of ſepulture beſtow,
To ſoothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at leaſt,
And Hector's aſhes in his country reſt.
No, wretch accurſt; relentleſs he replies,
(Flames, as he ſpoke, ſhot flaſhing from his eyes,)
Not thoſe who gave me breath ſhould bid me ſpare,
Nor all the ſacred prevalence of pray'r.
Could I myſelf the bloody banquet join!
No——to the dogs that carcaſe I reſign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her ſtore,
And, giving thouſands, offer thouſands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame:
Their Hector on the pile they ſhould not ſee,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.
Then thus the chief his dying accents drew;
Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:

The furies that relentleſs breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curſt thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree,
And angry Gods, ſhall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and Paris ſhall avenge my fate,
And ſtretch thee here, before this Scæan gate.
He ceas'd. The fates ſuppreſt his lab'ring breath,
And his eyes ſtiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the ſpirit wings it way,
(The manly body left a load of clay,)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coaſt,
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghoſt!
Achilles, muſing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies.
Die thou the firſt! when Jove and heav'n ordain,
I follow thee——He ſaid, and ſtripp'd the ſlain.
Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking jav'lin, caſt it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wond'ring eyes
His manly beauty and ſuperior ſize:
While ſome ignobler the great dead deface,
With wounds ungen'rous, or with taunts diſgrace.
"How change'd that Hector! who, like Jove of late,
"Sent light'ning on our fleets, and ſcatter'd fate?"
High o'er the ſlain the great Achilles ſtands,
Begirt with heroes, and ſurrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the hoſt attends.
Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n
The dire deſtroyer to our arm has giv'n,

Ver. 449. *A day will come*——] Hector propheſies at his death, that Achilles ſhall fall by the hand of Paris. This confirms an obſervation, made in a former note, that the words of dying men were looked upon as prophecies; but, whether ſuch conjectures are true or falſe, it appears from hence, that ſuch opinions have prevailed in the world above three thouſand years.

Is

Is not Troy fall'n already? Haſte, ye pow'rs!
See, if already their deſerted tow'rs
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The ſouls of heroes, their great Hector ſlain?
But what is Troy, of glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on ought but thee,
Divine Patroclus! death has ſeal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies!
Can his dear image from my ſoul depart,
Long as the vital ſpirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy ſhades below,
The flames of friends and lovers ceaſe to glow,
Yet mine ſhall ſacred laſt; mine undecay'd,
Burn on thro' death, and animate my ſhade.
Meanwhile, ye ſons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpſe of Hector, and your Pæans ſing.
Be this the ſong, ſlow-moving tow'rd the ſhore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."
Then his fell ſoul a thought of vengeance bred,
(Unworthy of himſelf, and of the dead,)
The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inſerted thro' the double wound;
Theſe fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd upon the plain.
Proud on his car th' inſulting victor ſtood,
And bore aloft his arms, diſtilling blood.

Ver. 494. "*Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more.*"] I have followed the opinion of Euſtathius, who thought that what Achilles ſays here, was the chorus or burden of a ſong of triumph, in which his troops bear a part with him, as he returns from this glorious combat. Dacier obſerves, that this is very correſpondent to the manners of thoſe times; and inſtances in that paſſage of the book of Kings, when David returns from the conqueſt of Goliah: the women there go out to meet him from all the cities of Iſrael, and ſing a triumphal ſong, the chorus whereof is, "Saul has killed "his thouſands, and David his ten thouſands."

He ſmites the ſteeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The ſudden clouds of circling duſt ariſe.
Now loſt is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long deſcending hair,
Purple the ground, and ſtreak the ſable ſand;
Deform'd, diſhonour'd, in his native land!
Giv'n to the rage of an inſulting throng!
And, in his parent's ſight, now dragg'd along!
The mother firſt beheld with ſad ſurvey;
She rent her treſſes, venerably grey,
And caſt, far off, the regal veils away.
With piercing ſhrieks his bitter fate ſhe moans,
While the ſad father anſwers groans with groans,
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe.
No leſs than if the rage of hoſtile fires
From her foundations curling to her ſpires,
O'er the proud citadel at length ſhould riſe,
And the laſt blaze ſend Ilion to the ſkies.
The wretched monarch of the falling ſtate,
Diſtracted, preſſes to the Dardan gate.
Scarce the whole people ſtop his deſp'rate courſe,
While ſtrong affliction gives the feeble force:
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in duſt, and thus begun:
Imploring all, and naming one by one.
Ah! let me, let me go where ſorrow calls;
I, only I, will iſſue from your walls,
(Guide or companion, friends! I aſk ye none,)
And bow before the murd'rer of my ſon.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at leaſt he may reſpect my age.
He has a father too; a man like me;
One, not exempt from age and miſery,

(Vig'rous

(Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this peſt of me, and all my race.)
How many valiant ſons, in early bloom,
Has that curſt hand ſent headlong to the tomb!
Thee, Hector! laſt: thy loſs (divinely brave)
Sinks my ſad ſoul with ſorrow to the grave.
Oh had thy gentle ſpirit paſt in peace,
The ſon expiring in the fire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept the fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender ſhow'r!
Some comfort that had been, ſome ſad relief,
To melt in full ſatiety of grief!

Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion ſtream'd around.

Amidſt her matrons Hecuba appears,
(A mourning princeſs, and a train in tears,)
Ah why has Heav'n prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
Oh Hector! late thy parents pride and joy,
The boaſt of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her ſafety and her fame ſhe ow'd,
Her chief, her hero, and almoſt her god!
O fatal change! become in one ſad day
A ſenſeleſs corſe! inanimated clay!

But not as yet the fatal news had ſpread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;

Ver. 563, etc.] The grief of Andromache, which is painted in the following part, is far beyond all the praiſes that can be given it; but I muſt take notice of one particular, which ſhew the great art of the poet. In order to make the wife of Hector appear yet more afflicted than his parents, he has taken care to increaſe her affliction by ſurpriſe: It is finely prepared by the circumſtances of her being retired to her innermoſt apartment, of her employment in weaving a robe for her huſband, (as may be conjectured from what ſhe ſays afterward. ver. 657.) and of her maids preparing the bath for his return: all which (as the critics have obſerved) augment the ſurpriſe, and render this reverſe of fortune much more dreadful and afflicting.

As yet no meſſenger had told his fate,
Nor ev'n his ſtay without the Scæan gate.
Far in the cloſe receſſes of the dome,
Penſive ſhe ply'd the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her ſecret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.
Here fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return:
In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the ſhore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members ſhake with ſudden fear;
Forth from her iv'ry hand the ſhuttle falls,
As thus, aſtoniſh'd, to her maids ſhe calls.
Ah follow me! (ſhe cry'd,) what plaintive noiſe
Invades my ear? 'Tis ſure my mother's voice.
My fault'ring knees their trembling frame deſert,
A pulſe unuſual flutters at my heart.
Some ſtrange diſaſter, ſome reverſe of fate,
(Ye Gods avert it!) threats the Trojan ſtate.
Far be the omen which my thoughts ſuggeſt!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntleſs breaſt
Confronts Achilles; chas'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him ſlain!
Safe in the croud he ever ſcorn'd to wait,
And ſought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has coſt his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.
She ſpoke; and furious, with diſtracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguiſh in her face,
Flies thro' the dome, (the maids her ſteps purſue,)
And mounts the walls, and ſends around her view.
Too ſoon her eyes the killing object found,
The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A ſudden darkneſs ſhades her ſwimming eyes:
She faints, ſhe falls; her breath, her colour flies.

Her

Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem, flew far away;
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day,)
Around a train of weeping ſiſters ſtands,
To raiſe her ſinking with aſſiſtant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd again,
She faints, or but recovers to complain.
O wretched huſband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For ſure one ſtar its baneful beam diſplay'd
On Priam's roof, and Hippoplacia's ſhade.
From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes we came,
At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the ſame!
Why was my birth to great Aëtion ow'd,
And why was all that tender care beſtow'd?
Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghoſt
Of my dead huſband! miſerably loſt!
Thou to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love remains!
No more to ſmile upon his ſire! no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For ſhould he 'ſcape the ſword, the common doom!
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come?
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some ſtranger plows his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the ſhades the father ſends,
Robs the ſad orphan of his father's friends:
He,

Ver. 628. *The day, that to the ſhades*, etc.] The following verſes, which ſo finely deſcribe the condition of an orphan, have been rejected by ſome ancient critics: It is a proof there were always critics of no manner of taſte; it being impoſſible any where to meet with a more exquiſite paſſage. I will venture to ſay, there are not

He, wretched outcaſt of mankind! appears
For ever ſad, for ever bath'd in tears;
Amongſt the happy, unregarded he,
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While thoſe his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
The kindeſt but his preſent wants allay,
To leave him wretched the ſucceeding day.
Frugal compaſſion! heedleſs they who boaſt
Both parents ſtill, nor feel what he has loſt,
Shall cry, "be gone! thy father feaſts not here:"
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my ſad ſoul Aſtyanax appears!
Force'd by repeated inſults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He, who with tender delicacy bred,
With princes ſported, and on dainties fed,
And when ſtill ev'ning gave him up to reſt,
Sunk ſoft in down upon the nurſe's breaſt,
Muſt—ah what muſt he not? Whom Ilion calls
Aſtyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector, ly'ſt expos'd in air,
Far from thy parents and thy conſort's care,

in all Homer any lines more worthy of him: the beauty of this tender and compaſſionate image is ſuch, that it even makes amends for the many cruel ones, with which the Iliad is too much ſtained. Theſe cenſurers imagined this deſcription to be of too abject and mean a nature, of one of the quality of Aſtyanax; but had they conſidered, (ſays Euſtathius,) that theſe are the words of a fond mother, who feared every thing for her ſon; that women are by nature timorous, and think all misfortunes will happen, becauſe there is a poſſibility that they may; that Andromache is in the very height of her ſorrows, in the inſtant ſhe is ſpeaking; I fancy they would have altered their opinions.

Whoſe

Whoſe hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial ſcarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be theſe a prey,
Uſeleſs to thee, from this accurſed day!
Yet let the ſacrifice at leaſt be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead!

So ſpake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her ſighs, and anſwer tear with tear.

Ver. 657. *The martial ſcarf and robe of triumph wove.*] This idea very naturally offers itſelf to a woman, who repreſents to herſelf the body of her huſband daſhed to pieces, and all his limbs dragged upon the ground uncovered; and nothing is more proper to excite pity. It is well known, that it was anciently the cuſtom among princeſſes and great ladies, to have large quantities of ſtuffs and moveables. This proviſion was more neceſſary in thoſe times than now, becauſe of the great conſumption made of them on thoſe occaſions of mourning. Dacier.

THE

THE ILIAD.

* BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES and the Myrmidons do honours to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feaſt, he retires to the ſea-ſhore, where, falling aſleep, the ghoſt of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the ſoldiers are ſent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral proceſſion, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles ſacrifices ſeveral animals, and laſtly twelve Trojan captives at the pile, then ſets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the inſtance of Iris,) riſe, and raiſe the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raiſe the tomb. Achilles inſtitutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the Cæſtus, the wreſtling, the foot-race, the ſingle combat, the diſcus, the ſhooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various deſcriptions of which, and the various ſucceſs of the ſeveral antagoniſts, make the greateſt part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghoſt of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The ſcene is generally on the ſea-ſhore.

THUS humbled in the duſt, the penſive train
Thro' the ſad city mourn'd her hero ſlain.
The

* This, and the following book, which contain the deſcription of

The body ſoil'd with duſt, and black with gore,
Lies on broad Helleſpont's reſounding ſhore:
The Grecians ſeek their ſhips, and clear the ſtrand,
All, but the martial Myrmidonian band:
Theſe yet aſſembled great Achilles holds,
And the ſtern purpoſe of his mind unfolds.
Not yet (my brave companions of the war)
Releaſe your ſmoking courſers from the car;
But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.
Ere yet from reſt or food we ſeek relief,
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.
The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(Achilles firſt) their courſers round the dead;
And thrice their ſorrows and laments renew;
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the ſands bedew.
For ſuch a warrior Thetis aids their woe,
Melts their ſtrong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow.

of the funeral of Patroclus, and other matters relating to Hector, are undoubtedly ſuper-added to the grand cataſtrophe of the poem; for the ſtory is compleatly finiſhed with the death of that hero in the twenty ſecond book. Many judicious critics have been of opinion, that Homer is blameable for protracting it. Virgil cloſes the whole ſcene of action with the death of Turnus, and leaves the reſt to be imagined by the mind of the reader: he does not draw the picture at full length, but delineates it ſo far, that we cannot fail of imagining the whole draught. There is however one thing to be ſaid in favour of Homer, which may perhaps juſtify him in his method, that what he undertook to paint was the anger of Achilles: and as that anger does not die with Hector, but perſecutes his very remains, ſo the poet ſtill keeps up to his ſubject; nay, it ſeems to require, that he ſhould carry down the relation of that reſentment, which is the foundation of his poem, till it is fully ſatisfied: and as this ſurvives Hector, and gives the poet an opportunity of ſtill ſhewing many ſad effects of Achilles's anger, the two following books may be thought not to be excreſcencies, but eſſential to the poem.

Eu

But chief, Pelides: thick-ſucceeding ſighs
Burſt from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
His ſlaught'ring hands, yet, red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breaſt, and thus he ſaid.
All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghoſt
Hear, and rejoice on Pluto's dreary coaſt;
Behold! Achilles' promiſe is compleat;
The bloody Hector ſtretch'd before thy feet.
Lo! to the dogs his carcaſe I reſign;
And twelve ſad victims of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, inſtant ſhall expire.
Their lives effus'd around thy fun'ral pyre.
Gloomy he ſaid, and (horrible to view)
Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,
Prone on the duſt. The Myrmidons around
Unbrace'd their armour, and the ſteeds unbound.
All to Achilles' ſable ſhip repair,
Frequent and full, the genial feaſt to ſhare.
Now from the well-fed ſwine black ſmokes aſpire,
The briſtly victims hiſſing o'er the fire:
The huge ox bellowing falls; with feebler cries
Expires the goat; the ſheep in ſilence dies.
Around the hero's proſtrate body flow'd,
In one promiſcuous ſtream, the reeking blood.
And now a band of Argive monarchs brings
The glorious victor to the king of kings.
From his dead friend the penſive warrior went,
With ſteps unwilling, to the regal tent.
Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
With kindled flames the tripod-vaſe ſurround;

Ver. 25. *All hail, Patroclus!* etc.] There is in this apoſtrophe of Achilles to the ghoſt of Patroclus, a ſort of ſavageneſs, and a mixture of ſoftneſs and atrocity, which are highly conformable to his character. Dacier.

To

To cleanſe his conq'ring hands from hoſtile gore,
They urge'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and ſwore.
No drop ſhall touch me, by almighty Jove!
The firſt and greateſt of the Gods above!
Till on the pyre I place thee; till I rear
The graſſy mound, and clip thy ſacred hair.
Some eaſe at leaſt thoſe pious rites may give,
And ſoothe my ſorrows, while I bear to live.
Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I ſtay,
And ſhare your feaſt; but, with the dawn of day,
(O King of men!) it claims thy royal care,
That Greece the warrior's fun'ral pile prepare,
And bid the foreſts fall: (ſuch rites are paid
To heroes ſlumb'ring in eternal ſhade)
Then, when his earthly part ſhall mount in fire,
Let the leagu'd ſquadrons to their poſts retire.
He ſpoke; they hear him, and the word obey;
The rage of hunger and of thirſt allay,
Then eaſe in ſleep the labours of the day.
But great Pelides, ſtretch'd along the ſhore,
Where daſh'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning; while, on either hand,
The martial Myrmidons confus'dly ſtand:
Along the graſs his languid members fall,
Tir'd with his chaſe around the Trojan wall;
Huſh'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he ſinks in the ſoft arms of ſleep.
When lo! the ſhade, before his cloſing eyes,
Of ſad Patroclus roſe, or ſeem'd to riſe;

Ver. 51. *To cleanſe his conq'ring hands———*
———The chief refus'd——]

This is conformable to the cuſtom of the orientals: Achilles will not be induced to waſh, and afterwards retires to the ſea ſhore, and ſleeps on the ground. It is juſt thus that David mourns in the Scriptures; he refuſes to waſh, or to take any repaſt, but retires from company, and lies upon the earth.

Ver. 78. *The ghoſt of Patroclus.*] Homer has introduced into the

In the ſame robe he living wore, he came,
In ſtature, voice, and pleaſing look, the ſame.
The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,
And ſleeps Achilles, (thus the phantom ſaid,)
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
Living, I ſeem'd his deareſt, tend'reſt care,
But now forgot, I wander in the air;
Let my pale corſe the rites of burial know,
And give me entrance in the realms below:
Till then, the ſpirit finds no reſting-place,
But here and there th' unbody'd ſpectres chace
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to croſs th' irremeable flood.
Now give thy hand; for to the farther ſhore
When once we paſs, the ſoul returns no more,
When once the laſt funereal flames aſcend,
No more ſhall meet Achilles and his friend,
No more our thoughts to thoſe we lov'd make known,
Or quit the deareſt, to converſe alone.
Me fate has ſever'd from the ſons of earth,
The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth:
Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall
Ev'n great and godlike thou art doom'd to fall.

former parts of the poem the perſonages of gods and goddeſſes from heaven, and of furies from hell. He has embelliſhed it with ornaments from earth, ſea, and air; and he here opens a new ſcene, and brings to the view a ghoſt, the ſhade of the departed friend: By theſe methods he diverſifies his poem with new and ſurpriſing circumſtances, and awakens the attention of the reader; at the ſame time, he very poetically adapts his language to the circumſtances of this imaginary Patroclus, and teaches us the opinions that prevailed in his time, concerning the ſtate of ſeparate ſouls.

Ver. 92. *Forbid to croſs th' irremeable flood.*] It was the common opinion of the ancients, that the ſouls of the departed were not admitted into the number of the happy, till their bodies had received the funeral rites; they ſuppoſed thoſe that wanted them, wandered an hundred years before they were wafted over the infernal river.

Hear

Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine!
Together have we liv'd, together bred,
One houſe receiv'd us, and one table fed:
That golden urn thy goddeſs-mother gave,
May mix our aſhes in one common grave.
And is it thou? (he anſwers) to my ſight
Once more return'ſt thou from the realms of night?
Oh more than brother! think each office paid,
Whate'er can reſt a diſcontented ſhade;
But grant one laſt embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at leaſt that melancholy joy.
He ſaid, and with his longing arms eſſay'd
In vain to graſp the viſionary ſhade;
Like a thin ſmoke he ſees the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble lamentable cry.
Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden ſleep, and ſtarting from the ſands,
Penſive he muſes with uplifted hands.
'Tis true, 'tis certain; man tho' dead, retains
Part of himſelf; th' immortal mind remains:
The form ſubſiſts without the body's aid,
Aerial ſemblance, and an empty ſhade!

Ver. 104. *Ah ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine.*] There is ſomething very pathetical in this whole ſpeech of Patroclus; he begins it with kind reproaches, and blames Achilles with a friendly tenderneſs; he recounts to him the inſeparable affection that had been between them in their lives, and makes it his laſt requeſt, that they may not be parted even in death, but that their bones may reſt in the ſame urn.

The circumſtance of being buried in the ſame urn, is intirely conformable to the eaſtern cuſtom: There are innumerable inſtances in the Scriptures of great perſonages being buried with their fathers: ſo Joſeph would not ſuffer his bones to reſt in Ægypt, but commands his brethren to carry them into Canaan, to the burying-place of his father Jacob.

This night my friend, ſo late in battle loſt,
Stood at my ſide, a penſive, plaintive ghoſt;
Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
Alas! how diff'rent! yet how like the ſame!
Thus while he ſpoke, each eye grew big with tears;
And now the roſy-finger'd morn appears,
Shews ev'ry mournful face with tears o'erſpread,
And glares on the pale viſage of the dead.
But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
With mules and waggons ſends a choſen band;
To load the timber, and the pile to rear,
A charge conſign'd to Merion's faithful care.
With proper inſtruments they take the road,
Axes to cut, and ropes to fling the load,
Firſt march the heavy mules, ſecurely ſlow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go:
Jumping, high o'er the ſhrubs of the rough ground,
Rattle the clatt'ring cars, and the ſhockt axles bound.
But when arriv'd at Ida's ſpreading woods,
(Fair Ida, water'd with deſcending floods)
Loud ſounds the ax, redoubling ſtrokes on ſtrokes;
On all ſides round the foreſt hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
Then ruſtling, crackling, cruſhing, thunder down.
The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn;
And the ſlow mules the ſame rough road return.
The ſturdy woodmen equal burdens bore
(Such charge was giv'n 'em) to the ſandy ſhore;
There on the ſpot which great Achilles ſhow'd,
They eas'd their ſhoulders, and diſpos'd the load;
Circling around the place, where times to come
Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.
The hero bids his martial troops appear
High on their cars in all the pomp of war;

Each

Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
All mount their chariots, combatants and ſquires.
The chariots firſt proceed, a ſhining train;
Then clouds of foot that ſmoke along the plain;
Next theſe the melancholy band appear,
Amidſt, lay dead Patroclus on the bier:
O'er all the corſe their ſcatter'd locks they throw;
Achilles next, oppreſt with mighty woe,
Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.
Patroclus decent on th' appointed ground
They place, and heap the ſylvan pile around.
But great Achilles ſtands apart in pray'r,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;
Thoſe curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
And ſacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood:
Then ſighing, to the deep his looks he caſt,
And roll'd his eyes around the wat'ry waſte.
Sperchius! whoſe waves in mazy errors loſt
Delightful roll along my native coaſt!

Ver. 160. *Each in refulgent arms*, etc.] It is not to be ſuppoſed, that this was a general cuſtom uſed at all funerals; but Patroclus being a warrior, he is buried like a ſoldier, with military honours. Euſtathius.

Ver. 166. *O'er all the corſe their ſcatter'd locks they throw.*] The ceremony of cutting off the hair in honour of the dead, was practiſed not only among the Greeks, but alſo among other nations.

This cuſtom is taken notice of in the Holy Scriptures: Ezekiel, deſcribing a great lamentation, ſays, *They ſhall make themſelves utterly bald for thee*, chap. xxvii. ver. 31. I believe it was done not only in token of ſorrow, but perhaps had a concealed meaning, that as the hair was cut from the head, and was never more to be joined to it, ſo was the dead for ever cut off from the living, never more to return.

Ver. 168. *Supporting with his hands the hero's head.*] Achilles follows the corpſe as chief mourner, and ſuſtains the head of his friend: This laſt circumſtance ſeems to be general.

To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,
Theſe locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:
Full fifty rams to bleed in ſacrifice,
Where to the day thy ſilver fountains riſe,
And where in ſhade of conſecrated bow'rs
Thy altars ſtand, perfum'd with native flow'rs!
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
No more Achilles ſees his native plain;
In that vain hope theſe hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the ſhades below.
Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,
On his cold hand the ſacred lock he laid.
Once more afreſh the Grecian ſorrows flow:
And now the ſun had ſet upon their woe;
But to the king of men thus ſpoke the chief.
Enough Atrides! give the troops relief:
Permit the mourning legions to retire,
And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;
The pious care be ours, the dead to burn——
He ſaid: the people to their ſhips return:
While thoſe deputed to inter the ſlain,
Heap with a riſing pyramid the plain.
A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
The growing ſtructure ſpreads on ev'ry ſide;
High on the top the manly corſe they lay,
And well-fed ſheep, and ſable oxen ſlay:
Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
And the pil'd victims round the body ſpread.
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil
Suſpends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
Four ſprightly courſers, with a deadly groan
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domeſtic at his board,
Fall two, ſelected to attend their lord.
Then laſt of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad ſacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.

On

On theſe the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he ſtands on high,
And calls the ſpirit with a dreadful cry.
All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghoſt
Hear, and exult on Pluto's dreary coaſt.
Behold, Achilles' promiſe fully paid,
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy ſhade;
But heavier fates on Hector's corſe attend,
Sav'd from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend.
So ſpake he, threat'ning: but the Gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the ſlain:
Celeſtial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roſeate unguents, heav'nly fragrance! ſhed:
She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
And drove the bloodhounds from their deſtin'd prey.
Nor ſacred Phœbus leſs employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
And kept the nerves undry'd, the fleſh intire,
Againſt the ſolar beam and Sirian fire.
Nor yet the pile, where dead Patroclus lies,
Smokes, nor as yet the ſullen flames ariſe;
But faſt beſide Achilles ſtood in pray'r,
Invok'd the Gods whoſe ſpirit moves the air,
And victims promis'd, and libations caſt,
To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blaſt:
He call'd th' aerial pow'rs, along the ſkies
To breathe, and whiſper to the fires to riſe.
The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
And inſtant haſten'd to their airy hall,

Ver. 228. *Celeſtial Venus*, etc.] Homer has here introduced a ſeries of allegories in the compaſs of a few lines: the body of Hector may be ſuppoſed to continue beautiful even after he was ſlain; and Venus being the preſident of beauty, the poet by a natural fiction tells us it was preſerved by that goddeſs.

Where

Where, in old Zephyr's open courts on high,
Sat all the bluſt'ring brethren of the ſky.
She ſhone amidſt them, on her painted bow;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the ſhow.
All from the banquet riſe, and each invites
The various Goddeſs to partake the rites.
Not ſo, (the dame reply'd) I haſte to go
To ſacred Ocean, and the floods below:
Ev'n now our ſolemn hecatombs attend,
And Heav'n is feaſting on the world's green end,
With righteous Æthiops (uncorrupted train!)
Far on th' extremeſt limits of the main.
But Peleus' ſon intreats, with ſacrifice,
The Weſtern Spirit, and the North to riſe;
Let on Patroclus' pile your blaſt be driv'n,
And bear the blazing honours high to heav'n.
Swift as the word, ſhe vaniſh'd from their view;
Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew;
Forth burſt the ſtormy band with thund'ring roar,
And heaps on heaps the clouds are toſt before.
To the wide main then ſtooping from the ſkies,
The heaving deeps in wat'ry mountains riſe.
Troy feels the blaſt along her ſhaking walls,
Till on the pile the gather'd tempeſt falls.
The ſtructure crackles in the roaring fires,
And all the night the plenteous flame aſpires.
All night Achilles hails Patroclus' ſoul,
With large libation from the golden bowl.
As a poor father, helpleſs and undone,
Mourns o'er the aſhes of an only ſon,
Takes a ſad pleaſure the laſt bones to burn,
And pours in tears, ere yet they cloſe the urn:
So ſtay'd Achilles, circling round the ſhore,
So watch'd the flames, till now they flame no more.
'Twas when, emerging thro' the ſhades of night,
The morning planet told th' approach of light;

And

And faſt behind, Aurora's warmer ray,
O'er the broad ocean, pour'd the golden day:
Then ſunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
And to their caves the whiſtling winds return'd:
Acroſs the Thracian ſeas their courſe they bore;
The ruffled ſeas beneath their paſſage roar.
Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
And ſunk to quiet in th' embrace of ſleep,
Exhauſted with his grief: meanwhile the croud
Of thronging Grecians round Achilles ſtood;
The tumult wak'd him: from his eyes he ſhook
Unwilling ſlumber, and the chiefs beſpoke.
Ye kings and princes of th' Achaian name!
Firſt let us quench the yet remaining flame
With ſable wine; then, (as the rites direct)
The hero's bones with careful view ſelect:
(Apart, and eaſy to be known they lie,
Amidſt the heap, and obvious to the eye:
The reſt around the margins will be ſeen,
Promiſcuous, ſteeds, and immolated men)
Theſe wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vaſe diſpoſe with care;
There let them reſt with decent honour laid,
Till I ſhall follow to th' infernal ſhade.
Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common ſtructure on the humble ſands;
Hereafter Greece ſome nobler work may raiſe,
And late poſterity record our praiſe.
The Greeks obey; where yet the embers glow
Wide o'er the pile the ſable wine they throw,
And deep ſubſides the aſhy heap below.
Next the white bones his ſad companions place
With tears collected in the golden vaſe.
The ſacred relics to the tent they bore;
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.

That

That done, they bid the ſepulchre aſpire,
And caſt the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midſt they heap the ſwelling bed
Of riſing earth, memorial of the dead.
The ſwarming populace the chief detains,
And leads amidſt a wide extent of plains;
There place'd 'em round: then from the ſhips proceeds
A train of oxen, mules, and ſtately ſteeds,
Vaſes and tripods, for the fun'ral games,
Reſplendent braſs, and more reſplendent dames.
Firſt ſtood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the duſty courſe.
A woman for the firſt, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the lab'ring loom;
And a large vaſe, where two bright handles riſe,
Of twenty meaſures its capacious ſize.
The ſecond victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke;
The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame;
Four ample meaſures held the ſhining frame:

Ver. 321. *The games for Patroclus.*] The conduct of Homer, in inlarging upon the games at the funeral of Patroclus, is very judicious: There had undoubtedly been ſuch honours paid to ſeveral heroes during this war, as appears from a paſſage in the ninth book, where Agamemnon, to enhance the value of the horſes which he offers Achilles, ſays, that any perſon would be rich, that had treaſures equal to the value of the prizes they had won; which races muſt have been run during the ſiege: for had they been before it, the horſes would now have been too old to be of any value, this being the tenth year of the war. But the poet paſſes all thoſe games over in ſilence, and reſerves them for this ſeaſon; not only in honour of Patroclus, but alſo of his hero Achilles; who exhibits games to a whole army; great generals are candidates for the prize, and he himſelf fits the judge and arbitrator: Thus in peace as well as war the poet maintains the ſuperiority of the character of Achilles.

Two

Two golden talents for the fourth were place'd;
An ample double bowl contents the laſt.
Theſe in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
The hero, riſing, thus addreſt the train.
Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To the brave rulers of the racing ſteed;
Prizes which none beſide ourſelf could gain,
Should our immortal courſers take the plain;
(A race unrivall'd, which from Ocean's God
Peleus receiv'd, and on his ſon beſtow'd.)
But this no time our vigour to diſplay,
Nor ſuit, with them, the games of this ſad day:
Loſt is Patroclus now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and ſleek their gloſſy neck.
Sad, as they mar'd in human grief, they ſtand,
And trail thoſe graceful honours on the ſand!
Let others for the noble taſk prepare,
Who truſt the courſer, and the flying car.
Fir'd at his word, the rival racers riſe;
But far the firſt, Eumelus hopes the prize,
Fam'd thro' Pieria for the fleeteſt breed,
And ſkill'd to manage the high-bounding ſteed.
With equal ardour bold Tydides ſwell'd
The ſteeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd,
(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
When ſcarce a god redeem'd him from his hand.)
Then Menelaus his Podargus brings,
And the fam'd courſer of the king of kings:
Whom rich Echepolus, (more rich than brave,)
To 'ſcape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,
(Æthe her name,) at home to end his days,
Baſe wealth preferring to eternal praiſe.
Next him Antilochus demands the courſe,
With beating heart, and chears his Pylian horſe.
Experience'd Neſtor gives his ſon the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat reſtrains;

Nor idly warns the hoary ſire, nor hears
The prudent ſon with unattending ears.
My ſon, tho' youthful ardour fire thy breaſt,
The Gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have bleſt.
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the ſkill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But ſlow, and paſt their vigour, are my ſteeds.
Fear not thy rivals, tho' for ſwiftneſs known,
Compare thoſe rivals judgment, and thy own.
It is not ſtrength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be ſwift is leſs than to be wiſe;
'Tis more by art, than force of num'rous ſtrokes,
The dext'rous woodman ſhapes the ſtubborn oaks;
By art the pilot, thro' the boiling deep,
And howling tempeſt, ſteers the fearleſs ſhip;
And 'tis the artiſt wins the glorious courſe,
Not thoſe, who truſt in chariots, and in horſe.
In vain unſkilful to the goal they ſtrive,
And ſhort, or wide, th' ungovern'd courſer drive:
While with ſure ſkill, tho' with inferior ſteeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
Fix'd on the goal his eye fore-runs the courſe,
His hand unerring ſteers the ſteady horſe,
And now contracts, or now extends the rein,
Obſerving ſtill the foremoſt on the plain.
Mark then the goal, 'tis eaſy to be found;
Yon aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;
Of ſome once ſtately oak the laſt remains,
Or hardy fir, unperiſh'd with the rains.
Inclos'd with ſtones conſpicuous from afar,
And round, a circle for the wheeling car.
(Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race)
Bear cloſe to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left-hand ſteed;

But

But urge the right, and give him all the reins;
While thy ſtrict hand his fellow's head reſtrains,
And turns him ſhort; till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round naves appear to bruſh the goal.
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horſe)
Clear of the ſtony heap direct the courſe;
Leſt thro' incaution failing, thou may'ſt be
A joy to others, a reproach to me.
So ſhalt thou paſs the goal, ſecure of mind,
And leave unſkilful ſwiftneſs far behind.
Tho' thy fierce rival drove the matchleſs ſteed
Which bore Adraſtus, of celeſtial breed;
Or the fam'd race thro' all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.
Thus, (nought unſaid,) the much-adviſing ſage
Concludes; then ſat, ſtiff with unwieldy age.
Next bold Meriones was ſeen to riſe,
The laſt, but not leaſt ardent for the prize.
They mount their ſeats; the lots their place diſpoſe;
(Roll'd in his helmet, theſe Achilles throws.)
Young Neſtor leads the race: Eumelus then;
And next the brother of the king of men:

Ver. 427. *The lots their place diſpoſe.*] According to theſe lots the charioteers took their places; but to know whether they ſtood all in an equal front, or one behind another, is a difficulty: Euſtathius ſays, the ancients were of opinion, that they did not ſtand in one front; becauſe it is evident that he, who had the firſt lot, had a great advantage of the other charioteers: if he had not, why ſhou'd Achilles caſt lots? Madam Dacier is of opinion, that they all ſtood a breaſt at the barrier, and that the firſt would ſtill have a ſufficient advantage, as he was nearer the bound, and ſtood within the reſt; whereas the others muſt take a larger circle, and conſequently were forced to run a greater compaſs of ground. Phœnix was placed as an inſpector of the race; that is, ſays Euſtathius, he was to make report whether they had obſerved the laws of the race in their ſeveral turnings.

Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was caſt;
And far the braveſt, Diomed, was laſt.
They ſtand in order an impatient train;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
And ſends before old Phœnix to the place,
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
At once the courſers from the barrier bound;
The lifted ſcourges all at once reſound;
Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they ſend before;
And up the champain thunder from the ſhore:
Thick, where they drive, the duſty clouds ariſe,
And the loſt courſer in the whirlwind flies;
Looſe on their ſhoulders the long manes reclin'd,
Float in their ſpeed, and dance upon the wind:
The ſmoaking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now ſeem to touch the ſky, and now the ground.
While hot for fame, and conqueſt all their care,
(Each o'er his flying courſer hung in air,)
Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein.
They pant, they ſtretch, they ſhout along the plain.
Now, (the laſt compaſs fetch'd around the goal,)
At the near prize each gathers all his ſoul,
Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
Tears up the ſhore, and thunders tow'rd the main.
Firſt flew Eumelus on Pheretian ſteeds;
With thoſe of Tros, bold Diomed ſucceeds:
Cloſe on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And ſeem juſt mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the ſultry breeze,
And hov'ring o'er, their ſtretching ſhadows ſees.
Then had he loſt, or left a doubtful prize;
But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies,

Ver. 458. *And ſeem juſt mounting on the car behind.*] A more natural image than this could not be thought of. The poet makes us ſpectators of the race; we ſee Diomed preſſing upon Eumelus ſo cloſely, that his chariot ſeems to climb the chariot of Eumelus.

Strikes

Strikes from his hand the ſcourge, and renders vain
His matchleſs horſes labour on the plain.
Rage fills his eye with anguiſh, to ſurvey
Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.
The fraud celeſtial Pallas ſees with pain,
Springs to her knight, and gives the ſcourge again,
And fills his ſteeds with vigour. At a ſtroke,
She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke;
No more their way the ſtartled horſes held;
The car revers'd came rattling on the field;
Shot headlong from his ſeat, beſide the wheel,
Prone on the duſt th' unhappy maſter fell;
His batter'd face and elbows ſtrike the ground;
Noſe, mouth, and front, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound;
Grief ſtops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
Minerva's ſpirit drives his matchleſs pace,
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.

The next, tho' diſtant, Menelaus ſucceeds;
While thus young Neſtor animates his ſteeds.
Now, now, my gen'rous pair, exert your force:
Not that we hope to match Tydides' horſe,
Since great Minerva wings their rapid way,
And gives their lord the honours of the day.
But reach Atrides! ſhall his mare out-go
Your ſwiftneſs? vanquiſh'd by a female foe?
Thro' your neglect, if lagging on the plain,
The laſt ignoble gift be all we gain;

Ver. 465. *Rage fills his eye with anguiſh, to ſurvey*, etc.] We have ſeen Diomed ſurrounded with innumerable dangers acting in the moſt perilous ſcenes of blood and death, yet never ſhed one tears: and now he weeps on a ſmall occaſion, for a mere trifle: this muſt be aſcribed to the nature of mankind, who are often tranſported with trifles; and there are certain unguarded moments in every man's life; ſo that he, who could meet the greateſt dangers with intrepidity, may through anger be betrayed into an indecency.

No more ſhall Neſtor's hand your food ſupply,
The old man's fury riſes, and ye die.
Haſte then; yon narrow road before our ſight
Preſents th' occaſion, could we uſe it right.
Thus he, the courſers at their maſter's threat
With quicker ſteps the ſounding champain beat.
And now Antilochus with nice ſurvey,
Obſerves the compaſs of the hollow way.
'Twas where by force of wintry torrents torn,
Faſt by the road a precipice was worn:
Here, where but one could paſs, to ſhun the throng,
The Spartan hero's chariot ſmok'd along.
Cloſe up the vent'rous youth reſolves to keep,
Still, edging near, and bears him tow'rd the ſteep.
Atrides, trembling, caſts his eye below,
And wonders at the raſhneſs of his foe.
Hold, ſtay your ſteeds—What madneſs thus to ride
This narrow way; take larger field, (he cry'd,)
Or both muſt fall—Atrides cry'd in vain;
He flies more faſt, and throws up all the rein.
Far as an able arm the diſk can ſend,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,
So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
Before the king: he, cautious, backward drew
His horſe compell'd; foreboding in his fears
The rattling ruin of the claſhing cars,
The flound'ring courſers rolling on the plain,
And conqueſt loſt thro' frantic haſte to gain:
But thus upbraids his rival as he flies;
Go, furious youth, ungen'rous and unwiſe!
Go, but expect not I'll the prize reſign:
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine——
Then to his ſteeds with all his force he cries;
Be ſwift, be vig'rous, and regain the prize!
Your rivals, deſtitute of youthful force,
With fainting knees ſhall labour in the courſe,

And

And yield the glory yours—The ſteeds obey;
Already at his heels they wing their way,
And ſeem already to retrieve the day.
Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld
The courſers bounding o'er the duſty field.
The firſt who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
High on a riſing ground, above the ring,
The monarch ſat: from whence with ſure ſurvey
He well obſerv'd the chief who led the way,
And heard from far his animating cries,
And ſaw the foremoſt ſteed with ſharpen'd eyes;
On whoſe broad front, a blaze of ſhining white
Like the full moon, ſtood obvious to the ſight:
He ſaw; and riſing, to the Greeks begun.
Are yonder horſe diſcern'd by me alone?
Or can ye, all, another chief ſurvey,
And other ſteeds, than lately led the way?
Thoſe, tho' the ſwifteſt, by ſome god with-held,
Lie ſure diſabled in the middle field:
For ſince the goal they doubled, round the plain
I ſearch to find them, but I ſearch in vain.
Perchance the reins forſook the driver's hand,
And, turn'd too ſhort, he tumbled on the ſtrand,
Shot from the chariot; while his courſers ſtray
With frantic fury from the deſtin'd way.
Riſe then ſome other, and inform my ſight,
(For theſe dim eyes, perhaps, diſtern not right)
Yet ſure he ſeems, (to judge by ſhape and air,)
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war.
Old man! (Oileus raſhly thus replies,)
Thy tongue too haſtily confers the prize.
Of thoſe who view the courſe, not ſharpeſt ey'd,
Nor youngeſt, yet the readieſt to decide.
Eumelus' ſteeds high-bounding in the chace,
Still, as at firſt, unrival'd lead the race:

I well diſcern him, as he ſhakes the rein,
And hear his ſhouts victorious o'er the plain.
Thus he. Idomeneus incens'd rejoin'd.
Barb'rous of words! and arrogant of mind!
Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beſide
The laſt in merit, as the firſt in pride.
To vile reproach what anſwer can we make?
A goblet or a tripod let us ſtake,
And be the king the judge. The moſt unwiſe
Will learn their raſhneſs, when they pay the price.
He ſaid: and Ajax, by mad paſſion borne,
Stern had reply'd; fierce ſcorn enhancing ſcorn
To fell extremes. But Thetis' godlike ſon
Awful amidſt them roſe, and thus begun.
Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would ye blame, ſhould others thus offend:
And lo! th' approaching ſteeds your conteſt end.
No ſooner had he ſpoke, but thund'ring near,
Drives, thro' a ſtream of duſt, the charioteer;
High o'er his head the circling laſh he wields;
His bounding horſes ſcarcely touch the fields:

Ver. 565. *The diſpute between Idomeneus and Ajax.*] Nothing can be more naturally imagined than this contention at a horſe-race: the leaders were divided into parties, and each was intereſted for his friend: the poet had a two fold deſign, not only to embelliſh and diverſify his poem by ſuch natural circumſtances, but alſo to ſhew us, as Euſtathius obſerves, from the conduct of Ajax, that paſſionate men betray themſelves into follies, and are themſelves guilty of the faults of which they accuſe others.

It is with a particular decency, that Homer makes Achilles the arbitrator between Idomeneus and Ajax: Agamemnon was his ſuperior in the army, but as Achilles exhibited the ſhows, he was the proper judge of any difference that ſhould ariſe about them. Had the conteſt been between Ajax and Idomeneus, conſidered as ſoldiers, the cauſe muſt have been brought before Agamemnon; but as they are to be conſidered as ſpectators of the games, they ought to be determined by Achilles.

His

His car amidſt the duſty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
Refulgent thro' the cloud: no eye could find
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce courſers urge'd their rapid pace
So ſwift, it ſeem'd a flight, and not a race.
Now victor at the goal Tydides ſtands,
Quits his bright car, and ſprings upon the ſands;
From the hot ſteeds the ſweaty torrents ſtream;
The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam:
With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
The tripod-vaſe, and dame with radiant eyes:
Theſe to the ſhips his train triumphant leads,
The chief himſelf unyokes the panting ſteeds.
Young Neſtor follows (who by art, not force,
O'erpaſt Atrides) ſecond in the courſe.
Behind, Atrides urg'd the race, more near
Than to the courſer in his ſwift career
The following car, juſt touching with his heel,
And bruſhing with his tail the whirling wheel.
Such, and ſo narrow now the ſpace between
The rivals, late ſo diſtant on the green;
So ſoon ſwift Æthe her loſt ground regain'd,
One length, one moment had the race obtain'd.
Merion purſu'd, at greater diſtance ſtill,
With tardier courſers, and inferior ſkill.
Laſt came, Admetus! thy unhappy ſon;
Slow dragg'd the ſteeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles ſaw, and pitying thus begun.
Behold! the man whoſe matchleſs art ſurpaſt
The ſons of Greece! the ableſt, yet the laſt!
Fortune denies, but juſtice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the firſt away)
To him, the ſecond honours of the day.
The Greeks conſent with loud applauding cries,
And then Eumelus had receiv'd the prize,

But

But youthful Neſtor, jealous of his fame,
Th' award oppoſes, and aſſerts his claim.
Think not (he cries) I tamely will reſign,
O Peleus' ſon! the mare ſo juſtly mine.
What if the Gods, the ſkilful to confound,
Have thrown the horſe and horſeman to the ground!
Perhaps he fought not heav'n by ſacrifice,
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
If yet, (diſtinction to thy friend to ſhow,
And pleaſe a ſoul deſirous to beſtow,)
Some gift muſt grace Eumelus; view thy ſtore
Of beauteous handmaids, ſteeds, and ſhining ore,
An ample preſent let him thence receive,
And Greece ſhall praiſe thy gen'rous thirſt to give.
But this, my prize, I never ſhall forego;
This, who but touches, warriors! is my foe.
Thus ſpake the youth; nor did his words offend;
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flatt'ry of a friend,
Achilles ſmil'd: the gift propos'd (he cry'd)
Antilochus! we ſhall ourſelf provide.
With plates of braſs the corſelet cover'd o'er,
(The ſame renown'd Aſteropæus wore)
Whoſe glitt'ring margins rais'd with ſilver ſhine,
(No vulgar gift) Eumelus, ſhall be thine.

Ver. 633. *But this, my prize, I never ſhall forego.*] There is an air of bravery in this diſcourſe of Antilochus: he ſpeaks with the generoſity of a gallant ſoldier, and prefers his honour to his intereſt; he tells Achilles, if he pleaſes, he may make Eumelus a richer preſent than his prize; he is not concerned for the value of it; but, as it was the reward of victory, he would not reſign it, becauſe that would be an acknowledgement that Eumelus deſerved it.

The character of Antilochus is admirably ſuſtained through this whole epiſode; he is a very ſenſible man, but tranſported with youthful heat, and ambitious of glory: his raſhneſs in driving ſo furiouſly againſt Menelaus muſt be imputed to this; but his paſſions being gratified by the conqueſt in the race, his reaſon again returns, he owns his error, and is full of reſignation to Menelaus.

He

He ſaid: Automedon at his command
The corſelet brought, and gave it to his hand.
Diſtinguiſh'd by his friend, his boſom glows
With gen'rous joy: Then Menelaus roſe;
The herald place'd the ſceptre in his hands,
And ſtill'd the clamour of the ſhouting bands.
Not without cauſe incens'd at Neſtor's ſon,
And inly grieving, thus the king begun:
The praiſe of wiſdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act ſo raſh (Antilochus) has ſtain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my juſt reward,
To you, O Grecians! be my wrong declar'd:
So not a leader ſhall our conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame;
But ſhall not we, ourſelves, the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact ſo plain?
What Greek ſhall blame me, if I bid thee riſe,
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize?
Riſe if thou dar'ſt, before thy chariot ſtand,
The driving ſcourge high-lifted in thy hand,
And touch thy ſteeds, and ſwear, thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.
Swear by that God whoſe liquid arms ſurround
The globe, and whoſe dread earthquakes heave the ground.
The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuſe, if youth have err'd;
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or ſenſe.
Thou know'ſt the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counſels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath reſign;
The mare, or ought thou aſk'ſt, be freely thine,
Ere I become (from thy dear friendſhip torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forſworn.

So ſpake Antilochus; and, at the word,
The mare conteſted to the king reſtor'd.
Joy ſwells his ſoul, as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the ſpringing plain,
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew;
Such joy the Spartan's ſhining face o'er-ſpread
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he ſaid.
Still may our ſouls, O gen'rous youth! agree,
'Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee.
Raſh heat perhaps a moment might controul,
Not break, the ſettled temper of thy ſoul.
Not but (my friend) 'tis ſtill the wiſer way
To wave contention with ſuperior ſway;
For ah! how few, who ſhould like thee offend,
Like thee, have talents to regain the friend?
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:
Gen'rous alike, for me, the ſire and ſon
Have greatly ſuffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield; that all may know, my ſoul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.
He ſaid; and pleas'd his paſſion to command,
Reſign'd the courſer to Noeman's hand,
Friend of the youthful chief: himſelf content,
The ſhining charger to his veſſel ſent.
The golden talents Merion next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to rev'rend Neſtor bears,
And thus the purpoſe of his gift declares.
Accept thou this, O ſacred ſire! (he ſaid)
In dear memorial of Patroclus dead;
Dead, and for ever loſt Patroclus lies,
For ever ſnatch'd from our deſiring eyes!
Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
Tho' 'tis not thine to hurl the diſtant dart,

The quoit to toſs, the pond'rous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wreſtle on the field.
Thy preſent vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the paſt thy own.
He ſaid, and place'd the goblet at his ſide;
With joy, the venerable king reply'd.
Wiſely and well, my ſon, thy words have prov'd
A ſenior honour'd, and a friend belov'd!
Too true it is, deſerted of my ſtrength,
Theſe wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known thro' Buprafium and the Pylian ſhore!
Victorious then in ev'ry ſolemn game,
Ordain'd to Amarynces' mighty name;
The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
Ætolians, Pylians, all reſign'd the day.
I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the ſand,
Surpaſt Iphyclus in the ſwift career,
Phyleus and Polydorus, with the ſpear.
The ſons of Actor won the prize of horſe,
But won by numbers, not by art or force:
For the fam'd twins, impatient to ſurvey,
Prize after prize by Neſtor borne away,
Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One laſh'd the courſers, while one rul'd the reins.
Such once I was! now to theſe taſks ſucceeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds:
I yield alas! (to age who muſt not yield?)
Tho' once the foremoſt hero of the field.
Go thou! my ſon! by gen'rous friendſhip led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;
While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands preſent,
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent)
Rejoice'd, of all the num'rous Greeks, to ſee
Not one but honours ſacred age and me;

Thoſe

Thoſe due diſtinctions thou ſo well canſt pay,
May the juſt Gods return another day.
Proud of the gift, thus ſpake the full of days:
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praiſe.
The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the cæſtus wield.
A ſtately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of ſix years age, unconſcious of the yoke,
Is to the circus led, and firmly bound;
Next ſtands a goblet, maſſy, large, and round.
Achilles riſing thus: Let Greece excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight;
Who dares his foe with lifted arms provoke,
And ruſh beneath the long-deſcending ſtroke?
On whom Apollo ſhall the palm beſtow,
And whom the Greeks ſupreme by conqueſt know,
This mule his dauntleſs labour ſhall repay;
The vanquiſh'd bear the maſſy bowl away.
This dreadful combat great Epeus choſe,
High o'er the croud, enormous bulk! he roſe,
And ſeiz'd the beaſt, and thus began to ſay:
Stand forth ſome man, to bear the bowl away!
(Price of his ruin:) for who dares deny
This mule my right? th' undoubted victor I.
Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle ſhine,
But the firſt honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? Then let my foe
Draw near, but firſt his certain fortune know,
Secure, this hand ſhall his whole frame confound,
Maſh all his bones, and all his body pound:
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train
To heave the batter'd carcaſe off the plain.
The giant ſpoke; and in a ſtupid gaze
The hoſt beheld him, ſilent with amaze!
'Twas thou, Euryalus! who durſt aſpire
To meet his might, and emulate thy ſire,

The great Meciſtheus; who, in days of yore,
In Theban games the nobleſt trophy bore,
(The games ordain'd dead Oedipus to grace)
And ſingly vanquiſh'd the Cadmean race.
Him great Tydides urges to contend,
Warm with the hopes of conqueſt for his friend,
Officious with the cincture girds him round;
And to his wriſt the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion ſtands,
And poiſes high in air his iron hands;
With claſhing gantlets now they fiercely cloſe,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful ſweat from all their members flows.
At length Epeus dealt a deadly blow,
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath that pond'rous arm's reſiſtleſs ſway
Down dropt he, nerveleſs, and extended lay.
As a large fiſh, when winds and waters roar,
By ſome large billow daſh'd againſt the ſhore,
Lies panting: not leſs batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,
Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;
Whoſe arms ſupport him, reeling thro' the throng,
And dragging his diſabled legs along;
Nodding, his head hangs down his ſhoulder o'er;
His mouth and noſtrils pour the clotted gore;
Wrapt round in miſts he lies, and loſt to thought;
His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.
The third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wreſtlers to the level ſands:
A maſſy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice ſix oxen its reputed price;
And next, the loſers ſpirits to reſtore,
A female captive, valu'd but at four.

Ver. 819. *A female captive, valu'd but at four.*] I cannot in civility

Scarce did the chief the vig'rous ſtrife propoſe,
When tow'r-like Ajax and Ulyſſes roſe.
Amid the ring each nervous rival ſtands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
Cloſe-lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;
Below, their planted feet, at diſtance fixt:
Like two ſtrong rafters which the builder forms
Proof to the wintry wind and howling ſtorms,
Their tops connected, but at wider ſpace
Fixt on the centre ſtands their ſolid baſe.
Now to the graſp each manly body bends;
The humid ſweet from ev'ry pore deſcends;
Their bones reſound with blows: ſides, ſhoulders,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours riſe. (thighs,
Nor could Ulyſſes, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the ſtrength of Ajax on the ground;
Nor could the ſtrength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.

vility neglect a remark made upon this paſſage by Madam Dacier, who highly reſents the affront put upon her ſex by the ancients, who ſet (it ſeems) thrice the value upon a tripod as upon a beautiful female ſlave: nay, ſhe is afraid the value of women is not raiſed even in our days; for ſhe ſays there are curious perſons now living, who had rather have a true antique kettle, that the fineſt woman alive: I confeſs I intirely agree with the lady, and muſt impute ſuch opinions of the fair ſex to want of taſte in both ancients and moderns: the reader may remember, that theſe tripods were of no uſe, but made intirely for ſhow; and conſequently, the moſt ſatirical critic could only ſay, the woman and tripod ought to have borne an equal value.

Ver. 826. *Like two ſtrong rafters*, etc.] I will give the reader the words of Euſtathius upon this ſimilitude, which very happily repreſents the wreſtlers in the poſture of wreſtling. Their heads leaned one againſt the other, like the rafters that ſupport the roof of a houſe: at the foot they are disjoined, and ſtand at a greater diſtance, which naturally paints the attitude of body in theſe two wreſtlers, while they contend for victory.

While

While the long ſtrife ev'n tir'd the lookers-on,
Thus to Ulyſſes ſpoke great Telamon.
Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me:
Prove we our force, and Jove the reſt decree.
He ſaid; and ſtraining, heav'd him off the ground
With matchleſs ſtrength; that time Ulyſſes found
The ſtrength t' evade, and where the nerves combine
His ankle ſtrook: the giant fell ſupine;
Ulyſſes following, on his boſom lies;
Shouts of applauſe run ratt'ling thro' the ſkies.
Ajax to lift, Ulyſſes next eſſays,
He barely ſtirr'd him, but he could not raiſe:
His knee lock'd faſt, the foe's attempt deny'd;
And grappling cloſe, they tumbled ſide by ſide.
Defil'd with honourable duſt, they roll
Still breathing ſtrife, and unſubdu'd of ſoul:
Again they rage, again to combat riſe;
When great Achilles thus divides the prize.
Your nobler vigour, Oh my friends, reſtrain;
Nor weary out your gen'rous ſtrength in vain.
Ye both have won: let others who excel,
Now prove that proweſs you have prov'd ſo well.
The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,
From their tir'd bodies wipe the duſt away,
And, cloath'd anew, the following games ſurvey.
And now ſucceed the gifts, ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race.
A ſilver urn that full ſix meaſures held,
By none in weight or workmanſhip excell'd:
Sidonian artiſts taught the frame to ſhine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine;
Whence Tyrian ſailors did the prize tranſport,
And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port:
From him deſcended good Eunæus heir'd
The glorious gift; and, for Lycaon ſpar'd,
To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward.

Now, the ſame hero's fun'ral rites to grace,
It ſtands the prize of ſwiftneſs in the race.
A well-fed ox was for the ſecond place'd;
And half a talent muſt content the laſt.
Achilles riſing then beſpoke the train:
Who hope the palm of ſwiftneſs to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear theſe prizes from the plain.

The hero ſaid, and ſtarting from his place,
Oilean Ajax riſes to the race;
Ulyſſes next; and he whoſe ſpeed ſurpaſt
His youthful equals, Neſtor's ſon the laſt.
Range'd in a line the ready racers ſtand;
Pelides points the barrier with his hand;
All ſtart at once; Oileus led the race;
The next Ulyſſes, meas'ring pace with pace;
Behind him, diligently cloſe, he ſped,
As cloſely following as the running thread
The ſpindle follows, and diſplays the charms
Of the fair ſpinſter's breaſt, and moving arms:
Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,
And treads each footſtep ere the duſt can riſe:
His glowing breath upon his ſhoulders plays;
Th' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raiſe,
To him they give their wiſhes, hearts, and eyes,
And ſend their ſouls before him as he flies.
Now three times turn'd in proſpect of the goal,
The panting chief to Pallas lifts his ſoul:
Aſſiſt, O Goddeſs! (thus in thought he pray'd)
And preſent at his thought, deſcends the maid.
Buoy'd by her heav'nly force, he ſeems to ſwim,
And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.
All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,
Unhappy Ajax ſtumbles on the plain;
(O'erturn'd by Pallas) where the ſlipp'ry ſhore
Was clogg'd with ſlimy dung, and mingled gore.

(The

(The ſelf-ſame place beſide Patroclus' pyre,
Where late the ſlaughter'd victims fed the fire)
Beſmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obſcene to ſight, the rueful racer lay;
The well-fed bull (the ſecond prize) he ſhar'd,
And left the urn Ulyſſes' rich reward.
Then, graſping by the horn the mighty beaſt,
The baffled hero thus the Greeks addreſt.
Accurſed fate! the conqueſt I forego;
A mortal I, a goddeſs was my foe;
She urge'd her fav'rite on the rapid way,
And Pallas, not Ulyſſes, won the day.
Thus ſourly wail'd he, ſputt'ring dirt and gore,
A burſt of laughter echo'd thro' the ſhore.
Antilochus, more hum'rous than the reſt,
Takes the laſt prize, and takes it with a jeſt.
Why with our wiſer elders ſhould we ſtrive?
The Gods ſtill love them, and they always thrive.
Ye ſee, to Ajax I muſt yield the prize:
He to Ulyſſes, ſtill more age'd and wiſe;
(A green old age unconſcious of decays,
That proves the hero born in better days!)
Behold his vigour in this active race!
Achilles only boaſts a ſwifter pace:
For who can match Achilles? He who can,
Muſt yet be more than hero, more than man.

Ver. 933. *For who can match Achilles?*] There is great art in theſe tranſient compliments to Achilles: that hero could not poſſibly ſhew his own ſuperiority in theſe games by contending for any of the prizes, becauſe he was the exhibiter of the ſports: but Homer has found out a way to give him the victory in two of them. In the chariot-race Achilles is repreſented as being able to conquer every opponent, and though he ſpeaks it him elf, the poet brings it in ſo happily, that he ſpeaks it without any indecency: and in this place Antilochus with a very good grace tells Achilles, that in the foot-race no one can diſpute the prize with him. Thus though Diomed and Ulyſſes conquer in the chariot and foot race, it is only becauſe Achilles is not their antagoniſt.

Th' effect ſucceeds the ſpeech. Pelides cries,
Thy artful praiſe deſerves a better prize.
Nor Greece in vain ſhall hear thy friend extoll'd;
Receive a talent of the pureſt gold.
The youth departs content. The hoſt admire
The ſon of Neſtor, worthy of his ſire.
Next theſe a buckler, ſpear and helm, he brings,
Caſt on the plain the brazen burden rings:
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in ſhort triumph bore.
Stand forth the braveſt of our hoſt! (he cries)
Whoever dares deſerve ſo rich a prize,
Now grace the liſts before our army's ſight,
And ſheath'd in ſteel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who firſt the jointed armour ſhall explore,
And ſtain his rival's mail with iſſuing gore;
The ſword, Aſteropeus poſſeſt of old,
(A Thracian blade, diſtinct with ſtuds of gold)
Shall pay the ſtroke, and grace the ſtriker's ſide:
Theſe arms in common let the chief divide:
For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
A ſumptuous banquet at our tent attends.
Fierce at the word, uproſe great Tydeus' ſon,
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.
Clad in refulgent ſteel, on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle ſtand:
Low'ring they meet, tremendous to the ſight;
Each Argive boſom beats with fierce delight.
Oppos'd in arms not long they idly ſtood,
But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge renew'd.
A furious paſs the ſpear of Ajax made
Thro' the broad ſhield, but at the corſlet ſtay'd:
Not thus the foe: his jav'lin aim'd above
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.

But

But Greece now trembling for her hero's life,
Bade ſhare the honours, and ſurceaſe the ſtrife.
Yet ſtill the victor's due Tydides gains,
With him the ſword and ſtudded belt remains.
Then hurl'd the hero, thund'ring on the ground,
A maſs of iron, (an enormous round)
Whoſe weight and ſize the circling Greeks admire,
Rude from the furnace, and but ſhap'd by fire.
This mighty quoit Aetion wont to rear,
And from his whirling arm dimiſs in air:
The giant by Achilles ſlain, he ſtow'd
Among his ſpoils this memorable load.
For this, he bids thoſe nervous artiſts vie,
That teach the diſk to ſound along the ſky.
Let him, whoſe might can hurl this bowl, ariſe,
Who fartheſt hurls it, take it as his prize:
If he be one, inrich'd with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
Small ſtock of iron needs that man provide;
His hinds and ſwains whole years ſhall be ſupply'd
From hence: nor aſk the neighb'ring city's aid,
For ploughſhares, wheels, and all the rural trade.

Ver. 971. *Yet ſtill the victor's due Tydides gains.*] Achilles in this place acts the part of a very juſt arbitrator: though the combat did not proceed to a full iſſue, yet Diomed had evidently the advantage, and conſequently ought to be rewarded as victor, becauſe he would have been victorious, had not the Greeks interpoſed.

I could have wiſhed that the poet had given Ajax the prize in ſome of theſe conteſts. He undoubtedly was a very gallant ſoldier, and has been deſcribed as repulſing a whole army: yet in all theſe ſports he is foiled. But perhaps the poet had a double view in this repreſentation, not only to ſhew, that ſtrength without conduct is uſually unſucceſsful, but alſo his deſign might be to compliment the Greeks his countrymen; by ſhewing, that this Ajax, who had repelled a whole army of Trojans, was not able to conquer any one of the Grecian worthies: for we find him overpowered in three of theſe exerciſes.

Stern Polypœtes ſtept before the throng;
And great Leonteus, more than mortal ſtrong;
Whoſe force with rival forces to oppoſe,
Uproſe great Ajax; up Epeus roſe.
Each ſtood in order: firſt Epeus threw;
High o'er the wond'ring crouds the whirling circle flew.
Leonteus next a middle ſpace ſurpaſt,
And third, the ſtrength of godlike Ajax caſt.
O'er both their marks it flew; till fiercely flung
From Polypœtes' arm, the diſcus ſung:
Far, as a ſwain his whirling ſheephook throws,
That diſtant falls among the grazing cows,
So paſt them all the rapid circle flies:
His friends (while loud applauſes ſhake the ſkies)
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize.
Thoſe, who in ſkilful archery contend,
He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
And twice ten axes caſts amidſt the round,
(Ten double-edg'd, and ten that ſingly wound.)
The maſt, which late a firſt-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the ſandy ſhore.
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
Whoſe weapon ſtrikes yon flutt'ring bird, ſhall bear
Theſe two-edg'd axes, terrible in war;
The ſingle, he, whoſe ſhaft divides the cord.
He ſaid: experience'd Merion took the word;
And ſkilful Teucer: in the helm they threw
Their lots inſcrib'd, and forth the latter flew.
Swift from the ſtring the ſounding arrow flies;
But flies unbleſt! no grateful ſacrifice,
No firſtling lambs, unheedful! didſt thou vow
To Phœbus, patron of the ſhaft and bow.
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aſide,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd:

A-down

A-down the main-maſt fell the parted ſtring,
And the free bird to heav'n diſplay her wing:
Seas, ſhores, and ſkies, with loud applauſe reſound,
And Merion eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the ſhaft above,
And following with his eye the ſoaring dove,
Implores the god to ſpeed it thro' the ſkies,
With vows of firſtling lambs, and grateful ſacrifice.
The dove, in airy circles as ſhe wheels,
Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels;
Quite thro' and thro' the point its paſſage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, ere yet ſhe breath'd her laſt,
With flagging wings alighted on the maſt,
A moment hung, and ſpread her pinions there,
Then ſudden dropt, and left her life in air.
From the pleas'd croud new peals of thunder riſe,
And to the ſhips brave Merion bears the prize.
To cloſe the fun'ral games, Achilles laſt
A maſſy ſpear amid the circle place'd,
And ample charger of unſullied frame,
With flow'rs high-wrought, no blacken'd yet by flame.
For theſe he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whoſe dextrous ſkill directs the flying dart.
Here too great Merion hopes the noble prize;
Nor here diſdain'd the king of men to riſe.

With

Ver. 1051. *Nor here diſdain'd the king of men to riſe.*] There is an admirable conduct in this paſſage; Agamemnon never contended for any of the former prizes, though of much greater value; ſo that he is a candidate for this, only to honour Patroclus and Achilles. The decency which the poet uſes both in the choice of the game, in which Agamemnon is about to contend, and the giving him the prize without a conteſt, is very remarkable: the game was a warlike exerciſe, fit for the general of an army; the giving him the prize without a conteſt is a decency judiciouſly obſerved, becauſe no one ought to be ſuppoſed to excel the general in any military

With joy Pelides ſaw the honour paid,
Roſe to the monarch, and reſpectful ſaid.
Thee firſt in virtue, as in pow'r ſupreme,
O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim;
In ev'ry martial game thy worth atteſt,
And know thee both their greateſt, and their beſt.
Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
This beamy jav'lin in thy brother's war.
Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praiſe to hear,
The king to Merion gives the brazen ſpear:
But, ſet apart for ſacred uſe, commands
The glitt'ring charger to Talthybius' hands.

military art: Agamemnon does juſtice to his own character; for whereas he had been repreſented by Achilles in the opening of the poem as a covetous perſon, he now puts in for the prize that is of the leaſt value, and generouſly gives even that to Talthybius. Euſtathius.

THE

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The redemption of the body of Hector.

THE Gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter ſends Thetis to Achilles to diſpoſe him for the reſtoring it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in perſon, and treat for it. The old king, notwithſtanding the remonſtrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He ſets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with preſents under the charge of Idæus the herald. Mercury deſcends in the ſhape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their converſation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, caſts himſelf at his feet, and begs for the body of his ſon; Achilles, moved with compaſſion, grants his requeſt, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning ſends him home with the body: the Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the ſolemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles. And as many more are ſpent in the truce allowed for his interment. The ſcene is partly in Achilles's camp, and partly in Troy.

NOW from the finiſh'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ſhips, and clear the crouded ſtrand:
All ſtretch'd at eaſe the genial banquet ſhare,
And pleaſing ſlumbers quiet all their care.

Not

Not ſo Achilles: he, to grief reſign'd,
His friend's dear image preſent to his mind,
Takes his ſad couch, more unobſerv'd to weep,
Nor taſtes the gifts of all-compoſing ſleep.
Reſtleſs he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his ſoul on his Patroclus fed:
The form ſo pleaſing, and the heart ſo kind,
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
What toils they ſhar'd, what martial works they wrought,
What ſeas they meaſur'd, and what fields they fought;
All paſt before him in remembrance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear ſucceeds to tear.
And now ſupine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now ſhifts his ſide, impatient for the day:
Then ſtarting up, diſconſolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There as the ſolitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning riſes o'er the waves:
Soon as it roſe, his furious ſteeds he join'd;
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
And thrice Patroclus! round thy monument
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.
There ſleep at laſt o'ercomes the hero's eyes:
While foul in duſt th' unhonour'd carcaſe lies,
But not deſerted by the pitying ſkies.

Ver. 14. *What ſeas they meaſur'd*, etc.] There is ſomething very noble in theſe ſentiments of Achilles: he does not recollect any ſoft moments, any tenderneſſes that had paſſed between him and Patroclus, but he revolves the many difficulties, the toils by land, and the dangers by ſea, in which they had been companions: thus the poet on all occaſions admirably ſuſtains the character of Achilles; when he played upon the harp in the ninth book, he ſings the atchievements of kings; and in this place there is an air of greatneſs in his very ſorrows: Achilles is as much a hero when he weeps, as when he fights.

For

For Phœbus watch'd it with ſuperior care,
Preſerv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
And ignominious as it ſwept the field,
Spread o'er the ſacred corſe his golden ſhield.
All heav'n was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
By ſtealth to ſnatch him from th' inſulting foe:
But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
And th' unrelenting empreſs of the ſkies:
E'er ſince that day implacable to Troy,
What time young Paris, ſimple ſhepherd boy,
Won by deſtructive luſt, (reward obſcene)
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.
But when the tenth celeſtial morning broke;
To heav'n aſſembled thus Apollo ſpoke.
Unpitying pow'rs! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector tinge'd with blood of victims ſlain?
And can ye ſtill his cold remains purſue?
Still grudge his body to the Trojans view?
Deny to conſort, mother, ſon, and ſire,
The laſt ſad honours of a fun'ral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly ſevere;
A lion, not a man, who ſlaughters wide
In ſtrength of rage and impotence of pride,
Who haſtes to murder with a ſavage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to deſtroy.
Shame is not of his ſoul; nor underſtood,
The greateſt evil and the greateſt good.
Still for one loſs he rages unreſign'd,
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To loſe a friend, a brother, or a ſon,
Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
A while they ſorrow, then diſmiſs their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this inſatiate the commiſſion giv'n
By fate, exceeds; and tempts the wrath of heav'n:

Lo how his rage diſhoneſt drags along
Hector's dead earth inſenſible of wrong!
Brave tho' he be, yet by no reaſon aw'd,
He violates the laws of man and God.
If equal honours by the partial ſkies
Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies)
If Thetis' ſon muſt no diſtinction know,
Then hear, ye Gods! the patron of the bow.
But Hector only boaſts a mortal claim;
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
Achilles of your own æthereal race
Springs from a goddeſs by a man's embrace;
(A goddeſs by ourſelf to Peleus giv'n,
A man divine, and choſen friend of heav'n.)
To grace thoſe nuptials, from the bright abode
Yourſelves were preſent; where this minſtrel god
(Well pleas'd to ſhare the feaſt,) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.
Then thus the Thund'rer checks th'imperial dame:
Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame;
Their merits, not their honours, are the ſame.
But mine, and ev'ry god's peculiar grace
Hector deſerves, of all the Trojan race:
Still on our ſhrines his grateful off'rings lay,
(The only honours men to gods can pay)
Nor ever from our ſmoking altar ceaſt
The pure libation, and the holy feaſt.
Howe'er by ſtealth to ſnatch the corſe away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
But haſte, and ſummon to our courts above
The azure queen; let her perſuaſion move
Her furious ſon from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ranſom, and the corſe to leave.
He added not: and Iris from the ſkies,
Swift as a whirlwind on the meſſage flies,

Meteorous

Meteorous the face of Ocean ſweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the ſable deeps.
Between where Samos wide his foreſts ſpreads,
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
Down plung'd the maid; (the parted waves reſound)
She plung'd, and inſtant ſhut the dark profound.
As bearing death in the fallacious bait
From the bent angle ſinks the leaden weight;
So paſt the goddeſs thro' the cloſing wave,
Where Thetis ſorrow'd in her ſecret cave:
There place'd amidſt her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd ſiſters of the ſacred main)
Penſive ſhe ſat, revolving fates to come,
And wept her godlike ſon's approaching doom.
Then thus the goddeſs of the painted bow.
Ariſe, O Thetis, from thy ſeats below,
'Tis Jove that calls. And why (the dame replies)
Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated ſkies?
Sad object as I am for heav'nly ſight!
Ah may my ſorrows ever ſhun the light!

Ver. 114. *And wept her godlike ſon's approaching doom.*] Theſe words are very artfully inſerted by the poet. The poem could not proceed to the death of Achilles without breaking the action; and therefore to ſatisfy the curioſity of the reader concerning the fate of th s great man, he takes care to inform us that his life draws to a period, and as it were celebrates his funeral before his death.

Such circumſtances as theſe greatly raiſe the character of Achilles; he is ſo truly valiant, that though he knows he muſt fall before Troy, yet he does not abſtain from the war, but couragiouſly meets his death: and here I think it proper to infert an obſervation that ought to have been made before, which is, that Achilles did not know that Hector was to fall by his hand; if he had known it, where would have been the mighty courage in engaging him in a ſingle combat, in which he was ſure to conquer? The contrary of this is evident from the words of Achilles to Hector juſt before the combat.

"I will make no compacts with thee, (ſays Achilles,) but one "of us ſhall fall."

Howe'er, be heav'n's almighty ſire obey'd——
She ſpake, and veil'd her head in ſable ſhade,
Which, flowing long, her graceful perſon clad;
And forth ſhe pace'd, majeſtically ſad.
Then thro' the world of waters, they repair
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
The deeps dividing, o'er the coaſt they riſe,
And touch with momentary flight the ſkies.
There in the light'nings blaze the ſire they found,
And all the Gods in ſhining ſynod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguiſh in her face,
(Minerva riſing, gave the mourner place)
Ev'n Juno ſought her ſorrows to conſole,
And offer'd from her hand the nectar bowl:
She taſted, and reſign'd it: Then began
The ſacred ſire of Gods and mortal man:
Thou com'ſt, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercaſt,
Maternal ſorrows long, ah long to laſt!
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:
But yield to fate, and hear what Jove declares.
Nine days are paſt, ſince all the court above
In Hector's cauſe have mov'd the ear of Jove;
'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe
By ſtealth ſhould bear him, but we will'd not ſo:
We will, thy ſon himſelf the corſe reſtore,
And to his conqueſt add this glory more.
Then hye thee to him, and our mandate bear;
Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far:
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the ſacred dead:
But yield to ranſom and the father's pray'r.
The mournful father Iris ſhall prepare,
With gifts to ſue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honour aſks, or heart demands.
His word the ſilver-footed queen attends,
And from Olympus' ſnowy tops deſcends.

Arriv'd,

Arriv'd, ſhe heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that ſhook the lofty tent.
His friends prepare the victim, and diſpoſe
Repaſt unheeded, while he vents his woes.
The Goddeſs ſeats her by her penſive ſon,
She preſt his hand, and tender thus begun.
How long, unhappy! ſhall thy ſorrows flow!
And thy heart waſte with life-conſuming woe?
Mindleſs of food, or love whoſe pleaſing reign
Soothes weary life, and ſoftens human pain:
O ſnatch the moments yet within thy pow'r,
Not long to live, indulge the am'rous hour!
Lo! Jove himſelf (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far,
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relics of great Hector dead;
Nor vent on ſenſeleſs earth thy vengeance vain,
But yield to ranſom, and reſtore the ſlain.
To whom Achilles: be the ranſom giv'n,
And we ſubmit, ſince ſuch the will of heav'n.
While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian [bow'rs
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan tow'rs.
Haſte, winged Goddeſs! to the ſacred town,
And urge her monarch to redeem his ſon;
Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what ſtern Achilles may receive:
A'one, for ſo we will: no Trojan near;
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand,
May the ſlow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
Safe thro' the foe by our protection led:
Him Hermes to Achilles ſhall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
His

Ver. 189. *Him Hermes to Achilles ſhall convey.*] The intervention

 of

Fierce as he is, Achilles' ſelf ſhall ſpare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair:
Some thought there muſt be, in a ſoul ſo brave,
Some ſenſe of duty, ſome deſire to ſave.
Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And ſwift at Priam's mournful court arrives:
Where the ſad ſons beſide their father's throne
Sat bath'd in tears, and anſwer'd groan with groan.
And all amidſt them lay the hoary ſire,
(Sad ſcene of woe)! His face his wrapt attire
Conceals from ſight; with frantic hands he ſpread
A ſhow'r of aſhes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his penſive daughters roam;
Whoſe ſhrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;
Mindful of thoſe, who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathleſs round the fields of Troy!
Before the king Jove's meſſenger appears,
And thus in whiſpers greets his trembling ears.

of Mercury was very neceſſary at this time, and by it the poet not only gives an air of probability to the relation, but alſo pays a compliment to his countrymen the Grecians: they kept ſo ſtrict a guard that nothing but a god could paſs unobſerved; this highly recommends their military diſcipline; and Priam not being able to carry the ranſom without a chariot, it would have been an offence againſt probability to have ſuppoſed him able to have paſſed all the guards of the army in his chariot, without the aſſiſtance of ſome deity: Horace had this paſſage in his view, ode the tenth of the firſt book,

Iniqua Trojæ caſtra fefellit.

Ver. 200. *His face his wrapt attire conceal'd from ſight.*] The poet has obſerved a great decency in this place; he was not able to expreſs the grief of his royal mourner, and ſo covers what he could not repreſent. From this paſſage Semanthes the Sicyonian painter borrowed his deſign in the ſacrifice of Iphigenia, and repreſents his Agamemnon, as Homer does his Priam: Æſchylus has likewiſe imitated this place, and draws his Niobe exactly after the manner of Homer. Euſtathius.

Fear

Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear;
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee ſtill his care:
For Hector's ſake theſe walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what ſtern Achilles may receive;
Alone, for ſo he wills: no Trojan near,
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand,
May the ſlow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor ſhalt thou death, nor ſhalt thou danger dread;
Safe thro' the foe by his protection led;
Thee Hermes to Pelides ſhall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' ſelf ſhall ſpare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there muſt be, in a ſoul ſo brave,
Some ſenſe of duty, ſome deſire to ſave.
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harneſs to the car;
There, for the gifts, a poliſh'd caſket lay:
His pious ſons the king's command obey.
Then paſt the monarch to his bridal room,
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treaſures of his empire lay;
Then call'd the queen, and thus began to ſay.
Unhappy conſort of a king diſtreſt;
Partake the troubles of thy huſband's breaſt:
I ſaw deſcend the meſſenger of Jove,
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move;
Forſake theſe ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corpſe of Hector, at yon navy ſlain.
Tell me thy thought: my heart impells to go
Thro' hoſtile camps, and bears me to the foe.
The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies.
Ah! whither wanders thy diſtemper'd mind?
And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind!

Thro'

Thro' Phrygia once, and foreign regions known,
Now all confus'd, diſtracted, overthrown!
Singly to paſs thro' hoſts of foes! to face
(Oh heart of ſteel!) the murd'rer of thy race!
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
Thoſe hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore!
Alas! my lord! he knows not how to ſpare,
And what his mercy, thy ſlain ſons declare;
So brave! ſo many fall'n! to calm his rage
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
No——pent in this ſad palace, let us give
To grief, the wretched days we have to live.
Still, ſtill for Hector let our ſorrows flow,
Born to his own, and to his parents woe!
Doom'd from the hour his luckleſs life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' ſon!
Oh! in his deareſt blood might I allay
My rage, and theſe barbarities repay!
For ah! could Hector merit thus? whoſe breath
Expir'd not meanly, in unactive death:
He pour'd his lateſt blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right.
  Seek not to ſtay me, nor my ſoul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night;
(Reply'd unmov'd the venerable man)
'Tis heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain.
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
Nor augur, prieſt, or ſeer had been obey'd.
A preſent goddeſs brought the high command,
I ſaw, I heard her, and the word ſhall ſtand,
I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call:
If in yon camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,
Content——By the ſame hand let me expire!
Add to the ſlaughter'd ſon the wretched ſire!
One cold embrace at leaſt may be allow'd,
And my laſt tears flow mingled with his blood!

From

From forth his open'd ſtores, this ſaid, he drew
Twelve coſtly carpets of refulgent hue,
As many veſts, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils and garments ſtiff with gold.
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers ſhine,
With ten pure talents from the richeſt mine;
And laſt a large well-labour'd bowl had place,
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace,)
Seem'd all too mean the ſtores he could employ,
For one laſt look to buy him back to Troy!

Lo! the ſad father, frantic with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:
In vain each ſlave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
What make ye here? officious crouds! (he cries)
Hence! nor obtrude your anguiſh on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there;
Am I the only object of deſpair?
Am I become my people's common ſhow,
Set up by Jove your ſpectacle of woe?
No, you muſt feel him too; yourſelves muſt fall;
The ſame ſtern God to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector loſt by me alone;
Your ſole defence, your guardian pow'r is gone!
I ſee your blood the fields of Phrygia drown,
I ſee the ruins of your ſmoking town!
Oh ſend me, Gods! ere that ſad day ſhall come,
A willing ghoſt to Pluto's dreary dome!

He ſaid, and feebly drives his friends away:
The ſorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.
Next on his ſons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls,
His threats Deiphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothous, Pammon, Helenus the ſeer,
And gen'rous Antiphon: for yet theſe nine
Surviv'd, ſad relics of his num'rous line.

Inglorious

Inglorious ſons of an unhappy ſire!
Why did not all in Hector's cauſe expire?
Wretch that I am! my braveſt offspring ſlain,
You, the diſgrace of Priam's houſe, remain!
Meſtor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his ruſhing car,
And laſt great Hector, more than man divine,
For ſure he ſeem'd not of terreſtrial line!
All thoſe relentleſs Mars untimely ſlew,
And left me theſe, a ſoft and ſervile crew,
Whoſe days the feaſt and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatt'rers, the contempt of Troy!
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And ſpeed my journey to redeem my ſon?
The ſons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the ſeat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with ſolid beauty ſhin'd;
Box was the yoke, emboſt with coſtly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long the traces ſwept the ground;
Theſe to the chariot's poliſh'd pole they bound,
Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,
And cloſe beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd.
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector ſlain,)
The ſad attendants load the groaning wain:
Laſt to the yoke the well match'd mules they bring,
(The gift of Myſia to the Trojan king)
But the fair horſes, long his darling care,
Himſelf receiv'd, and harneſs'd to his car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this taſk deny'd;
The hoary herald help'd him at his ſide.
While careful theſe the gentle courſers join'd,
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation deſtin'd to the pow'r divine,)

Held

Held in her right, before the ſteeds ſhe ſtands,
And thus conſigns it to the monarch's hands.
Take this, and pour to Jove; that ſafe from harms,
His grace reſtore thee to our roof, and arms.
Since victor of thy fears, and ſlighting mine,
Heav'n, or thy ſoul, inſpire this bold deſign:
Pray to that God, who high on Ida's brow
Surveys thy deſolated realms below,
His winged meſſenger to ſend from high,
And lead thy way with heav'nly augury:
Let the ſtrong ſov'reign of the plumy race
Tow'r on the right of yon ætherial ſpace.
That ſign beheld, and ſtrengthen'd from above,
Boldly purſue the journey mark'd by Jove;
But if the God his augury denies,
Suppreſs thy impulſe, nor reject advice.
'Tis juſt (ſaid Priam,) to the ſire above
To raiſe our hands, for who ſo good as Jove?
He ſpoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
The pureſt water of the living ſpring:
(Her ready hands the ewer and baſon held)
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the roſy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the pow'r divine.
Oh firſt, and greateſt! heav'n's imperial lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
To ſtern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.

Ver. 377. *Oh firſt, and greateſt!* etc.] Euſtathius obſerves, that there is not one inſtance in the whole Iliad of any prayer that was juſtly preferred, that failed of ſucceſs. This proceeding of Homer's is very judicious, and anſwers exactly to the true end of poetry, which is to pleaſe and inſtruct. Thus Priam prays that Achilles may ceaſe his wrath, and compaſſionate his miſeries; and Jupiter grants his requeſt: the unfortunate king obtains compaſſion, and in his moſt inveterate enemy finds a friend.

If ſuch thy will, diſpatch from yonder ſky
Thy ſacred bird, celeſtial augury!
Let the ſtrong ſov'reign of the plumy race
Tow'r on the right of yon ætherial ſpace:
So ſhall thy ſuppliant, ſtrengthen'd from above,
Fearleſs purſue the journey mark'd by Jove.
Jove heard his pray'r, and from the throne on high
Diſpatch'd his bird, celeſtial augury!
The ſwift-wing'd chaſer or the feather'd game,
And known to Gods by Percnos' lofty name.
Wide, as appears ſome palace-gate diſplay'd,
So broad, his pinions ſtretch'd their ample ſhade,
As ſtooping dexter with reſounding wings
Th' imperial bird deſcends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears:
The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears.
Swift on the car th' impatient monarch ſprung;
The brazen portal in his paſſage rung.
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charge'd with the gifts: Idæus holds the rein:
The king himſelf his gentle ſteeds controuls,
And thro' ſurrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his ſlow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each ſtep, and give him up to fate;
With hands uplifted, eye him as he paſt,
And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their laſt.
Now forward fares the father on his way,
Thro' the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he croſt the plain,
And felt the woes of miſerable man,
Then thus to Hermes. Thou whoſe conſtant cares
Still ſuccour mortals, and attend their pray'rs;
Behold an object to thy charge conſign'd,
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind.
Go, guard the ſire; th' obſerving foe prevent,
And ſafe conduct him to Achilles' tent.

The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high thro' fields of air his flight ſuſtain,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundleſs main:
Then graſps the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumbers ſeals the wakeful eye;
Thus arm'd, ſwift Hermes ſteers his airy way,
And ſtoops on Helleſpont's reſounding ſea.
A beauteous youth, majeſtic and divine,
He ſeem'd; fair offspring of ſome princely line!
Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the duſky fields in ſober gray;
What time the herald and the hoary king
Their chariots ſtopping, at the ſilver ſpring
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows,
Allow'd their mules and ſteeds a ſhort repoſe.
Thro' the dim ſhade the herald firſt eſpies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries.
I mark ſome foe's advance: O king! beware;
This hard adventure claims thy utmoſt care:
For much I fear, deſtruction hovers nigh:
Our ſtate aſks counſel; is it beſt to fly?
Or, old and helpleſs, at his feet to fall,
(Two wretched ſuppliants) and for mercy call?
Th' afflicted monarch ſhiver'd with deſpair;
Pale grew his face, and upright ſtood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A ſudden trembling ſhook his aged frame:
When Hermes greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And gentle, thus accoſts with kind demand.
Say whither, father! when each mortal ſight
Is ſeal'd in ſleep, thou wander'ſt thro' the night?
Why roam thy mules and ſteeds the plains along,
Thro' Grecian foes, ſo num'rous and ſo ſtrong!
What couldſt thou hope, ſhould theſe thy treaſures view,
Theſe, who with endleſs hate thy race purſue?

For what defence, alas! could'ſt thou provide?
Thyſelf not young, a weak old man thy guide.
Yet ſuffer not thy ſoul to ſink with dread;
From me no harm ſhall touch thy rev'rend head;
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in theſe lines
The living image of my father ſhines.
Thy words, that ſpeak benevolence of mind
Are true, my ſon! (the godlike ſire rejoin'd,)
Great are my hazards; but the Gods ſurvey
My ſteps, and ſend thee, guardian of my way.
Hail, and be bleſt! for ſcarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.
Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide;
(The ſacred meſſenger of heav'n reply'd)
But ſay, convey'ſt thou thro' the lonely plains
What yet moſt precious of thy ſtore remains,
To lodge in ſafety with ſome friendly hand?
Prepar'd perchance to leave thy native land.
Or fly'ſt thou now? what hopes can Troy retain?
Thy matchleſs ſon, her guard and glory, ſlain!
The king alarm'd. Say what, and whence thou art,
Who ſearch the ſorrows of a parent's heart,
And know ſo well how godlike Hector dy'd?
Thus Priam ſpoke, and Hermes thus reply'd.
You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this ſad ſubject you enquire too much.
Oft have theſe eyes that godlike Hector view'd
In glorious fight with Grecian blood embru'd:
I ſaw him, when like Jove his flames he toſt
On thouſand ſhips, and wither'd half a hoſt:
I ſaw, but help'd not: ſtern Achilles' ire
Forbade aſſiſtance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I ſerve, of Myrmidonian race;
One ſhip convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my ſire, an honour'd name,
Old like thyſelf, and not unknown to fame;

Of

Of ſev'n his ſons by whom the lot was caſt
To ſerve our prince, it fell on me, the laſt.
To watch this quarter my adventure falls,
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls;
Sleepleſs they ſit, impatient to engage,
And ſcarce their rulers check their martial rage.
If then thou art of ſtern Pelides' train,
(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again)
Ah tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
My ſon's dear relics; what befalls him dead?
Have dogs diſmember'd on the naked plains,
Or yet unmangled reſt his cold remains?
O favour'd of the ſkies! (thus anſwer'd then
The pow'r that mediates between Gods and men,)
Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
This the twelfth ev'ning ſince he reſted there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is ſpread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead:
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
All freſh he lies, with ev'ry living grace,
Majeſtical in death! no ſtains are found
O'er all the corſe, and cloſ'd is ev'ry wound;
Tho' many a wound they gave) ſome heav'nly care,
Some hand divine, preſerves him ever fair:
Or all the hoſt of heav'n, to whom he led
A life ſo grateful, ſtill regard him dead.
Thus ſpoke to Priam the celeſtial guide,
And joyful thus the royal ſire reply'd.
Bleſt is the man who pays the Gods above
The conſtant tribute of reſpect and love!

Thoſe

Ver. 519. *Bleſt is the man*, etc.] Homer now begins, after a beautiful and long fable, to give the moral of it, and diſplay his poetical juſtice in rewards and puniſhments: thus Hector fought in a bad cauſe,

Thoſe who inhabit the Olympian bow'r
My ſon forget not, in exalted pow'r;
And heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,
Ev'n to the aſhes of the juſt, is kind.
But thou, oh gen'rous youth! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude for Hector's ſake;
And while the fav'ring Gods our ſteps ſurvey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.
To whom the latent God. O king forbear
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err:
But can I, abſent from my prince's ſight,
Taks gifts in ſecret, that muſt ſhun the light?
What from our maſter's int'reſt thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'ſcapes the law.
Reſpecting him, my ſoul abjures th' offence;
And as the crime, I dread the conſequence.
Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey:
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
On thee attend, thy ſafety to maintain,
O'er pathleſs foreſts, or the roaring main.
He ſaid, then took the chariot at a bound,
And ſnatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the laſh around:
Before th' inſpiring God that urge'd them on,
The courſers fly, with ſpirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repaſting, while the bowls go round;
On theſe the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep ſlumber on their watchful eyes:

cauſe, and therefore ſuffers in the defence of it; but becauſe he was a good man, and obedient to the Gods in other reſpects, his very remains become the care of heaven.

I think it neceſſary to take notice to the reader, that nothing is more admirable than the conduct of Homer throughout his whole poem, in reſpect to morality.

If the reader does not obſerve the morality of the Ilias, he loſes half, and the nobler part of its beauty: he reads it as a common romance, and miſtakes the chief aim of it, which is to inſtruct.

Then

Then heav'd the maſſy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars,
Unſeen, thro' all the hoſtile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
On firs the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marſhy ſhore;
And, fence'd with paliſades, a hall of ſtate,
(The work of ſoldiers) where the hero ſat.
Large was the door, whoſe well-compacted ſtrength
A ſolid pine-tree barr'd, of wond'rous length;
Scarce three ſtrong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
But great Achilles ſingly clos'd the gate,
This Hermes (ſuch the pow'r of Gods) ſet wide;
Then ſwift alighted the celeſtial guide,
And thus, reveal'd—Hear, prince! and underſtand
Thou ow'ſt thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, deſcended from above,
The king of arts, the meſſenger of Jove.
Farewell; to ſhun Achilles' ſight I fly;
Uncommon are ſuch favours of the ſky,
Nor ſtand confeſt to frail mortality.
Now fearleſs enter, and prefer thy pray'rs;
Adjure him by his father's ſilver hairs,
His ſon, his mother! urge him to beſtow
Whatever pity that ſtern heart can know.
Thus having ſaid, he vaniſh'd from his eyes,
And in a moment ſhot into the ſkies:

Ver. 553. *On firs the roof was rais'd.*] I have in the courſe of theſe obſervations deſcribed the method of encamping uſed by the Grecians: the reader has here a full and exact deſcription of the tent of Achilles: This royal pavilion was built with long paliſadoes made of fir: the top of it covered with reeds, and the inſide was divided into ſeveral apartments: thus Achilles had his αὐλὴ μεγάλη, or large hall, and behind it were lodging rooms. So in the ninth book Phœnix has a bed prepared for him in one apartment, Patroclus has another for himſelf and his captive Iphis, and Achilles has a third for himſelf and his miſtreſs Diomeda.

The king, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With ſolemn pace thro' various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:
There ſat the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave:
Theſe ſerv'd his perſon at the royal feaſt,
Around, at awful diſtance, ſtood the reſt.
Unſeen by theſe, the king his entry made;
And proſtrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden, (a venerable ſight!) appears;
Embrace'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;
Thoſe direful hands his kiſſes preſs'd, embru'd
Ev'n with the beſt, the deareſt of his blood!
As when a wretch, (who conſcious of his crime,
Purſu'd for murder, flies his native clime)
Juſt gains ſome frontier, breathleſs, pale! amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd:
Thus ſtood th' attendants ſtupid with ſurprize;
All mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the ſilence broke,
Till thus at laſt the kingly ſuppliant ſpoke.
Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'rs divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!

In

Ver. 586. *Sudden, (a venerable ſight!) appears.*] I fancy this interview between Priam and Achilles would furniſh an admirable ſubject for a painter, in the ſurprize of Achilles, and the other ſpectators, the attitude of Priam, and the ſorrows in the countenance of this unfortunate king.

Ver. 598. *The ſpeech of Priam to Achilles.*] The curioſity of the reader muſt needs be awakened to know how Achilles would behave to this unfortunate king; it requires all the art of the poet to ſuſtain the violent character of Achilles, and yet at the ſame time to ſoften him into compaſſion. To this end the poet uſes no preamble, but breaks directly into that circumſtance which is moſt likely to molify him, and the two firſt words he utters are, "See

"thy

In me, that father's rev'rend image trace,
Thoſe ſilver hairs, that venerable face:
His trembling limbs, his helpleſs perſon, ſee!
In all my equal, but in miſery!
Yet now, perhaps, ſome turn of human fate
Expells him helpleſs from his peaceful ſtate;
Think, from ſome pow'rful foe thou ſeeſt him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet ſtill one comfort in his ſoul may riſe;
He hears his ſon ſtill lives to glad his eyes;
And hearing ſtill may hope, a better day
May ſend him thee, to chaſe that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The beſt, the braveſt of my ſons are ſlain!
Yet what a race; ere Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a low'd, and loving dame:
Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled?
Still one was left, their loſs to recompenſe;
His father's hope, his country's laſt defence.
Him too thy rage has ſlain! beneath thy ſteel
Unhappy in his country's cauſe he fell!
For him, thro' hoſtile camps I bent my way,
For him thus proſtrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
Oh hear the wretched, and the Gods revere!

" thy father, O Achilles, in me!" Nothing could be more happily imagined than this entrance into his ſpeech; Achilles has every where been deſcribed as bearing a great affection to his father, and by two words the poet recalls all the tenderneſs that love and duty can ſuggeſt to an affectionate ſon.

Priam tells Achilles, that Hector fell in the defence of his country: I am far from thinking that this was inſerted accidentally: it could not fail of having a very good effect upon Achilles, not only as one brave man naturally loves another, but as it implies that Hector had no particular enmity againſt Achilles, but that though he fought againſt him, it was in defence of his country.

This

Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpleſs and as old!
Tho' not ſo wretched: there he yields to me,
The firſt of men in ſov'reign miſery.
Thus force'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace
The ſcourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,
And kiſs thoſe hands yet reeking with their gore!

Theſe words ſoft pity in the chief inſpire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his ſire.
Then with his hand (as proſtrate ſtill he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulge'd the guſh of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a ſon deplore:
But great Achilles diff'rent paſſions rend,
And now his ſire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious ſoftneſs thro' the heroes ran;
One univerſal ſolemn ſhow'r began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles roſe;
The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majeſtic gaz'd,
Not unrelenting: then ſerene began
With words to ſoothe the miſerable man.

Alas! what weight of anguiſh haſt thou known?
Unhappy prince! thus guardleſs and alone
To paſs thro' foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whoſe fury has deſtroy'd thy race?
Heav'n ſure has arm'd thee with a heart of ſteel,
A ſtrength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Riſe then: let reaſon mitigate our care:
To mourn, avails not: man is born to bear.

Such

Such is, alas! the Gods ſevere decree:
They, only they are bleſt, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever ſtood,
The ſource of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Bleſſings to theſe, to thoſe diſtributes ills;
To moſt, he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taſte the bad, unmix'd, is curſt indeed;
Purſu'd by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,
He wanders, outcaſt both of earth and heav'n.
The happieſt taſte not happineſs ſincere,
But find the cordial draught is daſh'd with care.
Who more than Peleus ſhone in wealth and pow'r?
What ſtars concurring bleſt his natal hour?
A realm, a goddeſs, to his wiſhes giv'n,
Grace'd by the Gods with all the gifts of heav'n!
One evil yet o'ertakes his lateſt day,
No race ſucceeding to imperial ſway:
An only ſon! and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land!
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curſe of thine!
Thou too, old man, haſt happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excell'd;
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Leſbos' bliſsful ſeats contain,
And all wide Helleſpont's unmeaſur'd main.
But ſince the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy meaſure from his bitter urn,
What ſees the ſun, but hapleſs heroes falls?
War, and the blood of men, ſurround thy walls!
What muſt be, muſt be. Bear thy lot, nor ſhed
Theſe unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canſt not call him from the Stygian ſhore,
But thou, alas! may'ſt live to ſuffer more!

To whom the king. O favour'd of the ſkies!
Here let me grow to earth! ſince Hector lies
On the bare beech, depriv'd of obſequies.
O give me Hector! to my eyes reſtore
His corſe, and take the gifts: I aſk no more.
Thou, as thou may'ſt, theſe boundleſs ſtores enjoy;
Safe may'ſt thou ſail, and turn thy wrath from Troy;
So ſhall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to ſee the light and live!
Move me no more, (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger ſparkled in his eyes,)
Nor ſeek by tears my ſteady ſoul to bend;
To yield thy Hector I myſelf intend:
For know, from Jove my goddeſs-mother came,
(Old Ocean's daughter, ſilver-footed dame,)
Nor com'ſt thou but by heav'n; nor com'ſt alone,
Some god impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldeſt of our youth have dar'd
To paſs our out-works, or elude the guard.
Ceaſe, leſt neglectful of high Jove's command,
I ſhow thee, king! thou tread'ſt on hoſtile land;
Releaſe my knees, thy ſuppliant arts give o'er,
And ſhake the purpoſe of my ſoul no more.
The ſire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.
Achilles, like a lion, ruſh'd abroad:
Automedon and Alcimus attend,
(Whom moſt he honour'd, ſince he loſt his friend;)
Theſe to unyoke the mules and horſes went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent;
Next heap'd on high the num'rous preſents bear
(Great Hector's ranſom) from the poliſh'd car.
Two ſplendid mantles, and a carpet ſpread,
They leave; to cover, and inwrap the dead.
Then call the handmaids, with aſſiſtant toil,
To waſh the body and anoint with oil;

Apart

Apart from Priam, leſt th' unhappy ſire
Provok'd to paſſion, once more rouze to ire
The ſtern Pelides; and nor ſacred age
Nor Jove's command, ſhould check the riſing rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corſe they ſpread;
Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed:
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' ſhade.
If, in that gloom which never light muſt know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghoſts below:
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfill
(Reſtoring Hector) Heav'n's unqueſtion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy ſhrine.
He ſaid, and ent'ring, took his ſeat of ſtate,
Where full before him rev'rend Priam ſat:
To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun.
Lo! to thy pray'r reſtor'd, thy breathleſs ſon;
Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies;
And ſoon as morning paints the eaſtern ſkies,
The ſight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of ſacred night
Demand reflection, and to reſt invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus conſum'd with woe,
The common cares that nouriſh life, forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whoſe ſorrows equall'd thine:
Six youthful ſons, as many blooming maids,
In one ſad day beheld the Stygian ſhades;
Theſe by Apollo's ſilver-bow were ſlain,
Thoſe, Cynthia's arrows ſtretch'd upon the plain.
So was her pride chaſtis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
But two the goddeſs, twelve the queen enjoy'd;
Thoſe boaſted twelve th' avenging two deſtroy'd.

Steep'd

Steep'd in their blood, and in the duſt outſpread,
Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none;
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to ſtone:)
The Gods themſelves at length relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herſelf a rock, (for ſuch was Heav'n's high will,)
Thro' deſarts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed whence Acheloüs ſprings,
The wat'ry fairies dance in mazy rings,
There high on Sipylus his ſhaggy brow,
She ſtands her own ſad monument of woe;
The rock for ever laſts, the tears for ever flow.
Such griefs, O king! have other parents known;
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of heav'n thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor ſhall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion ſtream around.
He ſaid, and riſing, choſe the victim-ewe
With ſilver fleece, which his attendants ſlew.
The limbs they ſever from the reeking hide,
With ſkill prepare them, and in parts divide:
Each on the coals the ſep'rate morſels lays,
And haſty, ſnatches from the riſing blaze.
With bread the glitt'ring caniſters they load,
Which round the board Automedon beſtow'd:
The chief himſelf to each his portion place'd,
And each indulging ſhar'd in ſweet repaſt.
When now the rage of hunger was repreſt,
The wond'ring hero eyes his royal gueſt:
No leſs the royal gueſt the hero eyes,
His godlike aſpect and majeſtic ſize;
Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage,
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the ſilence neither broke,
(A ſolemn ſcene!) at length the father ſpoke.

Permit

Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to ſteep
My careful temples in the dew of ſleep:
For ſince the day that number'd with the dead
My hapleſs ſon, the duſt has been my bed,
Soft ſleep a ſtranger to my weeping eyes,
My only food, my ſorrows and my ſighs!
Till now, encourage'd by the grace you give,
I ſhare thy banquet, and conſent to live.
With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple ſoft, and ſhaggy carpets ſpread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the cov'rings lay.
Then he: now father ſleep, but ſleep not here.
Conſult thy ſafety, and forgive my fear,
Leſt any Argive, (at this hour awake,
To aſk our counſel, or our orders take,)
Approaching ſudden to our open'd tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should ſuch report thy honour'd perſon here,
The king of men the ranſom might defer;
But ſay, with ſpeed, if ought of thy deſire
Remains unaſk'd; what time the rites require
T' inter thy Hector? For, ſo long we ſtay
Our ſlaught'ring arm, and bid the hoſts obey.
If then thy will permit (the monarch ſaid,)
To finiſh all due honours to the dead,
This, of thy grace accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion, clos'd within her town,
And at what diſtance from our walls aſpire
The hills of Ide, and foreſts for the fire.
Nine days to vent our ſorrows I requeſt,
The tenth ſhall ſee the fun'ral and the feaſt:
The next, to raiſe his monument be giv'n;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n!
This thy requeſt (reply'd the chief,) enjoy:
Till then, our arms ſuſpend the fall of Troy.

Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
Where fair Briſeïs bright in blooming charms
Expects her hero with deſiring arms.
But in the porch the king and herald reſt,
Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breaſt.
Now gods and men the gifts of ſleep partake;
Induſtrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To paſs the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The pow'r deſcending hover'd o'er his head:
And ſleep'ſt thou, father! (thus the viſion ſaid,)
Now doſt thou ſleep, when Hector is reſtor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord?
Thy preſence here ſhould ſtern Atrides ſee,
Thy ſtill-ſurviving ſons may ſue for thee,
May offer all thy treaſures yet contain,
To ſpare thy age; and offer all in vain.
Wak'd with the word, the trembling ſire aroſe,
And rais'd his friend: the God before him goes,
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in ſilence thro' the hoſtile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow ſtream they drove,
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove).
The winged Deity forſook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now ſhed Aurora round her ſaffron ray,
Sprung thro' the gates of light, and gave the day:
Charge'd with their mournful load, to Ilion go
The ſage and king, majeſtically ſlow.
Caſſandra firſt beholds, from Ilion's ſpire,
The ſad proceſſion of her hoary ſire,
Then, as the penſive pomp advance'd more near,
Her breathleſs brother ſtretch'd upon the bier:
A ſhow'r of tears o'erflow her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries.

Turn here your ſteps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye ſons of Troy!
If e'er ye ruſh'd in crouds, with vaſt delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;
Now meet him dead, and let your ſorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe.
In thronging crouds they iſſue to the plains,
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains,
In ev'ry face the ſelf-ſame grief is ſhown,
And Troy ſends forth one univerſal groan.
At Scea's gates they meet the mourning train,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the ſlain.
The wife and mother, frantic with deſpair,
Kiſs his pale cheek, and rend their ſcatter'd hair:
Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay;
And there had ſigh'd and ſorrow'd out the day;
But godlike Priam from the chariot roſe;
Forbear (he cry'd,) this violence of woes,
Firſt to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundleſs ſorrows o'er the dead.
The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot thro' the following tide;
Ev'n to the palace the ſad pomp they wait:
They weep, and place him on the bed of ſtate.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive ſighs, and muſic's ſolemn ſound:
Alternately they ſing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper ſorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature ſpeaks at ev'ry pauſe of art.
Firſt to the corſe the weeping conſort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms ſhe threw,
And oh my Hector! Oh my Lord! ſhe cries,
Snatch'd in thy bloom from theſe deſiring eyes!
Thou to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!

An only ſon, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love remains!
Never to manly age that ſon ſhall riſe,
Or with increaſing graces glad my eyes:
For Ilion now (her great defender ſlain,)
Shall ſink a ſmoking ruin on the plain,
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who ſaves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hoſtile fleets muſt waft thoſe infants o'er,
(Thoſe wives muſt wait 'em) to a foreign ſhore!
Thou too, my ſon! to barb'rous climes ſhalt go,
The ſad companion of thy mother's woe;
Driv'n hence a ſlave before the victor's ſword;
Condemn'd to toil for ſome inhuman lord.
Or elſe ſome Greek whoſe father preſt the plain,
Or ſon, or brother, by great Hector ſlain,
In Hector's blood his vengeance ſhall enjoy;
And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of Troy.
For thy ſtern father never ſpar'd a foe:
Thence all theſe tears, and all this ſcene of woe!
Thence, many evils his ſad parents bore,
His parents many, but his conſort more.
Why gav'ſt thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy laſt command?
Some word thou would'ſt have ſpoke, which ſadly dear,
My ſoul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never, could be loſt in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!
Thus to her weeping maids ſhe makes her moan;
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
The mournful mother next ſuſtains her part.
O thou, the beſt, the deareſt to my heart!
Of all my race thou moſt by heav'n approv'd,
And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd!
While all my other ſons in barb'rous bands
Achilles bound, and ſold to foreign lands,

This

This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghoſt
Free, and a hero to the Stygian coaſt,
Sentence'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corſe was dragg'd around the tomb,
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had ſlain,)
Ungen'rous inſult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'ſt thou freſh with ev'ry living grace,
No mark of pain, nor violence of face;
Roſy and fair! as Phœbus' ſilver bow
Diſmiſs'd thee gently to the ſhades below.
Thus ſpoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears:
Faſt from the ſhining ſluices of her eyes
Fall the round cryſtal drops, while thus ſhe cries.
Ah deareſt friend! in whom the Gods had join'd
The mildeſt manners with the braveſt mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years, are o'er,
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan ſhore;
(Oh had I periſh'd, ere that form divine
Seduce'd this ſoft, this eaſy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curſt the authreſs of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my ſorrows in their flow:
If ſome proud brother ey'd me with diſdain,
Or ſcornful ſiſter with her ſweeping train,
Thy gentle accents ſoften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myſelf in thee,
The wretched ſource of all this miſery!
The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend now thou art gone!
Thro' Troy's wide ſtreets abandon'd ſhall I roam!
In Troy deſerted, as abhorr'd at home!
So ſpoke the fair, with ſorrow-ſtreaming eye:
Diſtreſsful beauty melts each ſtander-by;

On all around th' infectious ſorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it roſe.
Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the foreſts for a fun'ral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes, nor ſecret ambuſh dread;
Achilles grants theſe honours to the dead.
He ſpoke; and at his word, the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harneſs to the wain,
Pour thro' the gates, and fell'd from Ida's crown,
Roll back the gather'd foreſts to the town.
Theſe toils continue nine ſucceeding days,
And high in air a ſylvan ſtructure raiſe.
But when the tenth fair morn began to ſhine,
Forth to the pile was born the man divine,
And place'd aloft: while all, with ſtreaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling ſmokes ariſe.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre ſtreak'd the dewy lawn;
Again the mournful crouds ſurround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire,
The ſnowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected in a golden vaſe;
The golden vaſe in purple palls they roll'd,
Of ſofteſt texture, and inwrought with gold.
Laſt o'er the urn the ſacred earth they ſpread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.
(Strong guards and ſpies, till all the rites were done,
Watch'd from the riſing to the ſetting ſun:)
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A ſolemn, ſilent, melancholy train:
Aſſembled there, from pious toil they reſt,
And ſadly ſhar'd the laſt ſepulchral feaſt.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid.
And peaceful ſlept the mighty Hector's ſhade.

The End of the ILIAD.

WE

WE have now paſt through the Iliad, and ſeen the anger of Achilles, and the terrible effects of it, at an end: As that only was the ſubject of the poem, and the nature of epic poetry would not permit our author to proceed to the event of the war, it may perhaps be acceptable to the common reader to give a ſhort account of what happened to Troy and the chief actors in this poem, after the concluſion of it.

I need not mention that Troy was taken ſoon after the death of Hector, by the ſtratagem of the wooden horſe, the particulars of which are deſcribed by Virgil in the ſecond book of the Æneis.

Achilles fell before Troy, by the hand of Paris, by the ſhot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had propheſied at his death, Book xxii.

The unfortunate Priam was killed by Pyrrhus the ſon of Achilles.

Ajax, after the death of Achilles, had a conteſt with Ulyſſes for the armour of Vulcan, but being defeated in his aim, he ſlew himſelf through indignation.

Helen, after the death of Paris, married Deiphobus his brother, and at the taking of Troy betrayed him, in order to reconcile herſelf to Menelaus her firſt huſband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon, at his return, was barbarouſly murdered by Ægyſthus at the inſtigation of Clytæmneſtra his wife, who in his abſence had diſhonoured his bed with Ægyſthus.

Diomed after the fall of Troy was expelled his own country, and ſcarce eſcaped with life from his adulterous wife Ægiale; but at laſt was received by Daunus in Apulia, and ſhared his kingdom: It is uncertain how he died.

Neſtor lived in peace with his children, in Pylos his native country.

Ulyſſes alſo, after innumerable troubles by ſea and land, at laſt returned in ſafety to Ithaca, which is the ſubject of Homer's Odyſſes.

I MUST end theſe notes by diſcharging my duty to two of my friends, which is the more an indiſpenſable

piece of juſtice, as the one of them is ſince dead: The merit of their kindneſs to me will appear infinitely the greater, as the talk they undertook was, in its own nature, of much more labour, than either pleaſure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from Euſtathius, together with ſeveral excellent obſervations, were ſent me by Mr. Broome: and the whole eſſay upon Homer was written upon ſuch memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. Parnell, Archdeacon of Clogher in Ireland: How very much that gentleman's friendſhip prevailed over his genius, in detaining a writer of his ſpirit in the drudgery of removing the rubbiſh of paſt pedants, will ſoon appear to the world, when they ſhall ſee thoſe beautiful pieces of poetry, the publication of which he left to my charge, almoſt with his dying breath.

For what remains, I beg to be excuſed from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarraſſing myſelf, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But, inſtead of endeavouring to raiſe a vain monument to myſelf, of the merits or difficulties of it, (which muſt be left to the world, to truth, and to poſterity,) let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendſhip, with one of the moſt valuable men, as well as fineſt writers, of my age and country: one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do juſtice to Homer: and one who (I am ſure,) ſincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him therefore, having brought this long work to a concluſion, I deſire to *dedicate* it; and to have the honour and ſatisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

March 25, 1720. A. POPE.

FINIS.

APR 19 1943

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